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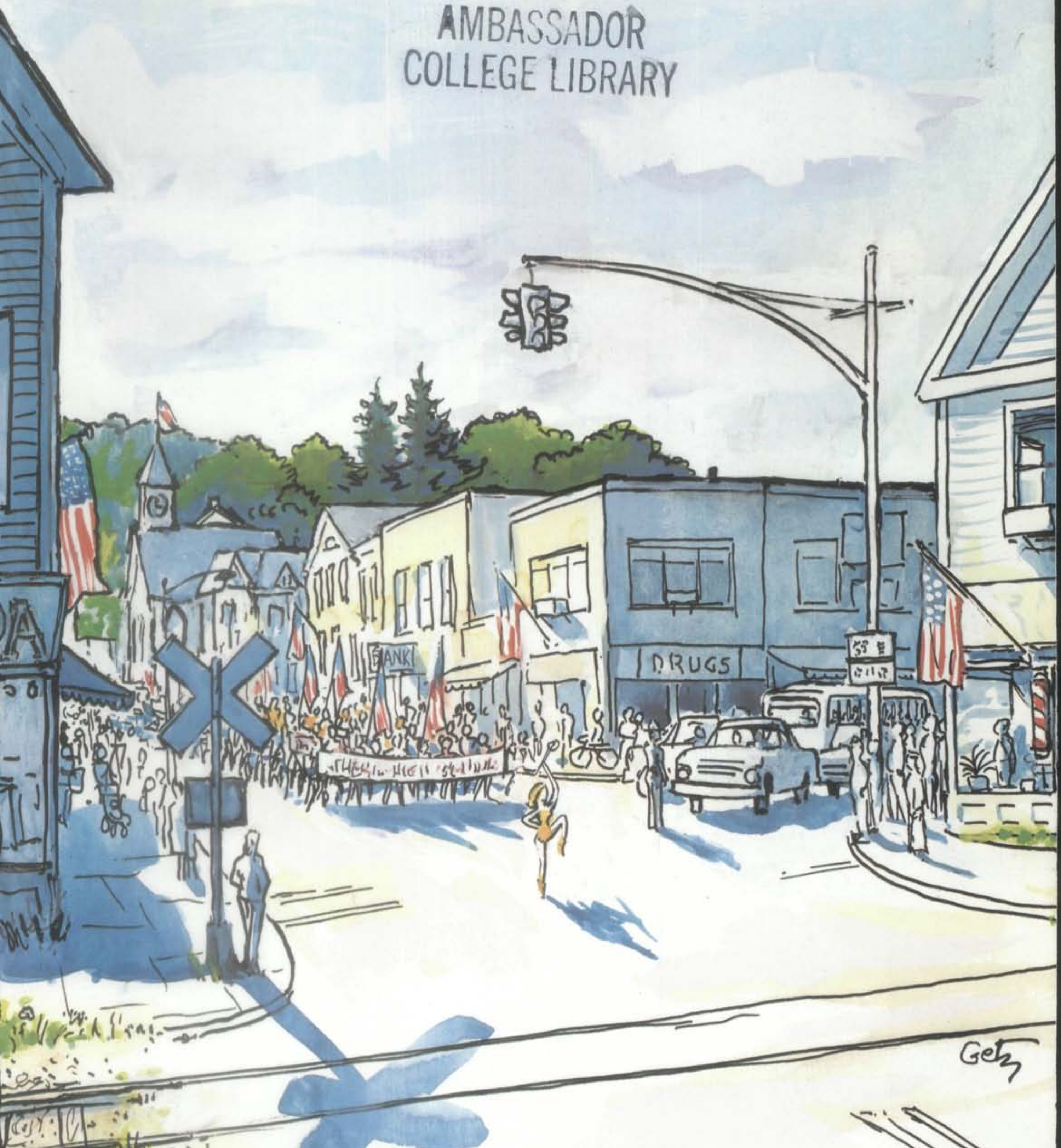
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart; and Caris Corfman plays his pretty, perky wife. Starting Tuesday, July 7, Peter Firth and Amy Irving will replace Mr. Curry and Miss Corfman. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Circle Repertory Company—Lanford Wilson's play **a tale told** is yet another in his series about the Talley family of Missouri. This one, set in the family's mansion in July, 1944, deals with their activities on the evening when Sally Talley is down at the boathouse, *Talley's Folly*, becoming engaged to Matt Friedman. With Helen Stenborg, Fritz Weaver, Michael Higgins, among other fine actors. (6/22/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Bravo!—A musical about a Puerto Rican Robin Hood in New York's Barrio. The book is by Jose Fernandez and Thom Schiera, and the music and lyrics are by John Clifton. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, July 7-8. Opens officially on Thursday, July 9, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 4.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Harry Ruby's Songs My Mother Never Sang—A cabaret. There are a few standards—"Thinking of You" and "Three Little Words" among them—but most of the others are funny songs presumably written for parties or other private occasions. Everything is sung and performed with appropriate deadpan foolishness by a talented group of singers and musicians. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday, July 1, at 7 and 9; Thursday, July 2, at 7:30; and final performances Friday, July 3, at 7 and 9.)

The Heebie Jeebies—A musical about the career and the songs of the Boswell Sisters, by Mark Hampton and Stuart Ross. With Memrie Innerarity, Audrey Lavine, and Nancy McCall as the Sisters. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3:30.)

How It All Began—A play about a West Berlin urban guerrilla. A presentation of the Dodger Theatre Company. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 12.)

Hunting Scenes from Lower Bavaria—Martin Sperr's play about the nasty members of a farming community may indeed have been important in Germany over the past twelve years or so, but it is certainly a bore on Manhattan Island. Translation by Christopher Holme. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Closes Friday, July 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVII, No. 20, July 6, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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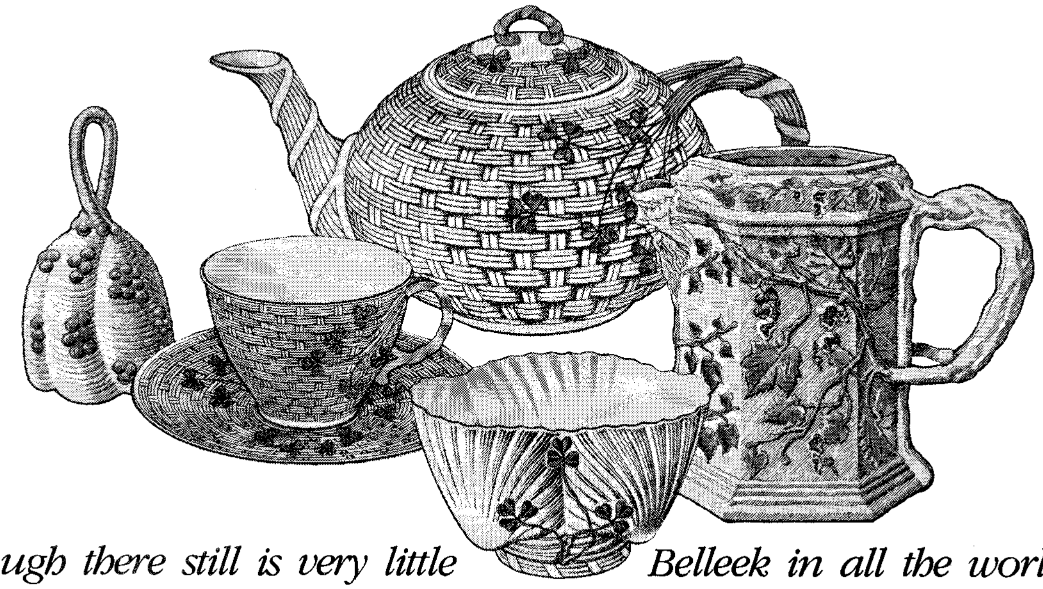

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except July 4, at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A rip-roaring melodrama, in which Lillian Hellman examines greed and family life in the Old South. With Elizabeth Taylor, Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, all in fine form. Austin Pendleton directed. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of **ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN,** a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Kevin Kline, George Rose, Rex Smith, and Karla De Vito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scenes and Revelations—A literary exercise that tiptoes in a gingerly fashion around the possibility of ever becoming a real play. The author is Elan Garonzik, the setting is Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the time is the eighteen-nineties. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of a revival of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of stripteasers. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylicia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and, starting Thursday, July 2, John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,808 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. Directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Rip Taylor (filling in for Mickey Rooney through Tuesday, July 7) pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Diana Canova and Ted Wass, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial,

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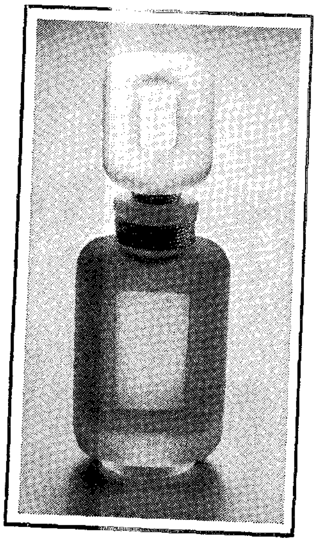

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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, July 1: "Isadora." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 2: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "Gloria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 3: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Gloria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 4: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Netherlands Dance Theatre—Monday, July 6, at 7:30; Tuesday, July 7, at 8; and Saturday, July 11, at 2: "Soldiers Mass," "Symphony in D," and "Symphony of Psalms." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, July 8-10, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Overgrown Path," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: "Symphony in D," "Symphony of Psalms," and "Sinfonietta." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, pianist **JOHN HICKS'S** trio will perform. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ,** two young admirers of swing music, co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, July 5; on Monday, July 6, Anne Marie Moss will sing with a trio; and on Tuesday, July 7, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will begin playing duets with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music nightly from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, the great bluegrass banjoist **EARL SCRUGGS** and the **DILLARDS;** Friday, July 3, **DR. JOHN** and **JOHN HAMMOND;** Saturday, July 4, **DR. JOHN** and the Nighthawks; Monday, July 6, the Lounge Lizards; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 7-8, John Kay & Steppenwolf (it's 1968 again!) and Silverado; and Thursday, July 9, composer and singer **ELIZABETH SWADOS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. The current schedule of pianists and bassists goes like this: **LARRY WILLIS** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, July 4, and **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** beginning Monday, July 6. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

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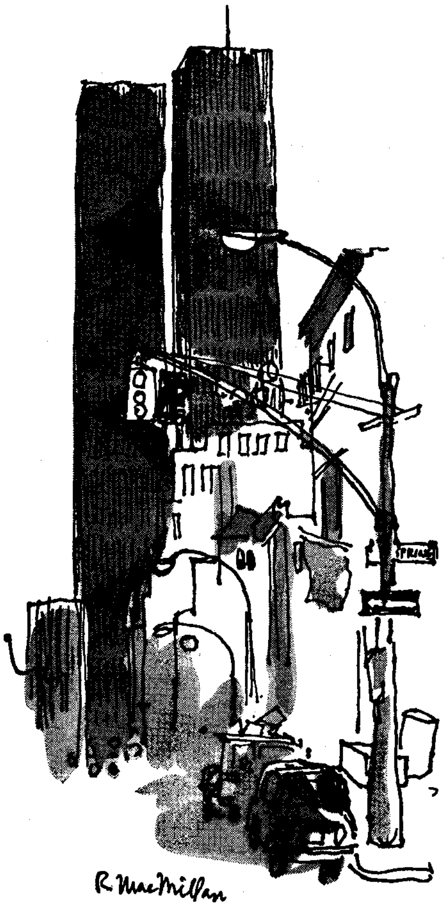
Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** has taken over here while Bobby Short summers elsewhere. She's at the piano Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist and composer ("Canadian Sunset") **EDDIE HEYWOOD,** who has said that his idea of relaxation is playing piano in night clubs, relaxes here from eight until midnight, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, July 1, Elixir, Hi-Fi, Blue Fyre, and Affectives; Thursday through Saturday, July 2-4, the Nitecaps, with different opening bands each night. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright you can wear your cowboy boots, when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is singing with a trio nightly, except Sundays. On Sundays, one can hear **DARDANELLE,** who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She doesn't even gesture. (She can't, since she's playing piano, another source of pleasure.) She just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Saturday, July 4, Tony Trishcka's band; Sunday, July 5, guitarists Larry Johnson, Ian Buchanan, and Guy Davis; and Saturday, July 11, Metropolitan Opry. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, July 5, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will head a quartet that will feature **CHUCK WAYNE,** a bebop guitarist who is still faster than a speeding bullet, bassist **RICK LAIRD,** and drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD.** They'll begin about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** and vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS** wind up a week of playing with pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** bassist **VISHNU WOOD,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB** on Sunday, July 5. On Tuesday, July 7, singer **ESTHER PHILLIPS** will move in with her supporting crew. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Thursday through Saturday, July 2-4, Platinum Hook, a lively R. & B. sextet; Monday, July 6, singer Angela Lee and a real fine trio, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** and flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL;** Tuesday through Thursday, July 7-9, singer Lee Genesis; and Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, singer Ebony Jo-Ann. Sundays belong to Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

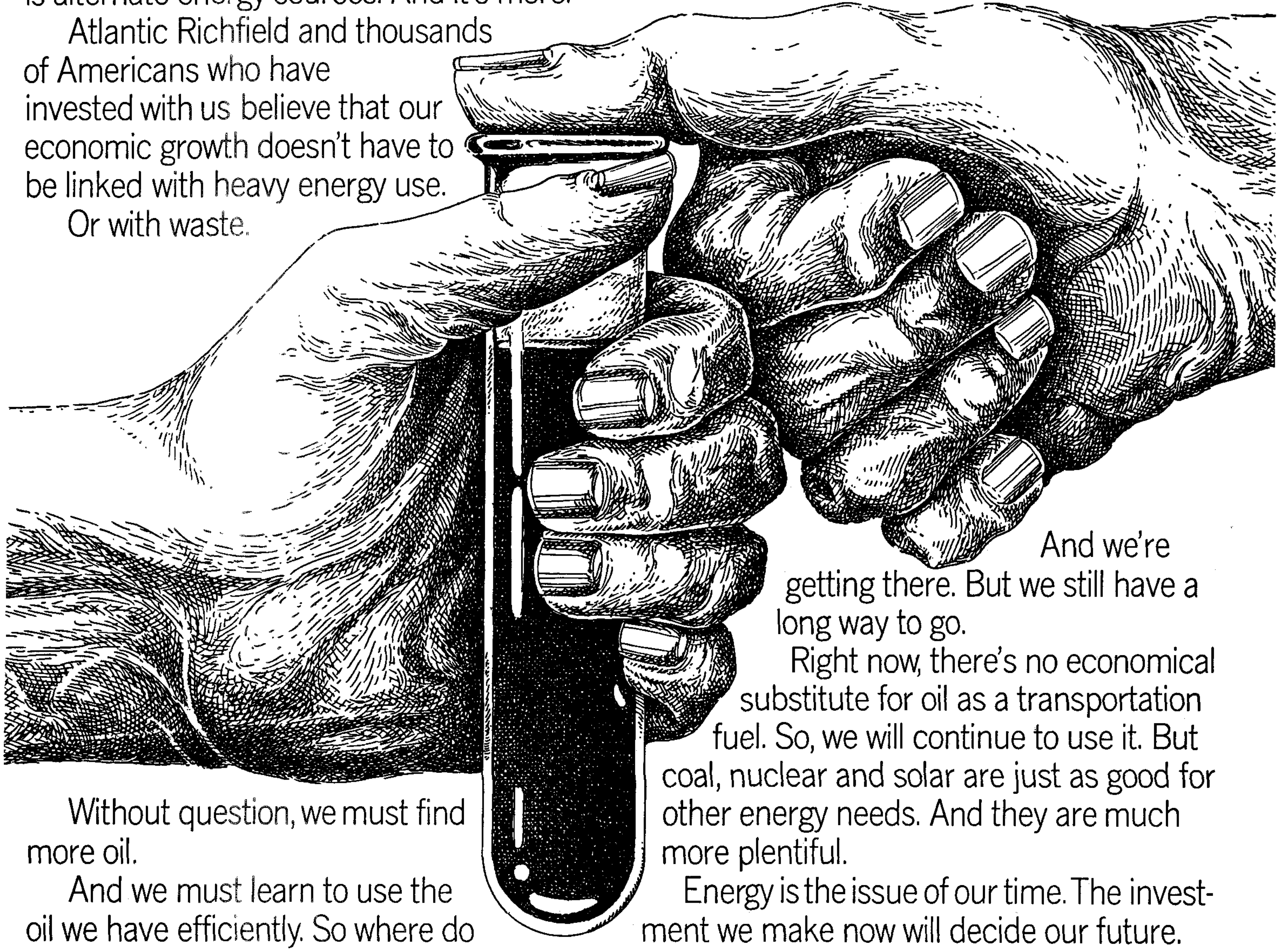
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the pianist who can zip through just about anything that crosses his mind and have it emerge in seamless stride style, performs through Saturday, July 4. On Tuesday, July 7, **PATTI BOWN** will claim the keyboard. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-

Some say the answer is oil exploration. Some say the answer is conservation. For once, everybody is right.



It is exploration. It is conservation. It is alternate energy sources. And it's more.

Atlantic Richfield and thousands of Americans who have invested with us believe that our economic growth doesn't have to be linked with heavy energy use.

Or with waste.

Without question, we must find more oil.

And we must learn to use the oil we have efficiently. So where do we start?

Scientists say there are billions of barrels of oil still undiscovered in the United States. We have the technology to find it.

Atlantic Richfield takes the prospect of domestic exploration seriously. And we've formed a separate company to manage our broadened exploration program.

Our new ARCO Exploration Company knows it will cost billions to find oil. But it's an investment our country can make because the money is available.

Still, the most forceful domestic program won't be enough to meet the coming demand.

Nobody uses as much oil as America. Oil provides half of our energy needs. And half of that goes into transportation.

Smaller cars help. So do mileage standards. And we're getting there. But we still have a long way to go.

Right now, there's no economical substitute for oil as a transportation fuel. So, we will continue to use it. But coal, nuclear and solar are just as good for other energy needs. And they are much more plentiful.

Energy is the issue of our time. The investment we make now will decide our future.

At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.

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7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous location, and there are, thank heavens, ceiling fans instead of fireplaces. On Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** adventurous sextet will be present, and on Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, drummer **STEVE MC CALL** will head up a quartet. Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch Mike Morgenstern, the proprietor, jamming with a bunch of musical colleagues from about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** are the piano-bass duo-in-residence; they work out Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist and singer **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; this club is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, July 1, the **NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE;** Sunday, July 5, Kinky Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, July 6-7, the **VENTURES** (it's 1959 again!). Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. **ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, is here with a backing combo and with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

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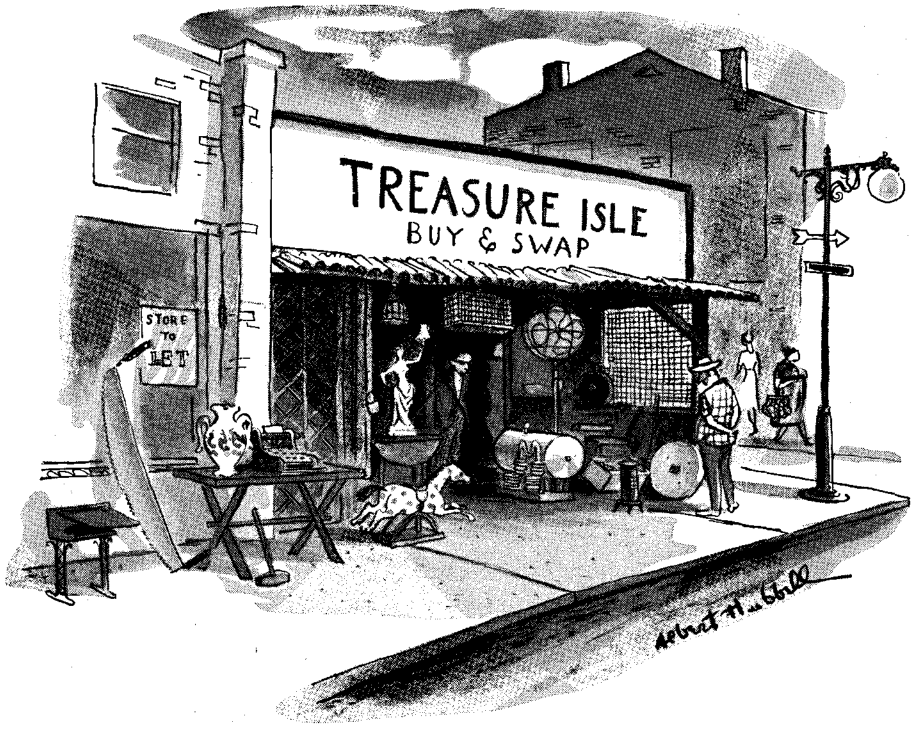
MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs. The lineup: Wednesday, July 1, Panic Squad, Del-phobics, and Headlines; Thursday, July 2, Lisa & the Lost, Gizmos, and Silent Types; Friday, July 3, Sic F*cks and Tot Rocket & the Twins; and Saturday, July 4, Von Lmo and False Prophets. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Vibraharpist **RED NORVO** and guitarist **TAL FARLOW** are reunited on this bandstand through Saturday, July 4, and are aided by bassist Steve Novosel. On Tuesday, July 7, pianists **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** will begin a twin-piano engagement. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell freesia; it is this R. & B. club. Wednesday, July 1, Colors; Thursday, July 2, Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, Zulema; Thursday, July 9, Deuce; and Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Comedian Soupy Sales will be here on Tuesday, July 7; on Thursday, July 9, folkie Paul Siebel will perform; on Friday, July 10, Oasis will trade sets with the Hardbeats; and on Saturday, July 11, Bernie Shanahan will open the show for rock singer Will Rambeau. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, July 1-4.



PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet through Sunday, July 5; starting Tuesday, July 7, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will take over with his All-Star band. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, July 1, Certain Generals and Why Things Break; Thursday, July 2, Psychedelic Furs, who play dirge-like rock, and the Del-Byzanteens; Friday, July 3, Psychedelic Furs and New Math; Saturday, July 4, reggae singer **MAX ROMEO** and Hilly Michaels; Monday, July 6, Angry Tears, Front Lines, and **GANG OF FOUR** (who will appear at eight only); Tuesday, July 7, Imports and 212; and Wednesday, July 8, singer **PHOEBE SNOW.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sunday, July 5.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," features Susan Bigelow, Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: Wednesday, July 1, percussionist David Earle Johnson leads a quintet that features **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** on guitar and **JOE CHAMBERS** on piano and percussion; and Tuesday through Sunday, July 7-12, the great hard-bopping guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will be on hand with a trio. Closed Mondays and Thursday through Saturday, July 2-4.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **JAKI BYARD** and a trio on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4; and singer **DAKOTA STATON** with the **BROSS TOWNSEND** trio on Friday and Saturday, July 10-11. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **JUNIOR MANCE,** who works the Sunday-and-Monday shift here, leads a trio as well Wednesday through Saturday, July 1-4; on Tuesday, July 7, pianist and singer **BOB DOROUGH** will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: Thursday, July 2, the Offs; Friday through Sunday, July 3-5, and Wednesday through Saturday, July 8-11, **JOE TURNER.** Turner, who is seventy, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when

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he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and Count Basie's band. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues artist. His styles during this period stretched from New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") to Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a wonderful, funny blues, which he wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a whole new generation of listeners has discovered him. If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blues soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, July 1, X-Davis, Design, and David Leonard & the Look; Thursday, July 2, Poptronics and Big Spender; Friday, July 3, Madonna, the Lines, and Joey Balin & the Mirrors; Saturday, July 4, the Waitresses; Monday, July 6, at 8, Finn & the Sharks; and Tuesday, July 7, Minnie the Moocher and Rorschach. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**JOE PASS**, the guitarist revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike (and by a lot of the non-playing laity), is playing in the Top of the Gate every night but Monday. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays, Salsa bands perform downstairs from about nine, and Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER**, a wonderful soloist and an even better composer and arranger, has charge of his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY**, through Saturday, July 4. On Sunday, July 5, the bandstand will be filled by drummer **CHARLI PERSIP'S** band. And on Tuesday, July 7, hard-boppers **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **BARRY HARRIS** will come in with a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Esther Blue, and Thursdays through Sundays by **SADIK HAKIM**, a veteran bebopping pianist. Music from eight-thirty to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Wednesday through Sunday, July 1-5, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will guide his quartet, Wednesday through Sunday, July 8-12, trombonist **DICKY WELLS'** group will perform. Monday's fare is saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays belong to master drummer **JO JONES** & Friends. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls around the city; the State University of New York, at Purchase; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga and State University of New York listings, see page 14, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, July 1, at 5: Rose Murphy, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 7 and 10: Ella Fitzgerald and her trio and the Zoot Sims-Clark Terry quintet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 8: The Herbie Hancock quartet and the Terumasa Hino group. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 8: "Portrait of Art Tatum," a program that combines live music and screen projections. With Tiny Grimes, Hank Jones, John Lewis, Dick Wellstood, Ellis Larkins, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 5: Dorothy Donegan, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8: Oscar Peterson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8: Sarah Vaughan and her trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8: Jazz films from David Chertok's collection—Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman are among those featured. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 5: Ross Tompkins, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7 and 11: The Crusaders and Spyro Gyra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8: "Present Company Included," a program of comedy and music. With Bill Cosby, Nat Adderley, Arnett Cobb, Jimmy Smith, Mickey Roker, and B. B. King. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8: "CBS Records Presents": The Arthur Blythe quintet, the Paquito D'Rivera quintet, and the Gil Evans Big Band. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2:30: The Fringe. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 5:30: John Bunch, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 7 and 11: Weather Report. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8: "Women Blow Their Own Horns," with the Willene Barton quintet, Melba Liston & Company, guest stars Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry, and an all-woman jam session, with Lucille Dixon, Jean Fineberg, Marian McPartland, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . ¶ Sunday, July 5, from noon to 5: The Nat Adderley quartet, Errol Parker Experience, and others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.) ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: The Louis Hayes quartet. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium.). ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 7 and 10:30: Miles Davis. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

REO SPEEDWAGON—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 10, at 8.

RAPHAEL—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 11, at 8, and Sunday, July 12, at 3.

IRVING PLAZA—T. S. Monk and Treacherous 3. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Saturday, July 11, after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 10: Charlie Rouse & Lonnie Hillyer. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, at 10: Bill Hardman & Junior Cook quintet, featuring Walter Bishop, Jr. . . . ¶ Sundays at 10: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 8-9, at 11 and 1: Mike Treni Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 10: Sonny Fortune quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, July 1, at 8 and 11, Thursday, July 2, at 9; and Friday, July 3, at 8 and 11: Peter Allen. . . ¶ Monday, July 6, at 9: Kid Creole & the Coconuts. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 7, at 9: Stanley Turrentine and Carmen McRae. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 8, at 9: Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:30 and 11:30: Jerry Jeff Walker and the Dave Perkins band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30 and 11:30: The Temptations, with Esther Williams. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—Wednesday, July 1: Kalaparush Maurice McIntyre & the Light and the Billy Bang quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2: Jemeel Moondoc's Muntu and Marilyn Crispell. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3: Ronald Shannon Jackson & the Decoding Society and Frank Lowe & the Serious Fun Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4: Sonny Sharrock. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LUIS BENEDIT—Drawings and plastic sculptures, including a series of each inspired by a drawing of King Kong done by the son of this Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, noon to 6.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—Drawings. Through July 31. (Protetch, 37 W 57th St.)

PETER PLAGENS—Large diptychs. Through Wednesday, July 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

SHARI URQUHART—Large tapestries that tell vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966) / **TURKU TRAJAN** (1887-1959)—Early paintings, done from 1911-22 / Sculptures, and paintings on

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paper. Through Friday, July 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Art on the Beach—From landfill to garden (of sand), Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (nylon-sailcloth pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 3.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: An invitational show, with works by Robert Bordo, Cynthia Karasek, Jack Chevalier, Larry Kagan, and Lynn Elton. Through Friday, July 3. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings by Craig Kauffman, Edda Renouf, Bruce Robbins, and Hap Tivey. Through July 17. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 3.) . . . **borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A refreshing group show in which seven satiric artists (Ida Applebroog, Mark Tansey, and Richards Jarden among them) aim their shafts at such targets as movie posters, television, and the art establishment. Through Friday, July 3. . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans (Ernest Haskell, Robert Henri, Maurice Prendergast) and Britons (David Cox, Lucian Freud, Gwen John). Through July 31. (Closed Friday,, July 3.) . . . **de nagy,** 29 W. 57th St.: One work apiece—paintings, drawings, and sculptural reliefs—by more than two dozen artists. Through July 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works by thirteen emerging young artists: colored pen-and-ink scenes of New Wave night clubs by Marc Lida, pastels of beach chairs by Nancy Ring, and figures by, among others, Baldo Diodato, Nachume Miller, and John Germain. Through Aug. 12. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **hamilton,** 20 W. 57th St.: Six drawings and other works by Rafael Ferrer, three paintings by Ron Gorchov, and three large abstract oils by Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jacobson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. . . . **nardin,** 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadow box by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily except Saturday, July 4; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **o. k. harris,** 383 West Broadway: An invitational show of paintings and sculptures by ten artists. Through Friday, July 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **pearl,** 29 W. 57th St.: American paintings of the nineteen-forties and fifties: Giorgio Cavallon, Charmion von Wiegand, Al Held, Alfred Jensen, others. Through Friday, July 3. . . . **schoelkopf,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figure drawings by realists, among them William Bailey, Bruno Civitico, and Leland Bell. Through July 15. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **tatistcheff,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such realists as James Childs, William Clutz, John Stuart Ingle, John Gordon, Irene Buszko, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **zarre,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Nassos Daphnis, Dee Shapiro, Michael Malpass, and others. Through Friday, July 3.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **aca,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **dintenfass,** 50 W. 57th St. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gladstone,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gruenebaum,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **oscarsson hood,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **sachs,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ***thorp,*** *419 West Broadway.* (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Arthur Ollman—Night views of houses and parks and bridges and trees by a California photographer. Through July 17. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karen Tweedy-Holmes/ Sam Haskins—Black-and-white studies of nudes. / Figure studies, mainly, plus still-lifes and landscapes, all bordering on the surreal. Through July 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

New York, New York—Two shows with the city as the theme: At the **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs, together with prints, drawings, and paintings—Central Park by Laura Gilpin, André Kertész, Ruth Orkin, others; Wall Street by Berenice Abbott. Through Friday, July 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Portraits by twelve photographers who have not yet received much attention. Included are studies of the famous (Orson Welles, Melvyn Douglas) by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Rosamond Purcell, and the not-so-famous by Mark Berghash, Wendy MacNeil, Toba Tucker. Through July 31. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Astor Court and the Douglas Dillon Galleries for Chinese paintings (north wing, second floor) are now open. The Court incorporates a Ming furniture room and a Ming garden; the Dillon Galleries house some eighty works, the earliest of them a painting of a horse by the eighth-century court painter Han Kan. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ New acquisitions: Nearly fifty examples of medieval craftsmanship, including stained-glass panels, an ivory statuette of the Virgin and Child, a silver-gilt-and-enamel diptych. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ *Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century* Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ A show of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth

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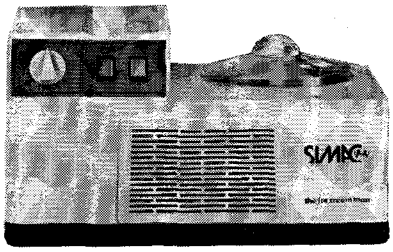

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Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through Sunday, July 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through Sunday, July 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi from the years 1934 to 1942. Through Sunday, July 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 11 to 6; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ An exhibit of contemporary Korean drawings. Both through Sept. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese textile stencils, together with clothing (a deerskin coat is stencilled inside and out) and other related items. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Animated films are the subject of an exhibit of about a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hundred pieces of artwork related to that craft, ranging from what are called concept drawings to the final cels, which are photographed. Both obscure (Winsor McCay's 1918 "The Sinking of the Lusitania") and perennial ("Fantasia") films are represented. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terra-cottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—In an exhibit of music scores from Japan—mainly the notations of contemporary Japanese composers—is a Buddhist chant, dated 1472, said to be the oldest printed score extant. Also, occasional brief performances of some of the compositions; for information about schedules, call 832-1155. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily except Saturday and Sunday, July 4-5. Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three through July 31.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5.30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ *At the Fashion Institute* of Technology: Sixty quilts. Through Aug. 22. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

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NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays and Saturday, July 4, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. . . . ¶ A show of printed ephemera of historical and literary interest which includes a truly ephemeral leaflet with a plea to "Save the 15¢ Fare!" Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

SUMMERMUSIC AT THE Y—Five chamber-music programs. The participants include Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Michael Tree, violin and viola; Samuel Rhodes and Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson and Joel Krosnick, cello; Julius Levine, bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Joseph Kalichstein and Lilian Kallir, piano. Wednesday evening, July 1: A Dvořák-Schumann-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 2: A Boccherini-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 7: A Mozart-Dvořák-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 8: A Beethoven-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 9: A Mozart-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8:30.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS—Peter Schubert directing two performances of the Bach cantatas 61 and 67. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 5, at 4:30, and at St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave., the same day at 8. For information about tickets to either concert, call 864-6765.)

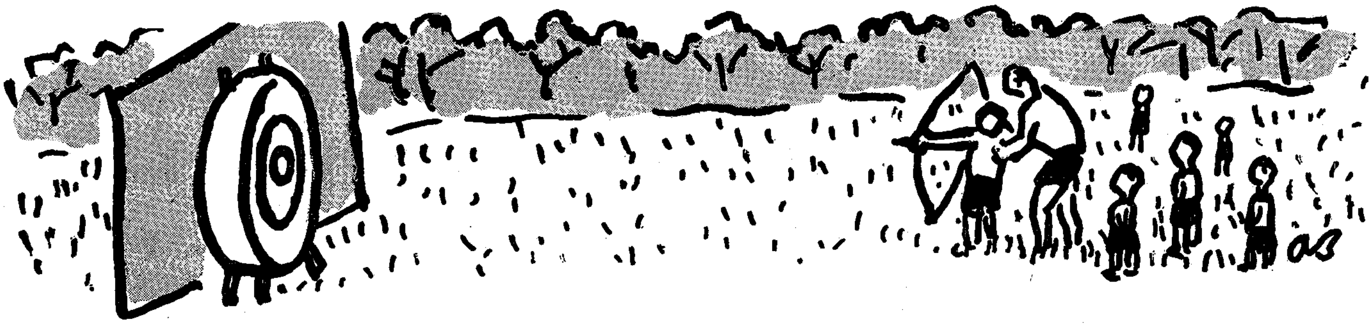
IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7: Menahem Pressler, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Bartók program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a Gershwin-Bernstein program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Dvořák program, with Frans Helmerson, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: Jules Eskin, cello, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 7: Mr. Kalish and Yehudi Wyner, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducting a Mozart-Viotti-Tchaikovsky program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Verdi's *Requiem, with Mirella Freni, soprano;* Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Ermanno Mauro, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting a Stravinsky-Mozart-Verdi program. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 2, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Ginastera-Chopin-Beethoven program, with Ivo Pogorelich, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 5:30: Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, in a Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program. . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 4: Jane Bryden, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Guido's Other Hand, in a program of early music from Germany. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Carol Shepard Gutknecht, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Two twelve-hour offerings of the **KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Saturday, July 4, at noon: Nancy Wilson, Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd, the Crusaders, Clark Terry, Frank Foster, Kilamanjaro, Chico Hamilton and the Mellifluous Rhythm Orchestra, the Nat Adderley quartet, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at noon: Weather Report, the Dave Brubeck quartet, Mel Tormé, Carmen McRae, the Dizzy Gillespie quartet, Doc Cheatham, Major Holley, Eddie Chamblee, Oliver Jackson, and others. . . . Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a three-week engagement that ends Saturday, July 25. Tuesday, July 7, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 8, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:15 (a benefit performance), and Saturday, July 11, at 2: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival concerts, call 787-2020, in New York. For information about tickets to all other events, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '81—Opening performances of a six-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music which will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 9. *Un Soupçon:* The **KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL** gets things in motion with two nine-hour presentations. Saturday, July 4, at 2: The Sonny Fortune quartet, Brooks Kerr, Sonny Greer, the Tiny Grimes trio, Billy Taylor, Emily Remler, Marian McPartland and Barry Harris, Helen Merrill, Hannibal Marvin Peter-



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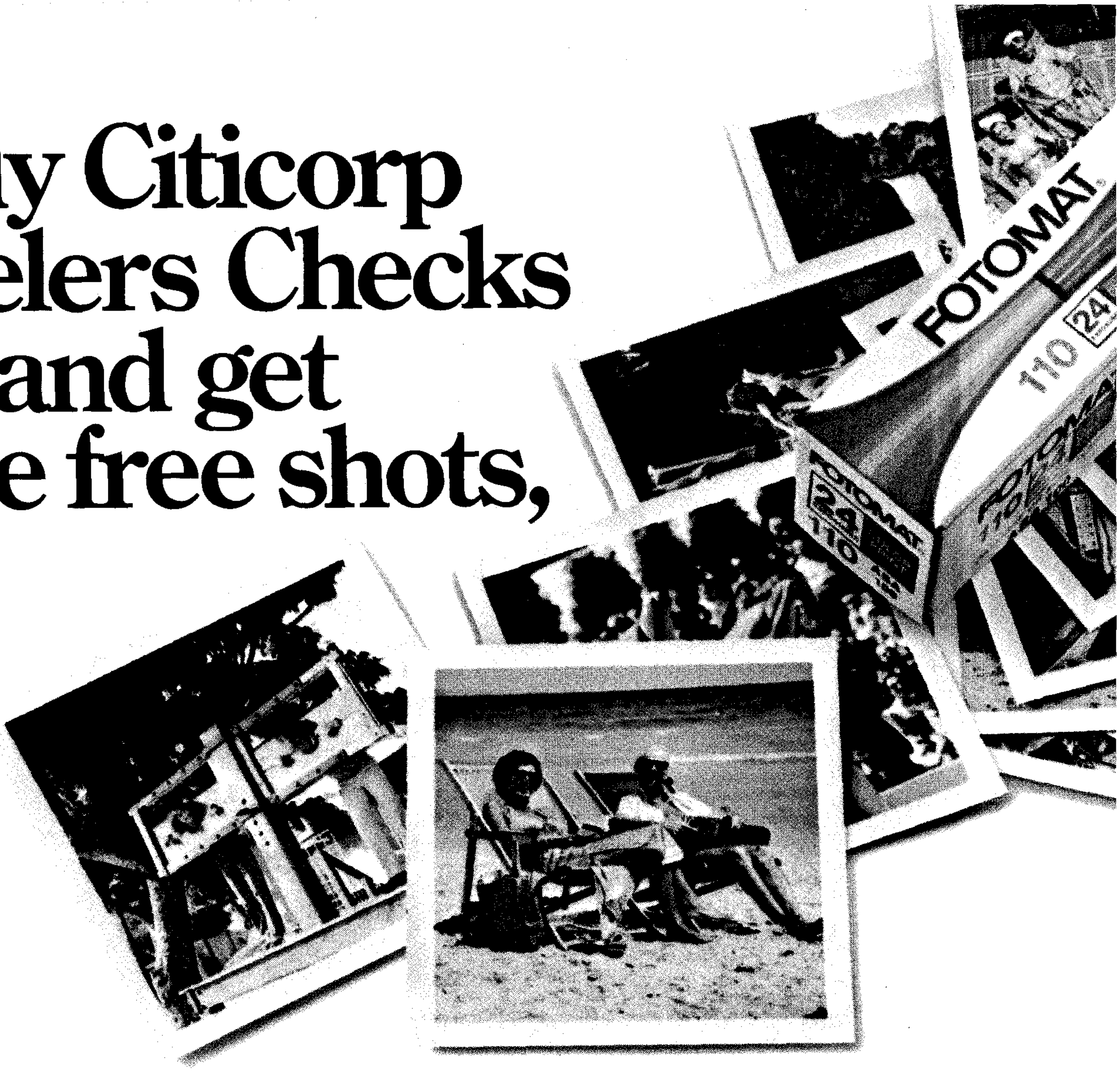

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son, the Beaver Harris 360° Music Experience, and others. . . . Sunday, July 5, at 2: The Ruby Braff quintet, Bob Wilber and the Bechet Legacy, the David Lahm octet, the John Bunch quintet, Barbara Carroll, Nick Brignola, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30: The Abbey Theatre production of Sean O'Casey's play "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 10:30: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford in a cabaret show. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3 and 8:30: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: The Joffrey Ballet—"Suite Saint-Saëns," "Return to the Strange Land," "Fanfarita," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 10 and 11:30: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: The Joffrey Ballet—"Suite Saint-Saëns," "Land of Dancers," "Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 3 and 8: "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 7:30: The Joffrey Ballet—"Celebration," "Epode," "Night," and "Postcards." (For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival concerts, call 787-2020, in New York. For information about tickets to all other events, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 4: Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 7-11: Joffrey II Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Bicycling—The Yoplait/Bloomingdale's 50 Kilometer Bicycle Challenge, covering a course around Central Park. Starting time: Saturday, July 11, at 7 A.M.; starting line: the Ramble parking lot, 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Finish at the same place a little over an hour later.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4; the Dwyer, Sunday, July 5; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 8; and the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. Post time will be 6 on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4. The Matchmaker, Friday, July 3. . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, July 4.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Wednesday, July 1, at 9: Cosmos vs. the Greek National team. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 7:30: Cosmos vs. Tulsa. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—The United States (represented by John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, Stan Smith, and Bob Lutz) vs. Czechoslovakia (represented by Ivan Lendl, Tomas Smid, Stanislav Birner, and Pavel Slozil) in quarterfinal Davis Cup matches. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. 271-5100. Singles matches, Friday, July 10, and Sunday, July 12, at 1; doubles matches, Saturday, July 11, at 1.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Friday, July 1-3, at 2:15; Saturday, July 4, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Monday through Saturday, July 6-11, at 8:15. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 2: Haitian and Latin-American paintings, drawings, and prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, July 2. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, July 9, at 2, and Friday, July 10, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including porcelain, folk art, furniture, and decorations. Exhibition starts Friday, July 3.

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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. **SATURDAY, JULY 4:** At ten-thirty, international teams will compete in races off the Battery for the International Lifeboat Race Trophy. . . . ¶ A parade of marching bands and floats will take off from Bowling Green at eleven, heading up Broadway for City Hall. . . . ¶ An arts-and-crafts fair will be in effect along Water and Broad Streets, from noon until six. . . . ¶ At one, Paul Ellis will conduct the Garden State Chamber Orchestra, at Castle Clinton, Battery Park. . . . ¶ Seven NATO ships will be open to the public, from one to four, at Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. . . . ¶ At two, Bob January's orchestra will give a concert on the World Trade Center plaza. . . . ¶ At five, Martin Josman will conduct the National Chorale in an all-Gershwin program, at Castle Clinton, Battery Park. . . . ¶ The wind-up, at nine-fifteen, will be Macy's half-hour fireworks display, set off from barges in the vicinity of the Statue of Liberty. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 5:** Nine o'clock will be the starting time for a 6.2 mile running race across the George Washington Bridge to Inwood Hill Park. . . . ¶ The seven NATO ships will again be open to the public, from one to four, at Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. . . . ¶ Two hundred pleasure boats will sail at one from the Chelsea piers, on the Hudson River, to the Upper Bay.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE TEMPEST,** with Raul Julia as Prospero. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Battery Park Landfill City—Music on sand-covered landfill (it may be advisable to wear sneakers). Sunday, July 5, at 6:30: Sun Ra & his Arkestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 6:30: Charlie Morrow and the Ocarina Orchestra. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. For information about tickets, call 825-1494.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of four productions. Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Gershwin program. (Saturday, July 11, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, July 1: Jorma Kaukonen & Vital Parts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 8: Santana. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10: Gary U. S. Bonds and Robin Lane & the Chartbusters. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **JAZZ:** Benefit concert—Sunday, July 5, at 8: Utopia. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, at 8: ROAD Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 10-11: David Amram quintet. . . . **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 2, at 8: Buffalo Chipkickers. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8: Tony Trischka band. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES,** with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 4-8.)

Racing—At Saratoga: July 29-Aug. 24.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: The Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup games, July 12, July 15, and July 19. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Montreal, July 22. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Portland, July 29. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Jacksonville, Aug. 2.

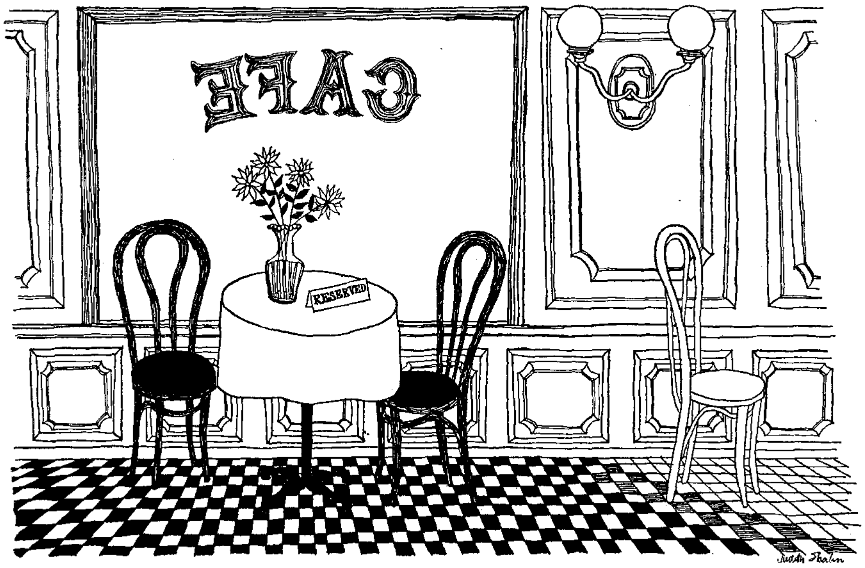
Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 26-Aug. 2.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 9-Nov. 7.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 18-25.)

Music—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 13-Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Aug. 5-22. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 29, Aug. 5, and Aug. 12.

Dance—La Scala Opera Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830), July 13-Aug. 1.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

68th St PLAYHOUSE
8368

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 5: "The Diary of a Chambermaid." (†)
July 6: Theatre closed.
From July 7: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." (†)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 2: "That's Entertainment!" (†) and "That's Entertainment, Part 2." (†)
July 3-4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†); and "Stars and Stripes Forever" (1952; directed by Henry Koster), with Clifton Webb, Debra Paget, and Robert Wagner.
July 5-6: "Anchors Aweigh" (†) and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (†)
July 7-8: "Gypsy" (†) and "Tonight and Every Night." (†)
July 9-10: "West Side Story" (†) and "On the Town." (†)
From July 11: "Night and Day" (†) and "You'll Never Get Rich." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 2: "Tess." (†)
July 3-9: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson; and "The Incredible Shrinking Woman." (†)
From July 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"High Risk" (Stewart Raffill), with James Brolin and Anthony Quinn.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.
Theatre 2: "S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: July 9: "New York, New York." (†) From July 10: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Richard's Things" (Anthony Harvey), with Liv Ullmann. From July 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "Outland." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through July 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
From July 9 (tentative): "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 2: "Atlantic City." (†)
July 3-9: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From July 10: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 9: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.
From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse). From July 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
Theatre 2: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Decline of Western Civilization" (directed by Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: "Outland." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles). From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 2: "Wattstax" (1973), a filmed concert; and "The Harder They Come." (†)
July 3-4: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a filmed concert; and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)
July 5-7: "No Nukes" (1980), a concert film; and "The Last Waltz." (†)
July 8-9: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Don't Knock the Rock" (1957), with Bill Haley and Alan Dale.
July 10-11: "Let It Be" (†); and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), a concert film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 9: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey); and "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran).
From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Atlantic City." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 7: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin. From July 8: "Heart to Heart" (Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).
Theatre 2: Through July 7: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian; X-rated). From July 8: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey); and "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran). From July 10: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Atlantic City." (†) From July 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve. From July 10: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Outland." (†) From July 10: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From July 10: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 2: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through July 2: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From July 3: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
Theatre 3: Through July 2: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From July 3: "Tess." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 2: "Atlantic City." (†) From July 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Outland." (†)
Theatre 2: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 3: "High Risk" (Stewart Raffill), with James Brolin and Anthony Quinn.
Theatre 4: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
Theatre 5: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 6: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee. From July 10: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee. From July 10: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 4: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 2: "High Risk" (Stewart Raffill), with James Brolin and Anthony Quinn.
From July 3: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse).

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 1: "Lolita" (1962; directed by Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.
July 2: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
July 3: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.
July 4: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.
July 5: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
July 6: "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Story of Adèle H." (†)
July 7: Two Japanese films.
July 8: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
July 9: "Best Boy" (1980; Ira Wohl), a documentary film.
July 10: "The African Queen." (†)
July 11: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 1: "The Glenn Miller Story" (1954; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart and June Allyson; and several films about jazz. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
July 2-3: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and several films about jazz. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
July 4-5: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès; and several films about jazz. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
July 6: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
July 7: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
July 8: "Metropolis" (†); and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.
July 9: "The Life and Opinion of Zatoichi" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 10: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
July 11: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 2: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965; David Lean), with Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger.
July 3-4: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
July 5-7: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
July 8-9: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
July 10-11: "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; X-rated); and "Les Enfants Terribles." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 2: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.
July 3-9: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.
From July 10: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush; and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams. Both in 3-D.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 4: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.
July 5-7: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May

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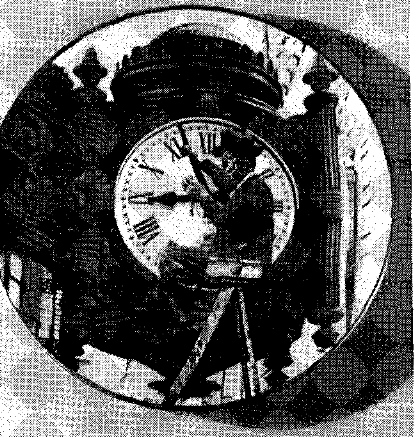

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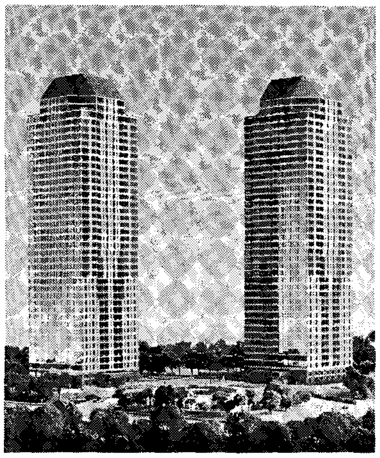

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July 8-11: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), and "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), all with the Marx Brothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 2: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.

July 3-7: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

July 8-11: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Cristina Raines, and Albert Finney.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 3: "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave; and "The Haunting" (1963; Robert Wise), with Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn.

July 4-6: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

July 7-9: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (†); and "The Appointment" (1969; Sidney Lumet), with Omar Sharif, Anouk Aimée, and Lotte Lenya.

From July 10: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through July 2: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

July 3-4: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Treasure of Sierre Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

July 5-7: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

July 8-9: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

July 10-11: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 1: "Silver Streak" (1976; Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; and "Bullitt" (1968; Peter Yates), with Steve McQueen, Robert Vaughn, and Jacqueline Bisset.

July 2-4: "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

July 5-6: "The Notorious Landlady" (1962; Richard Quine), with Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Fred Astaire, and Lionel Jeffries; and "The Pink Panther Strikes Again." (†)

July 7-8: "Sapphire" (1959; Basil Dearden), with Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, Michael Craig, and Bernard Miles; and "Victim." (†)

July 9-11: "Sherlock Holmes Faces Death" (1943), "The Scarlet Claw" (1944), and "The Pearl of Death" (1944), three films in the Basil Rathbone-Sherlock Holmes series. All with Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson; directed by Roy William Neill.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 1: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "Black Peter" (1964; Miloš Forman; in Czech).

July 2: "The Conspirators" (1944; Jean Negulesco), with Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid; and "The Verdict" (1946; Donald Siegel), with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

July 3-4: "London Rock and Roll" (1974) and "Blue Suede Shoes" (1981), both English films.

July 5: "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

July 6: Cartoons by Tex Avery, Chuck Jones, and others.

July 7: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Testament of Orpheus." (†)

July 8: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "College." (†)

July 9: "Gambling Lady" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea; and "One Way Passage" (1932; Tay Garnett), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

July 10-11: "Illustrious Corpses" (1975; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Lino Ventura, Max von Sydow, Charles Vanel, and Fernando Rey; and "Primal Fear" (Anne-Claire Poirier; in French), with Micheline Lanctot.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 1: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

July 2: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Lee G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case"

(1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, and Ethel Barrymore.

July 3-4: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

July 5: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

July 6: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Confidential Agent." (†)

July 7: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937; Louis King) and "Bulldog Drummond Peril" (1938; James Hogan), with John Barrymore as Drummond.

July 8: "The Sea Hawk" (†); and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

July 9: "Carnival in Flanders" (†); and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

July 10-11: "The Garden Murder Case" (1936; Edwin L. Marin), with Edmund Lowe; and "The Casino Murder Case" (1935; Edwin L. Marin), with Paul Lukas.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Satyajit Ray, in Bengali, with English subtitles: July 2 at 2:30: "Pather Panchali" (1955). . . . July 2 at 6: "Aparajito" (1956). . . . July 2 at 8:30: "The World of Apu" (1959). . . . July 3 at 2:30: "The Philosopher's Stone" (1957). . . . July 3 at 6: "Kanchanjungha" (1962). . . . July 4 at 2:30: "Pather Panchali." . . . July 4 at 5: "Aparajito." . . . July 5 at 2:30: "The World of Apu." . . . July 6 at 2:30: "Kanchanjungha." . . . July 6 at 6: "The Expedition" (1962). . . . July 7 at 6 and July 9 at 2:30: "Charulata" (1964). . . . July 9 at 6: "The Big City" (1963). . . . July 9 at 8:30: "The Expedition." . . . July 10 at 2:30: "The Big City." . . . July 10 at 6: "The Coward and the Holy Man" (1965). . . . July 11 at 2: "The Adventures of Goopy and Bagha" (1969). . . . July 11 at 5: "The Hero" (1966). . . . ¶ Other, non-Ray, films scheduled during this period: July 3 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . July 4-5 at noon: "Hardware Wars" (Ernie Fosselius and Michael Wiese), "River Boy" (Noel Black), "The Wizard of Speed and Time" (Mike Jittlov), and "A Time Out of War" (Denis and Terry Sanders). . . . July 5 at 5: "The Man with a Movie Camera" (1929; Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film). . . . July 6-7 at noon: "The Bank" (1915), "A Woman" (1915), and "Police" (1916), all directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin. . . . July 7 at 2:30: "The Man with the Movie Camera." . . . July 10 at noon: "Encre" and "Alechinsky." . . . July 11 at noon: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through July 5: Two sets of short films, under the title "Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies." Part I is showing daily at 1, and Part II is showing daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting July 7: Two sets of short films. "Discovery of Personality" will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and "Personalities: Character Relationships" will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10.)

Anchors Aweigh (1945)—This Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra musical has so much energy and spirit that you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock in trade of the producer, Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood who get involved with Grayson, a singer working as an extra and living with her chubby-faced angelic little brother (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullaby" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed, Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Art; July 5-6.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through July 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 9.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (72nd Street East; starting July 10.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Thalia; July 8.)

Confidential Agent (1945)—A tired, aging Spanish Loyalist (tired, aging Charles Boyer, giving an extraordinarily realistic and intense performance) starts out by trying to prevent a Fascist business deal in England, and is variously chased, beaten, and framed by some of the most unsavory characters who ever conspired. The cast includes Peter Lorre, Katina Paxinou, Victor Francen, George Coulouris, Wanda Hendrix, John Warburton, Miles Mander, and George Zucco. It also includes Lauren Bacall; she was elegantly feline in "To Have and Have Not," which preceded this film, and in "The Big Sleep," which followed it, but she is clumsy and self-conscious here. Despite the unusual cast and the possibilities in the material (from a Graham Greene novel, adapted by Robert Buckner), the movie is pedestrian, and it marked the end of the screen career of the director Herman Shumlin, the well-known stage producer. Those unfamiliar with the melodramas of the forties may be shocked at the brutalities that sneaked by under cover of the anti-Fascist theme. Cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 5.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 7.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (Cinema Village; July 10-11.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth,

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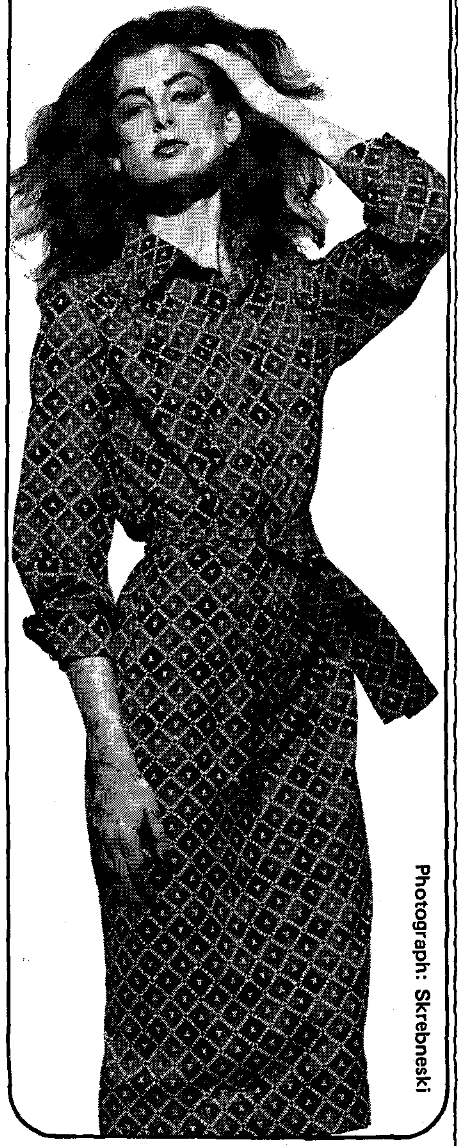

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (New Yorker.)

FROM MAO TO MOZART—ISAAC STERN IN CHINA—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (D. W. Griffith, and Lincoln Plaza.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Art; July 5-6.)

GYPSY (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script and the other credits match. (Art; July 7-8.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Harold Clurman; through July 2.)

HISTORY OF THE WORLD—PART I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks's staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (34th St. East, Sutton, Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres.)

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING WOMAN—An amiable, sloppy light satirical fantasy starring Lily Tomlin as Pat, a sweetly loony happy housewife in a pretty-poison dream world. The film is an idyll of consumerism. Everything in the suburban development where Pat lives with her advertising-man husband (Charles Grodin) and their two children has a muted artificiality; the style is Necco Deco—a sort of plastic lyricism. The whole family is a little benumbed—like the people in TV commercials, who don't react to anything that doesn't roll on or come in an aerosol can or make the floor shine. Then Pat starts to shrink (because of exposure to the chemicals in the products that the family delights in). Directed by Joel Schumacher, from a script by Jane Wagner (which retains only a few incidents from the Richard Matheson novel that was the basis of "The Incredible Shrinking Man"), the picture loses much of its stylized originality when it sets up a good-guys-versus-bad-guys conflict in order to give us a rooting interest in the outcome. But even when it turns into a gimcrack farce it's offhand and likable. Pat, imprisoned in a hamster's cage, finds a friend in a zonked lab technician (Mark Blankfield), and she becomes the beloved of a gorilla named Sidney (played by Rick Baker). It should be a great movie for kids; it's full of toys. With Ned Beatty, Henry Gibson, Elizabeth Wilson, and John Glover. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; July 3-9.)

THE LAST WALTZ (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a

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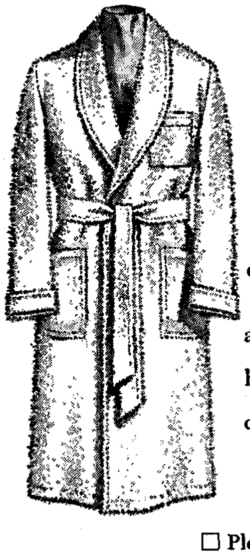

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most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Harold Clurman; July 5-7.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what is now inescapably the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Harold Clurman; July 10-11.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist-tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Cinema I; through July 9.)

Night and Day (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, said later that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year

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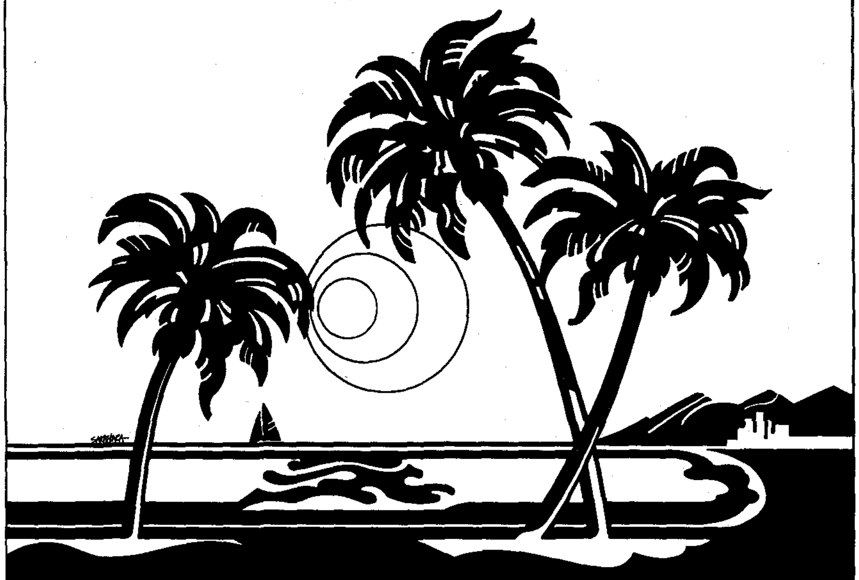

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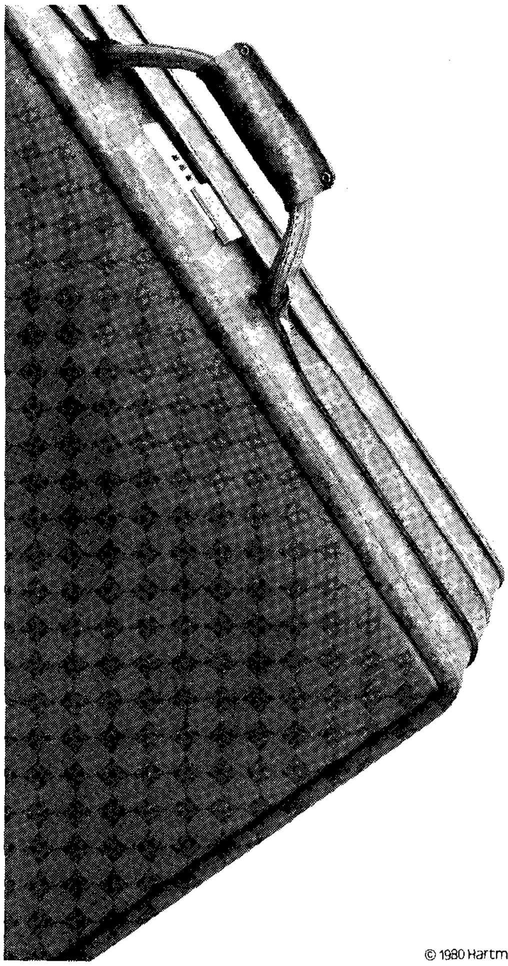

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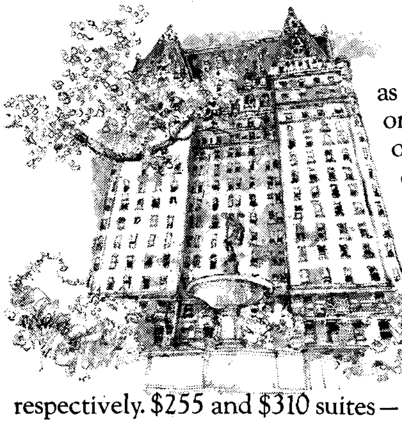

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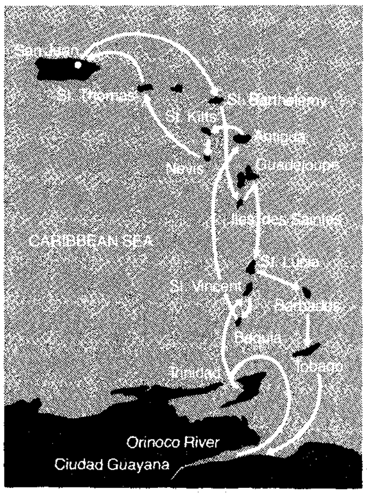

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after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered, "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well of course, he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't think he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Grant looks constrained and distracted—as if he would give anything to get out of this mess; he relaxes briefly when he sings "You're the Top" with Ginny Simms. With Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates—Mary Martin, Jane Wyman, Victor Francen, Dorothy Malone, Selena Royle, Eve Arden, Donald Woods, Alan Hale, Paul Cavanaugh, Henry Stephenson, Clarence Muse, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. Michael Curtiz directed. (Art; starting July 11.)

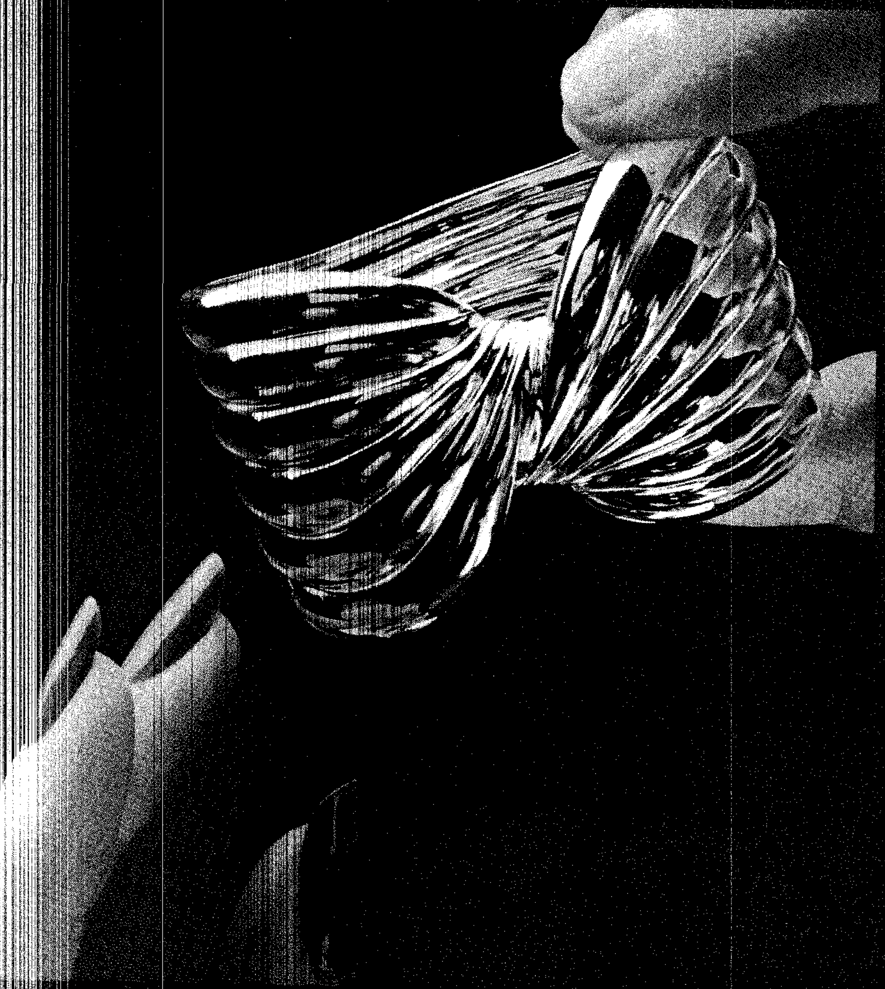
On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Art; July 9-10.)

Outland—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, somber film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 9.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragi-comic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again (1976)—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that had already run its course. Playing Clouseau for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is

"This trip, I had a little free time."



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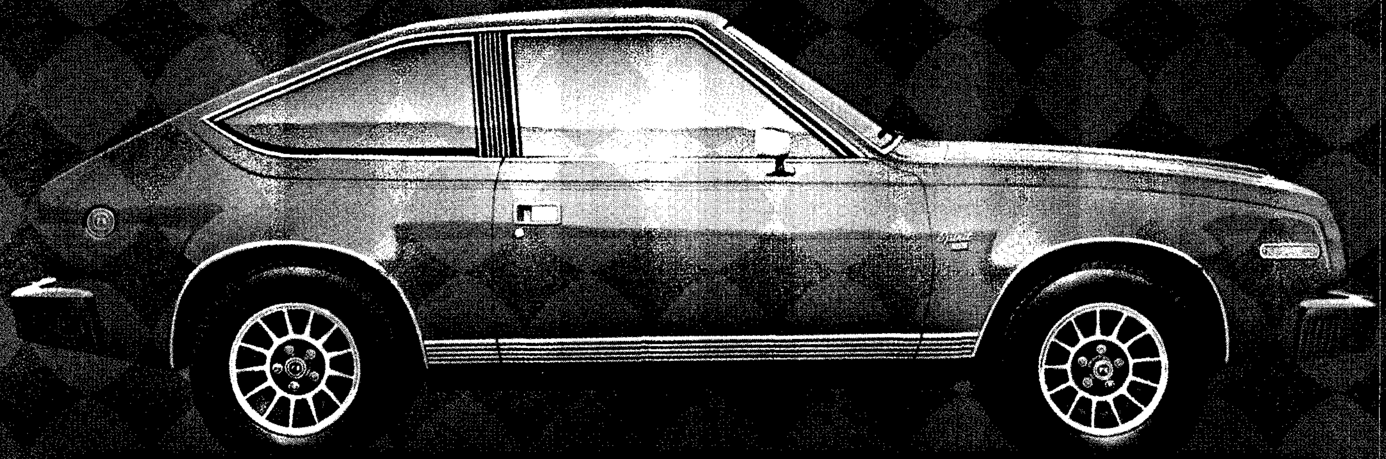

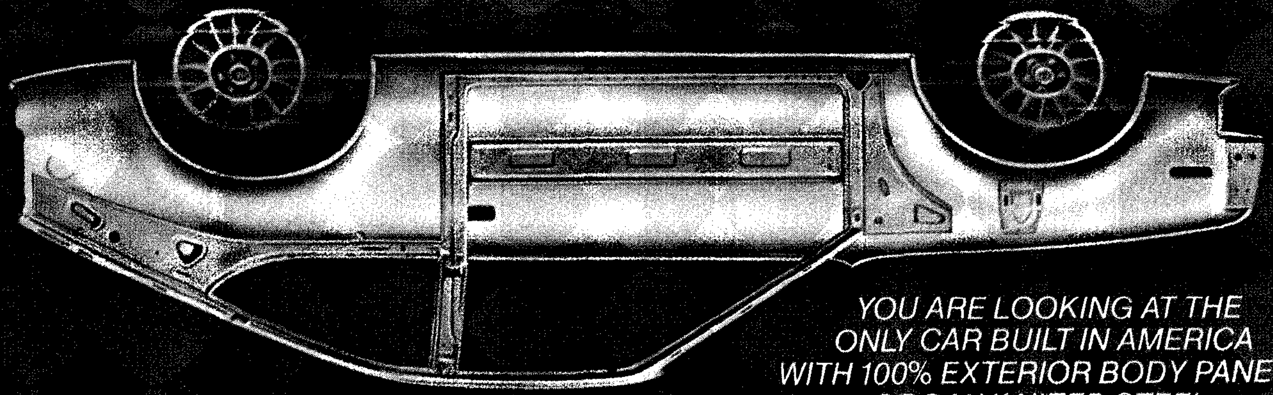

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required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless. The director, Blake Edwards, sets up promising slapstick situations, and then the payoffs are out of step (and, worse, repeated); after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. The cast includes Herbert Lom, Lesley-Anne Down, Colin Blakely, Michael Robbins, Leonard Rossiter, Marne Maitland, Richard Vernon, and Dick Crockett (as Gerald Ford) and Byron Kane (as Kissinger). (Regency; July 5-6.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Romantic Englishwoman (1975)—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (Mini Cinema; July 7-9.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie. The cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan Hale, Una O'Connor, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (New Yorker.)

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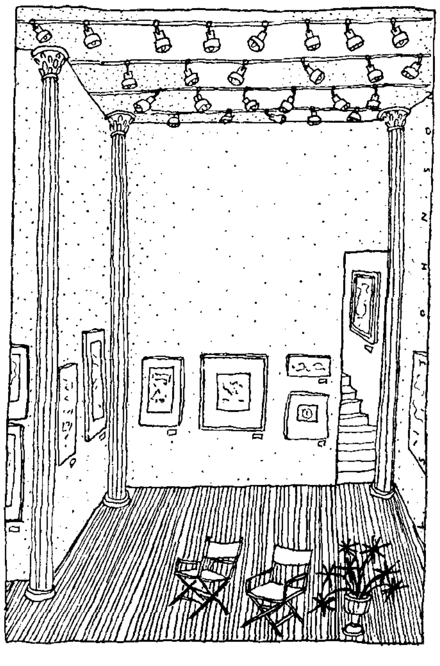
Sympathy for the Devil (1968; also called "One Plus One")—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Harold Clurman; July 3-4.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 2. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 3.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

That's Entertainment! (1974)—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (Art; through July 2.)



That's Entertainment, Part 2 (1976)—There are some splendid things here, too, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration (by Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire) is of the A = A sort. A mood of buoyancy presides, and so does the child's dream of being allowed to stay up all night ("Singin' in the Rain"). There are the Marx Brothers in the packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera;" there is Grace Kelly graciously running her finger around the rim of a champagne glass (and, as you would expect, not touching the stuff) in Cole Porter's "You're Sensational," from "High Society." Highly recommended for kids, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (Art; through July 2.)

Tonight and Every Night (1945)—Elaborate, dull Columbia musical starring Rita Hayworth, smiling about nothing, and with Marc Platt, Janet Blair, and Lee Bowman. Directed by Victor Saville; mediocre score by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Art; July 7-8.)

Victim (1961)—This pioneering attempt to create public sympathy for homosexuals and to publicize the English laws that put them in jeopardy is ingenious, moralistic, and moderately amusing. Structurally, it's a slick thriller about a blackmail ring that preys on homosexuals. There's a terribly self-conscious attempt to distinguish between the "love" that the barrister hero (Dirk Bogarde) feels for his wife (Sylvia Syms) and the physical desire—presumably a lower order of emotion—that he once felt for a young man (Peter McEnery), who appears to be more interesting in every way than the wife. The plot requires the barrister to sacrifice his career—to confess his own homosexuality—in order to trap the blackmailers. Basil Dearden directed, from a screenplay by Janet Green and John McCormick. With Dennis Price. The film marked a turning point in Bogarde's career; having been an actor for over twenty years, he was tired of playing boyishly charming, happy, bouncy roles ("I was the Loretta Young of England," he has said), and this time he acted his age in what was, in those years, a daring role. (Regency; July 7-8.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Art; July 9-10.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical biography, well directed by Michael Curtiz. Made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unself-conscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the soggy plot turns hardly bother one. He gets to dance more in this movie than in any of his previous films, and though he was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. (He took the Academy Award for Best Actor.) With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, Frances Langford, Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Jeanne Cagney, Eddie Foy, Jr., Walter Catlett, Irene Manning, S. Z. Sakall, and George Barbier. The script is by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph; the cinematography is by James Wong Howe. (Art; July 3-4.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him (she works better with Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl")—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Robert Alton was dance director; Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano did the script; Sidney Lanfield directed. The cast includes Robert Benchley, John Hubbard, Osa Massen, Donald MacBride, Frieda Inescort, Gwinn Williams, the singer Martha Tilton, and, among the guardhouse inmates, the Delta Rhythm Boys and a jazz group that contains Chico Hamilton. (Art; starting July 11.)

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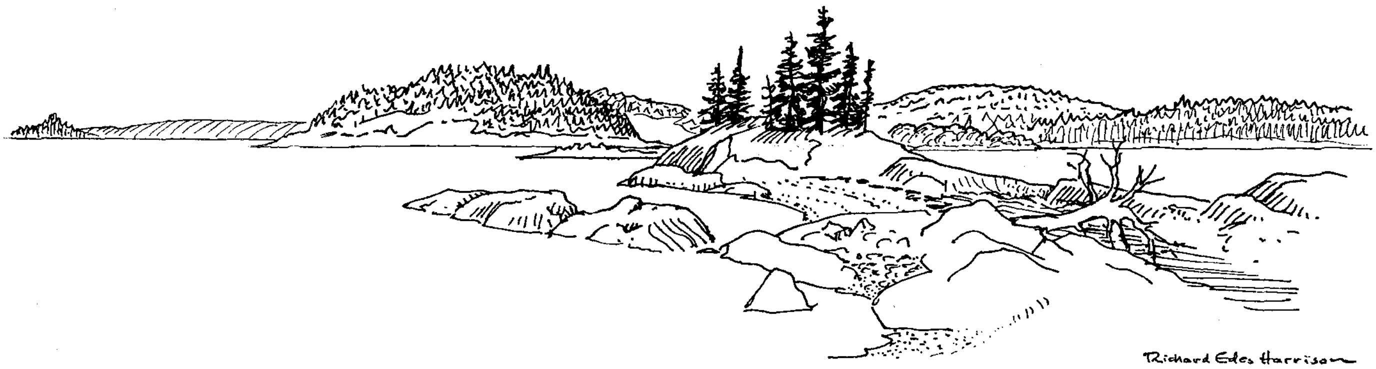
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT his latest press conference, President Reagan remarked, "I'm satisfied that we do have a foreign policy"—a modest claim, surely, since any Administration, merely by the act of taking office, "has" a foreign policy of some sort or other. The question is whether the policy (or policies, since foreign policy has to cope with the full diversity of the world's events) hangs together and makes sense. In an attempt to clarify its foreign policy, the Administration has recently offered the public a number of distinctions, some of them of a quite technical semantic nature. In fact, it has seemed at times that the Administration may believe that the drawing of these distinctions is what it is to "have" a foreign policy. The best-known of the distinctions is the one between "authoritarian" regimes that are friendly to the United States, and supposedly engage in only moderate repression of their peoples, and "totalitarian" regimes that are hostile to the United States and supposedly are more thoroughly repressive. The Administration apparently decided that we should return the "friendship" of the authoritarians while vigorously condemning the hostile totalitarians, and for a time there was debate around the country over whether the authoritarians really were milder than the totalitarians, and whether an alleged failure to adequately condemn the crimes of our adversaries should be placed on the same moral footing as our active political and military support of allies that are committing some of those same crimes. (From a moral point of view, wrongs that you do yourself, or actively contribute to, are usually considered more corrupting than wrongs done by someone else which you fail to oppose.) However, this distinction, put forward only a few months ago as a guide to Administration policy, was superseded and, in a way, nullified by a new distinction, offered by Secretary of State Alexander Haig during his trip to Asia, when, in defense of the United States' decision to supply arms to China—a totalitarian nation if there ever was one—he said that China was not "allied" with the United States but was only a "friendly nation." Haig's apparent intended meaning—that in spite of our profound political differences with China we were lining up with it geopolitically, in an effort to thwart the Soviet Union—would have been better served if he had reversed his statement, and said that we were the ally but not the friend of China. Whatever its phrasing, though, the point made nonsense of the previous distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism as the key to an understanding of Administration policy, for it put us squarely on the side of a totalitarian power. Furthermore, it entirely undercut the anti-Communist basis for the policy, since China is a far more thoroughly and radically Communized country than the Soviet Union. All that remains of the Administration policy, then, is pure anti-Sovietism—an ideology in whose name the Administration has proved willing to ally itself with (or "befriend," if you prefer) absolutely anybody, whether authoritarian, totalitarian, or something else. However, even this apparent bedrock of policy has now been shaken, this time by the President himself, who said at his press conference that events in Poland spelled "the beginning of the end" of Communism in the Eastern bloc. And, indeed, the President's speculation was based on some solid evidence, for the rejection of the Soviet style of Communism by virtually the whole people of the nation after whose capital the Soviet Union's principal military alliance—the Warsaw Pact—is named has the look of one of those geological shifts in world affairs which can portend the rise or fall, over the long term, of whole empires. And when one adds to this rejection the virulent hostility expressed toward the Soviet Union by the regime in China, and the continuing armed opposition to Soviet rule in Afghanistan, the situation of the Soviets does begin to look precarious. But if that is so, then the



justification for the single-minded, relentless, highly militarized anti-Soviet policy of this Administration melts away, since the Soviet Union cannot be expanding and collapsing at the same time; and the public is left with a handful of distinctions that may occasion lively public debates but do not constitute a foreign policy.

WE have had a letter about the baseball strike from a friend of ours here in the city:

Late last night, my wife and I came home in a cab after having dinner with friends of ours in the Village. We wheeled through the warm and odorous light-strewn summer dark on the same northward route to bed we have followed hundreds of times over the years, I suppose: bumping and lurching up Sixth non-stop, with the successive gateways of staggered green lights magically opening before us, and the stately tall street lights (if you tipped your head back on the cab seat and watched them upside down through the back window of the cab: I had drunk a bit of wine) forming a narrowing golden archway astern; and then moving more quietly through the swerves and small hills of the Park, where the weight and silence of the black trees wrapped us in a special, sleepy darkness. The cabdriver had his radio on, and the blurry sounds of the news—the midnight news, I suppose—passed over us there in the back seat, mixing with the sounds and the wind coming in through the open cab windows, and the motion of our ride, and the whole sense of city night. All was as always, I mean, except that now it came to me, unsurprisingly at first but then with a terrific jolt of unhappiness and mourning, that this radio news was altered, for there was no baseball in it. Without knowing it, I had been waiting for those other particular sounds, for that other part of the summer night, but it was missing, of course—no line scores, no winning and losing pitchers, no homers and highlights, no records approached or streaks cut short, no "Meanwhile, over in the National League," no double-zip early innings from Anaheim or Chavez Ravine, no Valenzuela and no Rose, no Goose and no Tom, no Yaz, no Mazz, no nothing.

The strike by this time was more than a week old, and I had so far sustained the shock of it and the change of it with more fortitude and patience than I had expected of myself. The issues seemed far removed from me—too expensive or too complicated, for some reason, for me to hold them clearly in my mind for long, although I am, as you may have guessed by now, a fan. I would wait, then, with whatever composure I could find, until it was settled, days or weeks from now, and in some fashion or other I would fill up the empty eveningtimes and morningtimes I had once spent (I did not say "wasted;" I would never say "wasted") before the tube and with the sports pages. It might even be better for me to do without baseball for a while, although I could not imagine why. All this brave nonsense was knocked out of me in an instant, there in the cab, and suddenly the loss of that murmurous little ribbon of baseball-by-radio, the ordinary news of the game, seemed to explain a lot of things about the much larger loss we fans are all experiencing because of the strike. The refrain of late-night baseball scores; the sounds of the televised game from the next room (the room empty, perhaps, for the moment, but the game running along in there just the same and quietly waiting for us to step in and rejoin it when we are of a mind to); the mid-game mid-event from some car or cab that pulls up beside us for a few seconds in traffic before the light changes; the baseball conversation in the elevator that goes away when two men get off together at the eleventh floor, taking the game with them; the flickery white fall of light on our hands and arms and the scary sounds of the crowd that suddenly wake us up, in bed or in the study armchair, where we have fallen asleep, with the set and the game still on—all these streams and continuities, it seems to me, are part of the greater, riverlike flow of baseball. No other sport, I think, conveys anything like this sense of cool depth and fluvial steadiness, and when you stop for a minute and think about the game it is easy to see why this should be so. The slow, inexorable progression of baseball events—balls and strikes, outs and innings, batters stepping up and batters being retired, pitchers and sides changing on the field, innings turning into games and games into series, and all these merging and continuing, in turn, in the box scores and the averages and the slowly fluctuous standings—are what make the game quietly and uniquely satisfying. Baseball flows past us all through the summer—it is one of the things that summer is *for*—and wherever we happen to stand on its green banks we can sense with only a glance across its shiny expanse that the long, unhurrying swirl and downflowing have their own purpose and direction, that the river is headed, in its own sweet time, toward a downsummer broadening and debouchment and to its end in the estuary of October.

River people, it is said, count on the noises and movement of nearby water, even without knowing it, and feel uneasy and unaccountably diminished if they must move away for a while and stay among plains inhabitants. That is almost the way it is for us just now, but it is worse than that, really, because this time it is the river that has gone away—just stopped—and all of us who live along these banks feel a fretful sense of loss and a profound disquiet over the sudden cessation of our reliable old stream. The main issue of the baseball strike, I have read, concerns the matter of compensation for owners who have lost a player to free agency, but when this difficulty is resolved and the two sides come to an agreement (as they will someday), what compensation can ever be made to us, the fans, who are the true owners and neighbors and keepers of the game, for this dry, soundless summer and for the loss of our joy?

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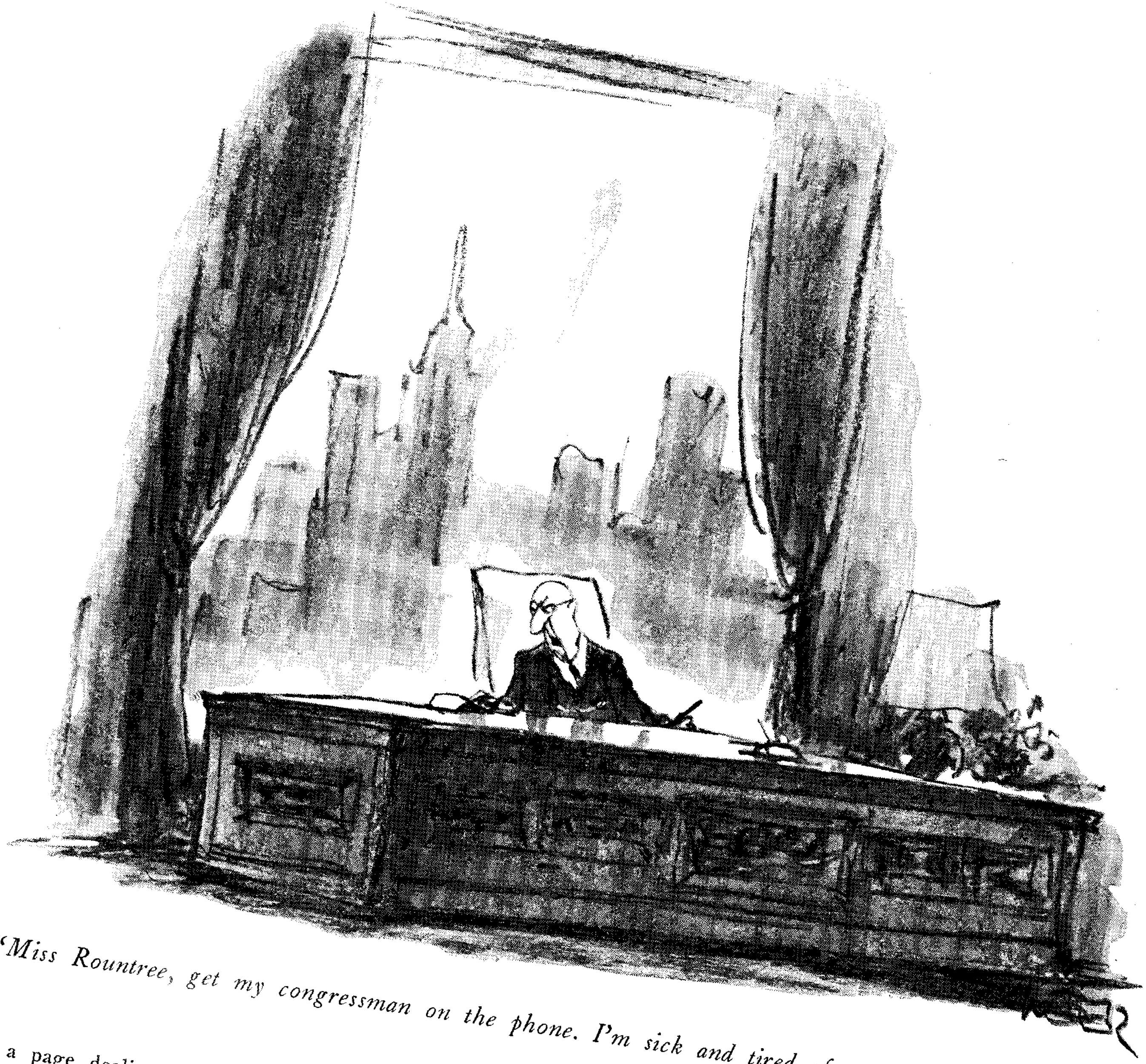
Peter Korn

THE furniture designed and made by Peter Korn is very handsome. He often uses cherry, from the Rosenzweig lumberyard, in the Bronx. His inspiration is from the early part of this century. On his desk, a book is open



“Miss Rountree, get my congressman on the phone. I’m sick and tired of waiting for my tax cut.”

to a page dealing with Charles R. Mackintosh, the Scottish designer and architect who was a leader of the Art Nouveau movement. Peter Korn is twenty-nine and lives by himself in a brown garage apartment behind a brown house in Wainscott, near East Hampton, Long Island.

“Rosenzweig’s is under new management, and since then they have been getting great lumber,” Peter Korn recently told us. “I was there a few weeks ago looking for something, and they had the best cherry I’ve seen in six years. Wide boards—thirteen-, sixteen-inch—clear, and all heartwood. I can use only heartwood. A tree has, first of all, bark; then cambium, through which sap rises; then sapwood, through which sap also rises; and then heartwood, the skeleton of the tree. Every year, some sapwood turns into heartwood; that is, it dies.

“As lumberyards go, Rosenzweig’s is a fairly small one. They let me pick through the stacks. At most yards, you have to order five hundred board feet and you don’t get to choose it. And then, they are basically a hardwood yard, and there aren’t that many. At Rosenzweig’s, there are a couple of back walls with three tiers of lumber stacked so you can see the butt ends. I buy cherry and walnut. Sometimes I also buy oak, mahogany, and maple. Sometimes I’ll take one board out of thirty, but when I went this last time I could have taken all the cherry they had. If I’d had a thousand dollars, I would have spent it. Good hardwood is getting more and more difficult to find. There are people planting walnut now, but it takes a long time. There is a big criminal market in walnut, and people wake up and find their walnut trees cut down.

“Rosenzweig’s is across the Third Avenue Bridge, near 138th Street. You go past—I don’t know what. All those stores—or maybe it’s just one big store—that sell tires and auto parts.

“The cherry at Rosenzweig’s came from a mill in Pennsylvania. Near York, Pennsylvania. You can buy it either rough-sawn or planed. You buy wood in thicknesses of four-quarters, five-quarters, six-quarters, eight-quarters. Planed wood is also called dressed wood. The thickness is always the rough-sawn thickness, so if you buy six-quarters dressed, the thickness you get will be one and three-eighths inches. The advantage of dressed wood is that you can see the grain very clearly. I can see the grain in a rough-sawn piece, so there is very little reason for me to get dressed wood."

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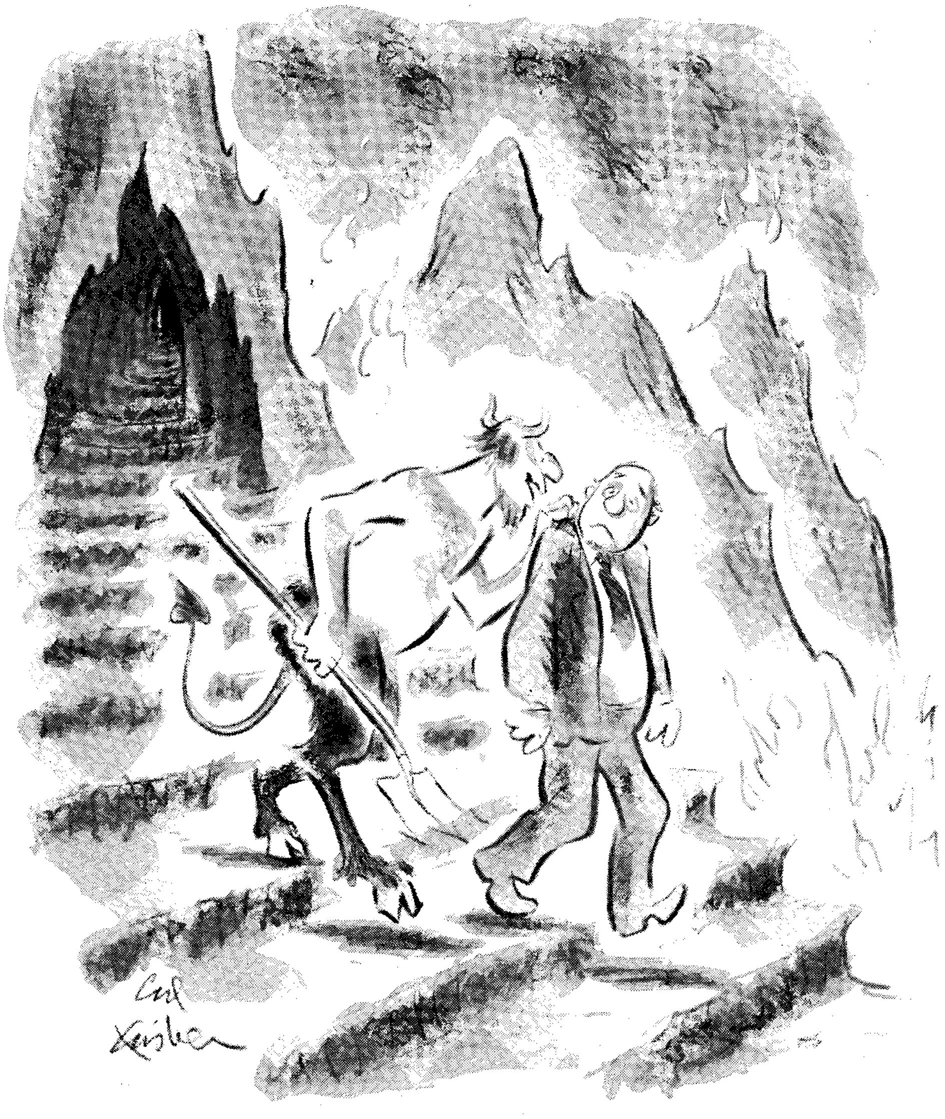
TO Rosenzweig Lumber: Lexington Avenue I.R.T. express to 125th Street; local to East 143rd Street, the Bronx. Walk west to Jackson Avenue. Left on Jackson Avenue. On the west side of Jackson Avenue between 142nd Street and 141st Street, there is a sweet row of red brick nineteenth-century houses, two stories tall, each with a small plot of land in front. On the east side of the avenue, there is nothing—just rubble. The house at the corner of 141st Street has a sign on it—new, nicely lettered. The sign would be a rectangle except that the corners have been intersected with a little arc for decorative purposes and the sides have been given a little curve for the same reason. The sign reads:

SUNRISE
BAPTIST
CHURCH

The small plot in front of this house has edging in good old brick—a good terra-cotta red. It is a fact that this edging resembles in color and effect the decorative tiles in place at the East 143rd Street I.R.T. station, which are very handsome. Next door to this house is one that is empty, its windows and door covered with that unconvincing galvanized metal now so widely used for this job. Written on the metal covering the door is the legend "Bandit, T.S.F. ZAP."

Along Jackson Avenue, there is a store selling live poultry, and a man wearing a blue work uniform bearing the name "Byrne Compressed Air." Then there is the building occupied by Byrne Compressed Air, on the east side of the street, and the building of Sherman Foods, on the west. Sherman Foods has a sign: "Warning! Area Patrolled by Paradise Guard Dogs."



"True, you were only mildly wicked. But, like everyone else, we've lowered our standards."

At 138th Street, turn left, under the Bruckner Expressway. This is a large, lonely space, difficult to cross in the time given by one favorable traffic light. Two green lights are necessary to do it safely. There are private signs under the Expressway; that is, advertising signs not formally arranged for. These signs are hooked on to a chain-link fence. Cars see them when they are stopped by a traffic light. There are signs that say "B & L Moving," "Auto Insurance 75.00," and "First Black Barber & Beauty Shop in Parkchester—call 430-9150."

West of the Bruckner Expressway, on 138th Street, there are the stores that Peter Korn remembers, devoted to auto parts. The best of them is on the northwest corner. It is stucco painted yellow; there are three tires mounted up near the roof line, and signs everywhere else. It resembles the automobile shops along the Avenida de la Revolución in Mexico City. Then turn right on Willow Avenue, past handsome brick factories, then left on East 135th, to Rosenzweig Lumber.

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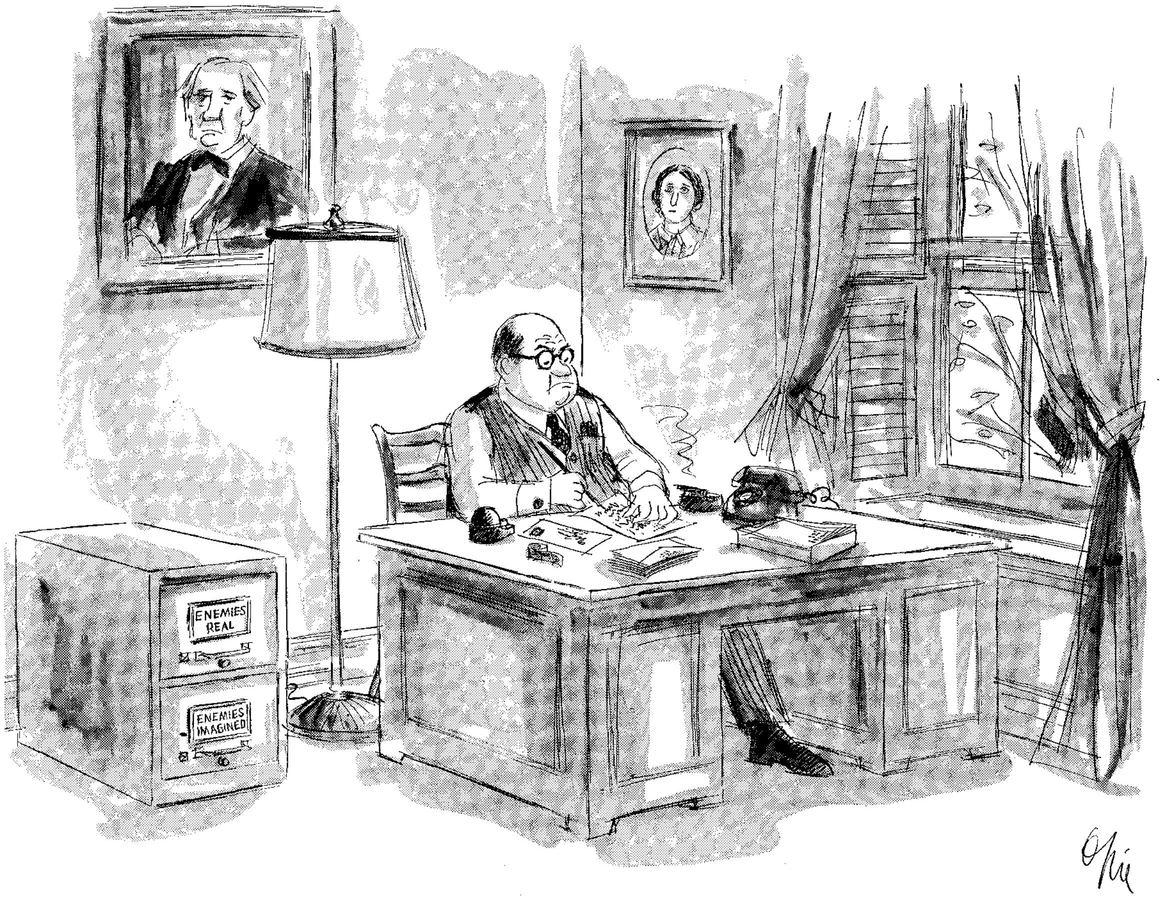
IN Philadelphia: Good examples of Peter Korn's furniture were set about in a room. Walking into the room, which was in an art gallery, a person saw first a rocking chair made out of walnut. One might not know at first that it was made out of walnut, of course. *Dark wood* might be the thought. Another thought might be *A trick in perspective.* Each of the rocker's arms was supported by four spindles that ran to the seat and then straight down to the curved pieces of wood upon which the chair rocked. Straight up and down. The back of the rocker consisted of ten spindles, and these spindles were straight up and down, too, but only from the seat of the rocker to the piece of wood, the stretcher, between the curved pieces of wood upon which the chair rocked. From the seat up, the spindles of the back splayed out, in precise curves, in a way that made one think they must be straight up and down, too, but seemed curved because they had been caught in a trick or a distorting mirror. These curved-back spindles had been formed in such a way that they would be useful in supporting the back of a person sitting in the rocker. They had been made from laminated strips of wood. If one uses laminated strips of wood in making a curved spindle, one can make a smaller, more graceful spindle. The reason is this: Wood is stronger in the direction of the grain than it is across the grain. If one makes a curved spindle from a single piece of wood, in turning the curve one necessarily turns across the grain for a while; this weakens the member, and one has to thicken the member to make up for the weakness. In lamination (take small strips of wood that are all cut along the grain, glue them together, put them in a form while the glue is still wet), this is avoided.

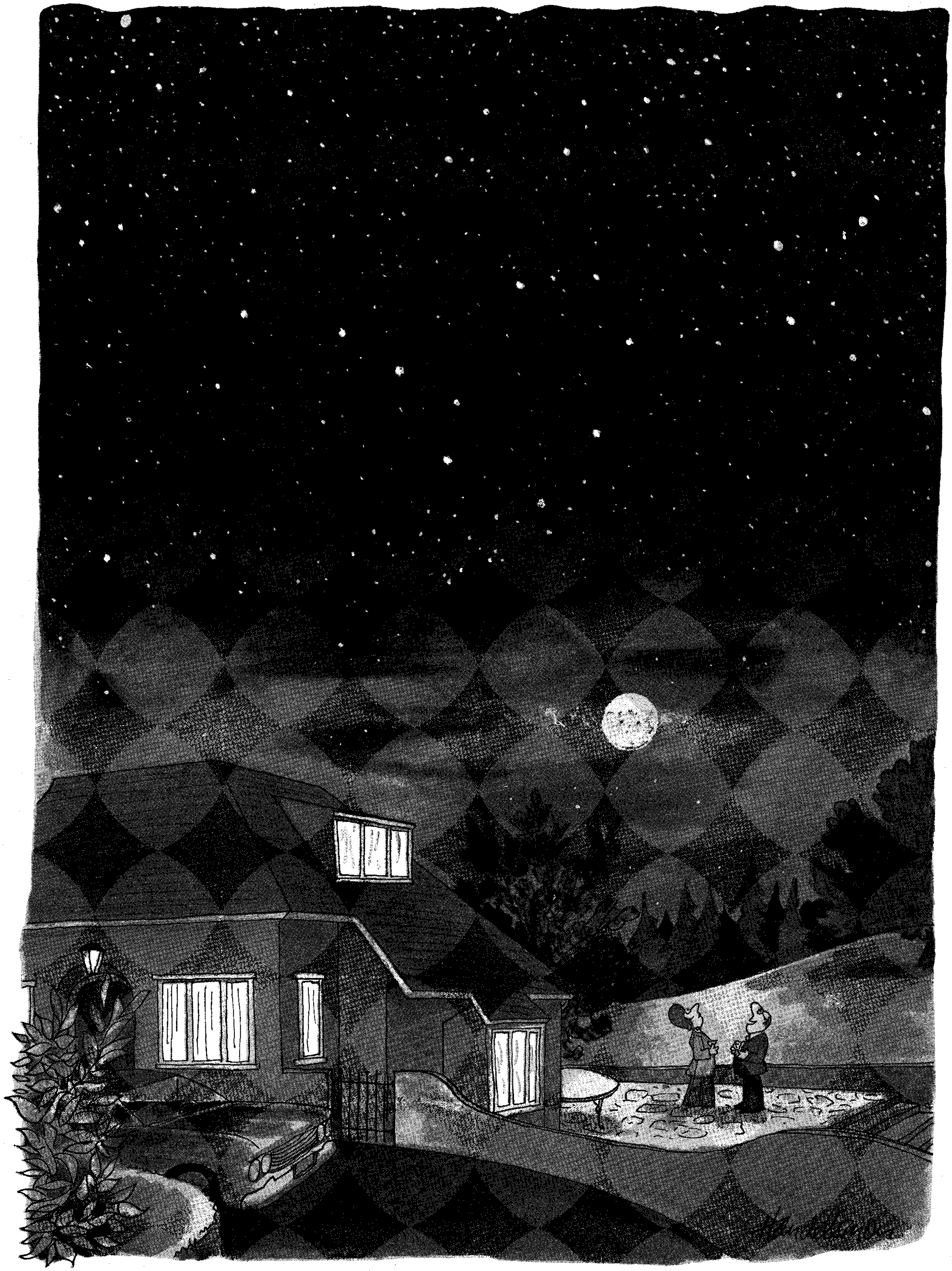


A handsome photograph of this rocking chair appears on a poster. The poster says, "Peter Korn, Fine Furniture. Gross-McCleaf Gallery, Philadelphia."

Other fine furniture by Peter Korn at the Gross-McCleaf Gallery: small cabinet of English brown oak; large case with shelves, gentle arch at the top; large screen, framing linen, same gentle arch over the middle panel; desk in the mode of a trestle table. Second rocking chair. This chair, in cherry, was lighter than the walnut one. Peter Korn has built twenty rockers or so in his time as a furniture-maker. He has built seven versions of the walnut rocker, for instance. The first version was very severe, with a straight back. Peter Korn said that it was uncomfortable to sit in after a while. He said that the walnut rocker in the shape it was in now satisfied him. The small cherry rocker, however, is not the last small cherry rocker. "I think I would like to see the lines of the chair less smooth," he said.

Finishes: "I use a mixture of tung oil, turpentine, and a varnish. A brand of varnish I like a lot is called Waterlox. They make it in everything from high gloss to no gloss. I use the transparent, which is the least gloss. I mix one-third transparent and one-third tung oil, and one-third turpentine to cut it. In doing this, I'm making a varnish that has fewer dryers in it, so I can put it on with a rag instead of a brush and wipe it off before it has a chance to dry on the surface. I put on three coats over a period of a week. When I used a linseed-oil finish, I had to put on seven or eight coats. I use a six-hundred-weight wet-dry sandpaper. Wet-dry means you can use it with linseed oil, for instance, which I will use in this case as a lubricant. Before I sand, I will cover the piece with a little linseed oil, and the oil will keep the sandpaper from clogging. What I like about the finish is that it really protects the wood. What I think is this: After two coats, the wood has stopped absorbing the oil. The third coat leaves a certain surface residue. As far as I'm concerned, that is what's going on with the finish on the wood. That might not be going on at all. In the woodworking magazines, there are very big discussions of what happens when the chisel hits the stone, for instance. But nobody knows."

Peter Korn has composed a press release for himself, and it is written in glowing terms. "You have to do these things yourself," he said. He has been making furniture for seven years. Before that, he was a carpenter on Nantucket, building houses. He was born in Philadelphia in 1951. He is tall and thin, with dark hair with a curl to it. Before he went to Nantucket and began to work as a carpenter, he had never, as he remembers it, held a hand tool. His show in Philadelphia has come down now. He is going to Aspen, Colorado, for the summer. Most of his pieces are priced at about two thousand dollars. Mr. Korn is not entirely self-taught. Four years ago, he moved to New York to take courses in drafting and rendering at the Jiranek School of Furniture Design and Technology. Of this, he said, "It's dormant now. There were about a dozen students. It was a large rented room at the New York Furniture Exchange, Thirty-third Street and Lexington. Mr. Leo Jiranek was an old guy who had been a design man in the furniture business when the furniture business was in Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was a night school, then a full-time school. Every year, he said, 'Next year it's going to have to make more money or I'll close it.' It was kind of a mission for him. He felt that there was no other school where you could really learn furniture design."



"Why, no! Why should I feel small? I've just been put in charge of the whole Eastern region."

THIS SPACE

WHEN you strain the Stalin calories out of a basic stock, do you still have a strong, wholesome broth? That is the question this space put not long ago, pointing out that Stalin calories have no real food value and often result in bloated, unsightly reminiscences. A number of New Kitchen devotees have since written to explain that attenuated Lenin calories are less harmful but have no staying power. The consommé tastes diluted, and it takes a skilled cook to boil it down to soup cubes.

Mrs. J.D. writes that for years her former husband got up in the night to eat Maoist leftovers. When she padlocked the refrigerator, he went to a friend's house. A consultant advised her to paint on the kitchen door "What makes you think you want this?" After Mrs. J.D.'s husband moved to a different city, she found he had been hoarding the wrapped kind, which were then one for the price of five. They were enveloped in pure silver paper, she recalls. In the old days Chinese children were encouraged to save the paper. When they had a silver ball weighing eight pounds, they could buy an American.

"If men loathe the sight of tired women, as you stated on 23 November," writes M.L., "then how do you account for Robert and Elizabeth Browning?"

That assertion never emanated from this space. On 23 November this space was occupied by an X-ray picture of a sheep's liver. Actually, many men declare that a museful relationship can develop from a partner's fatigue or crucial neck pain. Few people know that Robert Browning was keen on most things.

R.F. has inherited from his grandfather a package that resembles a box of breakfast cereal. When he shakes the box, it growls. "Tito Revisionist Pig" is lettered on four sides. Otherwise, it looks cheap and unattractive. R.F. was raised never to throw out good food. He wonders if the box is worth anything. Is there a demand for a Revisionist package? Perhaps some adventurous reader might like to start up a new mealtime fad.

Mr. K.R. reminds us that dialectical botulism, which science confidently predicted would be stamped out by the end of this century, has returned in the form of a bolder, pudgier strain that seems impervious to modern rationalization. He warns that these tiny, hardy bacteria can live for years without reassurance.

Also pessimistic is Dr. C.D., who says he is not happy even looking at the New Kitchen. It seems to him that the colors clash and the knives and forks are not enticing. He says he happened to be going by and looked in from the street.

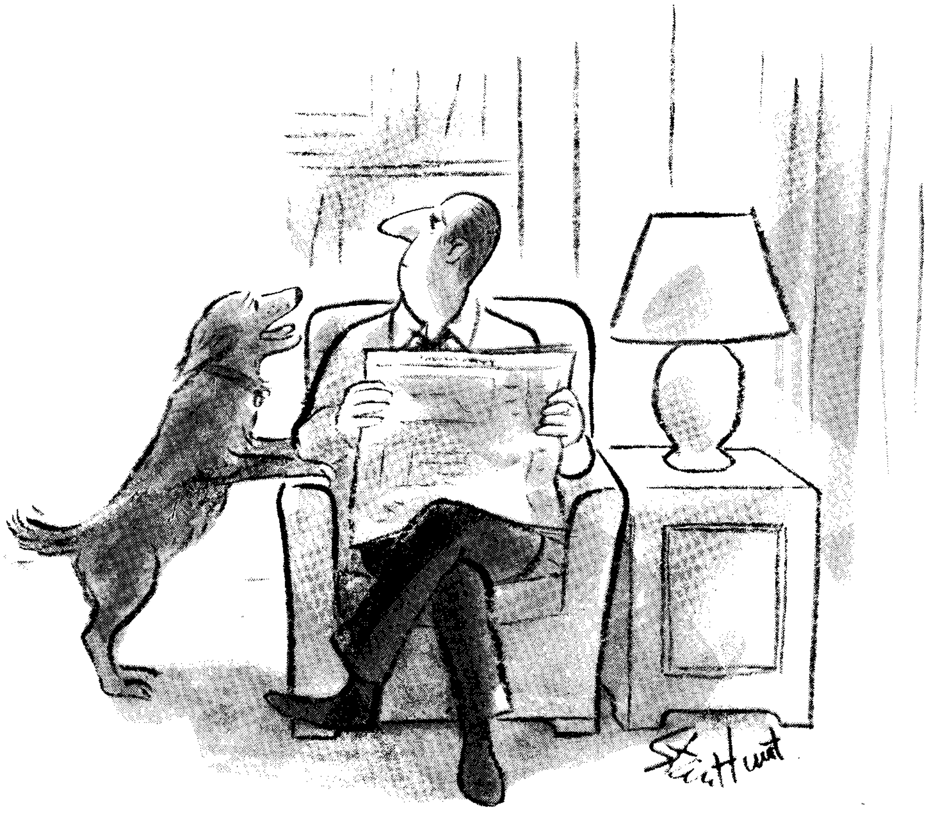
On a more upbeat note, Ms. S.B. sends suggestions for New Kitchen improvement: (1) Engraving of Malwida von Meysenbug contemplating the bust of Wagner, (2) Ashtrays carved by penguins, (3) Flashing lights. Making the New Kitchen work is only a matter of nimbleness and good humor, she avers. At your next get-together, change courses fast. Bring on the surprise of exotic matching volumes in exciting texture contrast, as "Leibl, Wilhelm (1844–1900): Maler und Zeichner." Someone will be sure to add "Charles Morgan, English Author and Staunch Monarchist." This is fare all guests can digest. The important thing is to keep it moving.

A tip from reader M.J.E.: "Cleaning the basement, I came across a sack of marching orders that still looked fresh. After washing and drying them, I cut them on the bias with a sharp knife, boiled them for sixty minutes in lightly salted water, and, carefully spooning them into sterilized jars, obtained two hundred quarts of preserves, which I placed on shelves in a dark closet. That was a year ago. How safe are these preserves now? What about color contrast and possible mineral loss?"

Reader P.V. has an answer for T.W., who was wondering if correspondence could be used up in stews and economy puddings. Correspondence should be scraped and frozen, then gently thawed, a quarter sheet at a time, over a steady flame. If the mixture "catches," place the saucepan in cold water, being careful not to stir the carbonized final options.

Owing to a mistaken-terminology development, last week's caption read, "New Kitchen chairman ices square cake as vice-president looks on." As about two dozen of you pointed out, "square" should have read "maple-walnut." This space regrets the unavoidable.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"Damn it, I love you, don't you understand? How can you just sit there and read when you know how much I love you and want to go for a walk?"

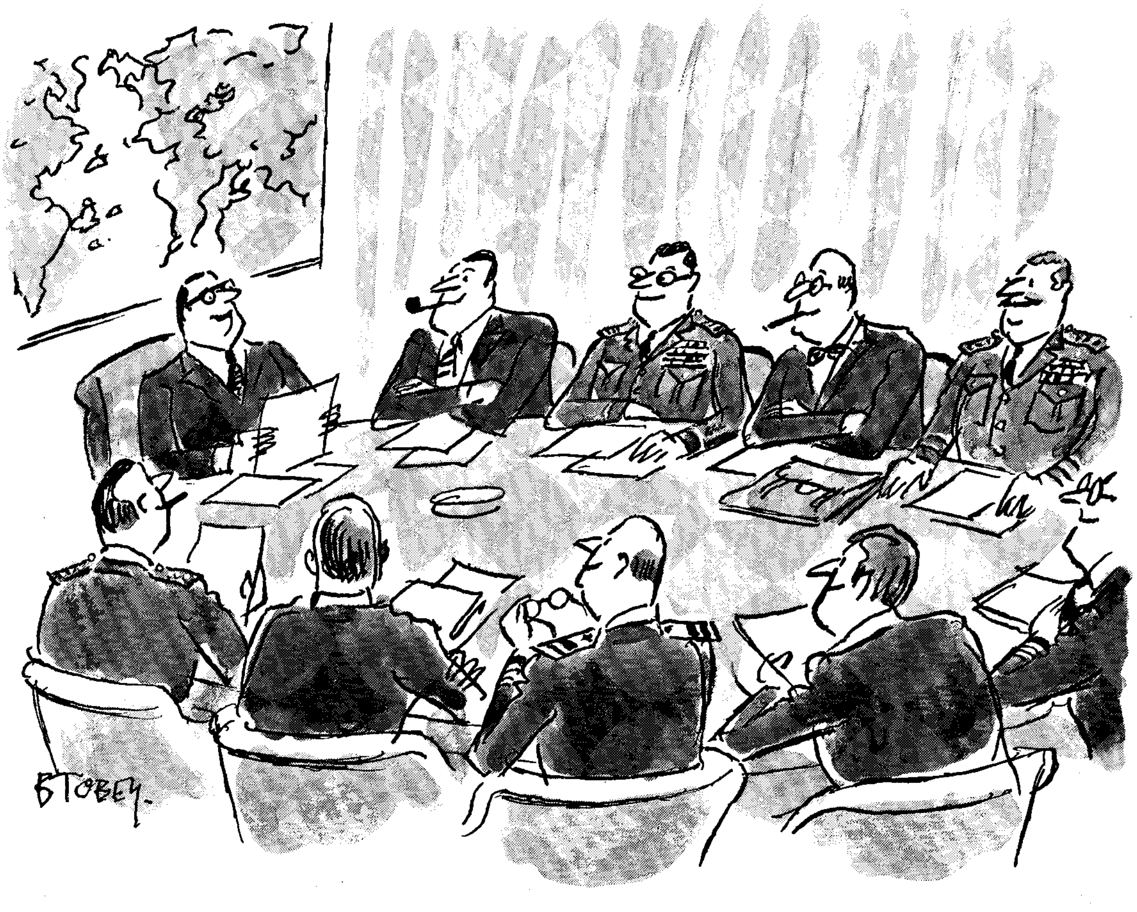
THE TRAVELLER

OUT here, where what remains of the country life we packed up and moved to all those years ago can now be seen from a sailboat on Long Island Sound as encapsulated in a tenuous yellow film, the usual spring events progress—and more. When Gladstone, who is my husband, and I first arrived here with our Greenwich Village-born-and-bred steady three-year-old and wobbly infant, we used to send postcards to friends in other places which were similar to those we had sent from Chicago, where we were born and bred—postcards with bodies of water; there Lake Michigan, here the Sound, but the message was always the same: "Drop in sometime." Spring here is not spring in the city. It is May; the chestnut has cast his flambeaux and the flowers have streamed from the hawthorn on the wind away, and summer flicks idly at the window. But now, now before summer settles in, there will be a new member of our family, one we call the traveller. And Elsie French, who is part of my past, has decided to sell her house and is even now packing to move away. Hail—and farewell.

Like many of our city friends, I wanted to raise the children in a small town. When I was a child, visiting my grandmother in a small Midwestern town made me aware of what seemed at the time to be the real world. One *knew* the inhabitants of the town—people who owned drugstores and shoe stores and grocery stores, or ran the paper or the bank, or were farmers who came in on Saturday night to buy spare parts for tractors and chew the fat with other farmers while their wives bought staples at the market and gabbed with other women, and young children played under the bandstand or around the courthouse in the square, and teen-agers with frozen faces walked shakily past teen-agers of the opposite sex, all staring straight ahead. On Sundays here, we are edgy. Gladstone frets about the G.N.P., which is idle, and I think of Sundays at my grandmother's—always the same, weather permitting: After church and Sunday dinner—roast chicken with extra stuffing crisp in the pan, tiny potatoes cooked with fresh young beans—we sauntered out to the Odd Fellows Cemetery with garden flowers wrapped in wet newspapers to put in green cone-shaped vases on the graves of those of us who had Gone Before. In the wide aisles among family plots, we met friends whom we had seen all week anyway, and then, if listening to them got boring, we children would wander away and look for wild flowers in the part of the cemetery that was not yet occupied and hadn't been mowed. I was always proud of the gray stone that marked the graves of our family; without any decorations on it, it simply said the name: Hawkins. Just the letters, very plain and easy to read, very simple, just the way I thought of our family. It was there, too, in a part of the cemetery down near the Fox River, that from another grave marker I learned my first poem:

> Afflictions sore long I bore
> Physicians were in vain
> Till God did please
> To give me ease
> And take away my pain.

I moped if it rained too hard for us to go on those Sunday excursions. I missed the rest of the family and felt nervous and alone. Out there, I was part of something. Why I thought I was a part only of my mother's family was that my father's were all in a foreign country, save for a few brothers and sisters, who had not started to die yet. My father did not take these trips to my grandmother's with us. His idea of the country was Lincoln Park in Chicago, where there were a lagoon and a refectory; he took me to see not farm animals but those in zoos. He did not care for whippoorwills crying in the country, but on Sunday in Chicago he took me to the lakefront, where, aiming his gun, squinting, he called, "Pull," and a clay pigeon shattered in the polished sunlight that wriggled



"Let's roll up our sleeves and get to it, gentlemen—we have to spend billions and billions and billions!"

in the shallow waters of Lake Michigan like goldfishes skimming through the waves.

So there we were in the country. We wanted the children to learn the seasons, the climate of their lives in their part of the world, and how to live within it in another fashion than simply taking off winter coats and putting on the sweaters of spring or fall. As for museums, they were still available by train or car, and I hung reproductions in the children's bedrooms, where, if not studied with passion, they could at least not be avoided and their names might stick: "Child with Dove," and Klee's "Gay Repast," a wild Kandinsky with flares of color that children love, and sweet Matisse, my own first love. Gladstone and I began to learn about the country, too—about things called perennials, which lived through the winter, and shrubbery and flowering bushes, which had to be pruned and fed and often protected over the winter, and what liked sun or preferred filtered sunlight or shade, what liked good drainage or insisted on wet feet. We grew along with the yard and the seasons—all of us. And now this year, slowly, like spring, comes the traveller.

A Drop of Pond Water

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IN March, a young man and a young woman arrive for the day. They live in the city, because that is where they have to live. "What's doing out here?" the young man, who is my son, wants to know as soon as they step off the train and climb into the back seat of my old convertible, pushing aside gum wrappers, an empty box of what had been Milk Duds, and two sprung umbrellas. We call him Jake, her Jenny. He wears nameless jeans and a limp cotton jersey; she wears jeans, too, but, as she is swollen with the traveller, she finds Jake's waistline just right, so she wears his jeans, the legs having been cut back to prevent her tripping. His hair is shaggy, blond with sun-faded streaks; hers is black and in pigtails. "There ought to be crocuses," Jake says anxiously. As we drive out of the parking lot, he scans the immediate area, looking dejected. To city people, March here has that picked-over look. I promise that away from town there will be crocuses, and we take the quick route home. Gladstone is in bed with a pinched nerve. Because there are no house calls anymore, I cannot say that he is in bed with the doctor. A lot of fun has gone out of being sick. Gladstone does not like being confined to bed, but, as usual, he makes the best of it—one of his more irritating characteristics.

"How's Pop?" Jake wants to know. I mutter something. We coast into the driveway, and there, you see, are the crocuses, purple and yellow and white and blue: nothing with a real name or genealogy of its own—only those that are described at the end of the crocus section in your seed catalogue as "good for naturalizing." We stare at them, and Jake peers at the yard as if there ought to be a lurking Pan, polishing his pipes. Jenny looks as if she would gather all flowers in her arms and never have enough. The ground is still earth-colored. We haven't any grass; we have sugar maples, and you can't have both—these trees are called "voracious feeders," and they drink a lot, too—but pachysandra and myrtle, with its clear blue flowers eying us from the wandering plants, fill in a few bare spots. The rest of the yard will green over with something or other later in the season; there will be spring beauty, a cluster of tiny pink flowers, and blue-eyed grass that is shy and hides and cannot be transplanted, at least by me, and there will be buttercups (a sign of poor soil) and wild daisies. In my years here, I have learned a lot about spring; I used to think of it as a rich aunt come to visit, unpacking presents a few at a time, some chipped or bent or broken—I have seen tulips put in last fall emerge with bowed heads and tattered blossoms. Now I believe it is a loony hostess, spilling here and there on the way to her green-covered table a clump of daffodils, stars-of-Bethlehem—heaven only knows what you will find where you never planted it. Even annuals will appear in a year when they have not been planted but have sprung up from last year's seeds, courtesy of birds and breezes. In our yard, annuals are often crudités for rabbits and woodchucks, and even herbs must be planted in pots and kept under surveillance. ("There's a raccoon at the front door," Gladstone shouts to me when I am upstairs, dusting or something. "Tell him to use the back door," I call down. "I've just swept the front hall.")

The young people go up to see Gladstone, who good-naturedly apologizes for his rumpled appearance. While resting his pinched nerve and going easy on the calories, he has proceeded with something else, recommended by a dermatologist for treatment of possibly pre-cancerous spots on his face—an ointment that has turned his face bright red and glistering. They talk; there are sounds of laughter and good-fellowship from upstairs which drift down to me while I am clopping about the kitchen assembling lunch. I wiggle my left cheek and wince. I, too, went to the dermatologist, but the spot on my face was a cancer. The dermatologist is my son's age. "What we call a benign cancer," he says. "No problem. We simply take it out, making the incision along here." He runs a finger along my cheek. "Will we have a scar?" I ask. "A fine line," he says. "But it won't be noticeable; we will follow the natural lineaments of your face." I say, "Those are laugh lines," and glare at him, but he has picked up something that I did not choose to see, so I close my eyes.

I carry lunch up to Gladstone. He says he doesn't want me to go to a lot of trouble. I haven't. "When my nerve is cured," he tells the young people, "I'm going to take your mother out to dinner." He goes on to say that he knows I'd rather have him at home with me than resting a pinched nerve in a hospital. I maintain a frosty silence.

The young people follow me back down to the kitchen, where our lunch will be served. As we sit down, the telephone rings, and I go over and pick it up.

"Oh, hi!" I say. I listen. I say, "Well, I'll tell you, Elsie, I've got kids here for the day; as a matter of fact, we're just sitting down to lunch. . . . Yes, I know it's early for lunch. . . . No, no, nothing formal. At this hour? Heavens! . . . How about early next week—Monday or Tuesday?" I listen. "I think you look perfectly wonderful," I say. "I just wish I had the courage to do something like that. You look fantastic. . . . All right. Talk to you later."

I hang up, puff out my cheeks, and catch my son's eye.

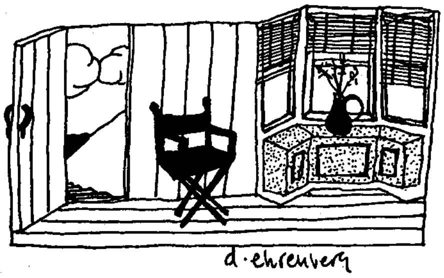
"Elsie?" he says. "Elsie French?"

"Mmm."

"Heavy," he says. He beams at Jenny. "Did I ever tell you about my mother's old friend, Elsie French?"

"Soup," I say, and ladle it out.

ALTHOUGH Elsie French and I had been classmates in a girls' school in Chicago, where, in our day, the dress code had just been relaxed to offer pastel pink or blue collars and cuffs on our navy-blue uniforms along with the regulation white ones, I had never really noticed her until one brisk autumn morning when we barged in the front door together, paused to blink at each other in the warm hall, and I saw that there was a leaf in her hair. Well, there were trees in Chicago and leaves were not scarce at that time of year, but the leaf in Elsie's hair did not belong there; she came in a chauffeured car. I reached out and brushed it away, shook my own head free of whatever I had accumulated on my walk to school, and together we climbed the stairs to our classrooms, as we had often done before. It was the leaf that I remembered.



We had both gone on to Eastern women's colleges, but after the first year we dropped out—I to catch my breath, as I wasn't sure of what I was up to, and Elsie for another reason. Back in Chicago, we ran into each other one day at Field's and made a luncheon date for the next week. It was then, at lunch at Pierre's, that Elsie told me she had made up her mind to marry Phil, whom I had seen her with at dinner parties and dances. She was the first of our class to go, as I thought of it then, and I stared at her in dismay. Marriage, I had supposed, was perhaps inevitable, but later, when

STARS

(A Note on Mycology)

A glade on the bench of the mountain,
Where beech, birch, and spruce meet
In peace, though in peace not intermingled,
Around the slight hollow upholstered
In woods-earth, damp and soft-centuries old,
Spruce needle, beech-, birch-leaf, ground pine belly-crawling,
And fern frond, and deadfall of birch, grass blade
So Biblical frail, and sparse in that precinct where
The sun ray makes only its brief
And perfunctory noontide visitation—
All, all in that cycle's beneficence
Of being slowly absorbed, oh, slowly, into
What once had fed them. And now,
In silence as absolute as death,
Or as vision in breathlessness,
Your foot may come. Or mine,
As when I, sweat-soaked in summer's savagery,
Might come here, and stand
In that damp coolth, and peace of process,
And hear, somewhere, a summer-thinned brook descending,
Past stone, and stone, its musical stair. . . .

But late, once in the season's lateness, I,
After drought had broken, rain come and gone,
And sky been washed to a blue more delicate,
Came. Stood. Stared. For now,
Earth, black as a midnight sky,
Was, like sky-darkness, studded with
Gold stars, as though
In emulation, however brief.
There by a deer trail, by deer dung nourished,
Burst the gleam, rain-summoned,
Of bright golden chanterelles.
However briefly, however small and restricted, here was
A glade-burst of glory.

Later, I gathered them into a basket.

—Robert Penn Warren

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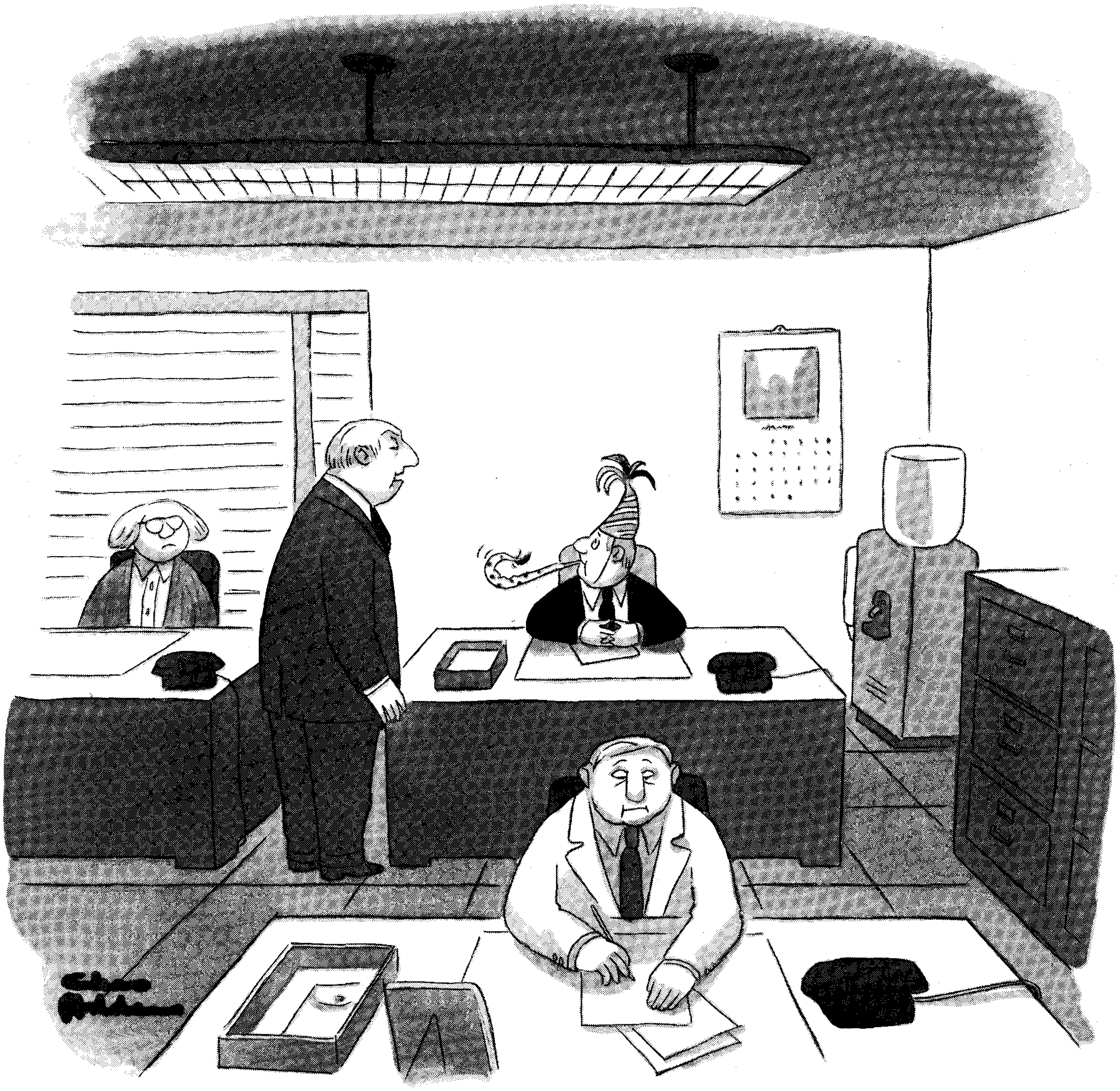

"Lambert, we don't celebrate the fiscal new year here at Polk, Hendershott & Samuels."

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you were old and there was nothing else to do. Elsie was still beautiful at eighteen—even more beautiful than she had been when we were in school together. There we weren't allowed to wear makeup, and so were a rather haggard crowd. My cheeks turned a raw red during my hunched walks in the early cold of fall, and more than once our headmistress, a gentle, delicate little woman with puffs of white hair resting on her head, would invite me to go with her to the bathroom of the upper school, where she would say, "Are we wearing rouge this morning, Elizabeth?," smile affectionately, dampen a towel, and dab at my face. Even if Elsie hadn't come by car, her skin would not have been roughed up by weather. Her straight black hair lost not a wisp as it strayed along the contours of her head, behind the ears, toward the roll of braids in back; it might have been painted on, like the hair of that china doll that had been my grandmother's and then my mother's and at last mine, and would one day, so it was said, belong to someone called my daughter, who at the time seemed a highly unlikely eventuality, as I saw myself in the future as a solitary, somewhat melancholy, bookish person—a spectator (we had already done Addison and Steele) while other people wallowed in families. Elsie's eyes were that china blue, too, but there was no hint of rosiness in her cheeks. Over black tea, we smoked Benson & Hedges gold-tipped Gardenias; I usually carried "flat fifties," but for the occasions with Elsie I bought the B. & H.s, whose taste lingers, slick and metallic.

"He wishes me to marry him," Elsie said. "And I feel I must. We are in love; our lives are irrecoverably bound together."

"Irrevocably," I murmured. "But I thought you were going to write poetry," I said, recalling the lyrics she had written in school about things scintillating briefly before an early doom. I tapped my Gardenia to drop the ash and the whole end fell off, which left me with a dead cigarette and nothing to say.

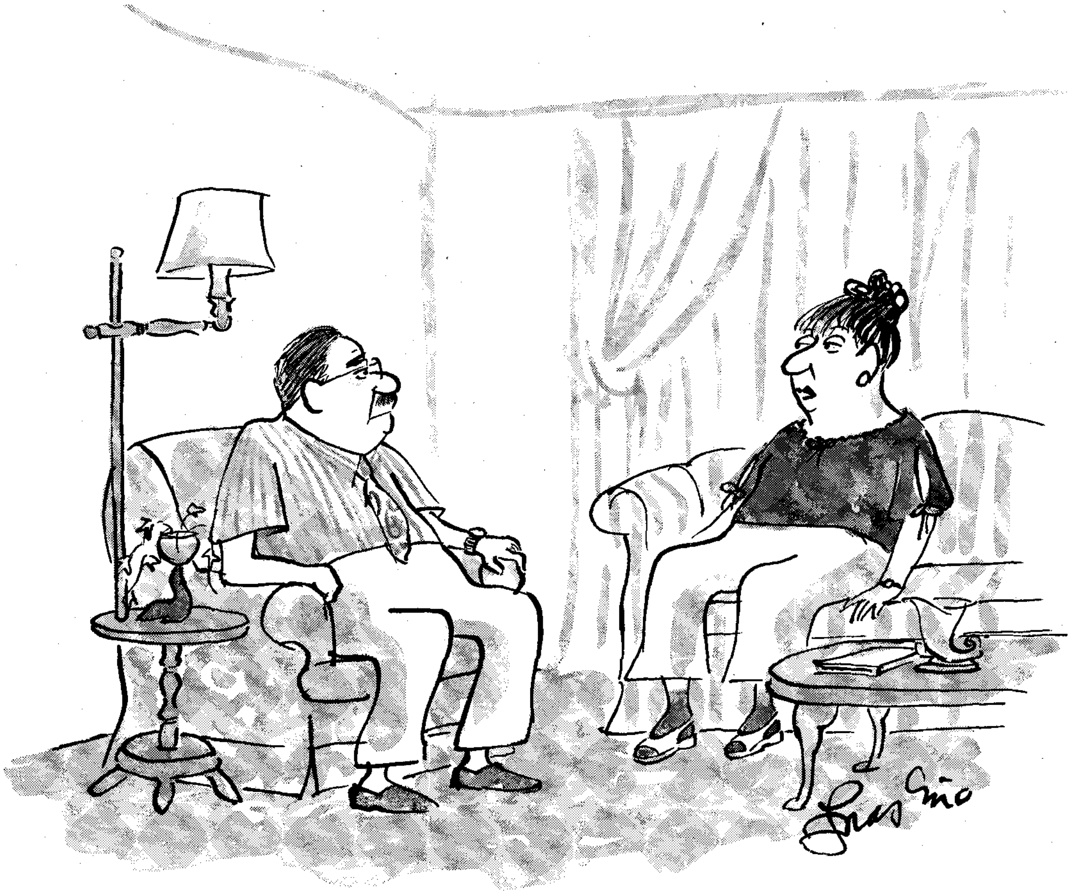
Elsie glanced at a mural of the Eiffel Tower. "But love is poetry," she said. "Writing is a poor substitute; I shall be living it."

Nodding was all I had left.

"I shall bear him a man-child," Elsie went on, turning her eyes to me but not really seeing me. I was stunned; a man-child could have been something out of Gayley's "Classic Myths," which we had done junior year, but now it presented itself to me as something ghastly—a midget chewing the stub of a Robert Burns panatela.

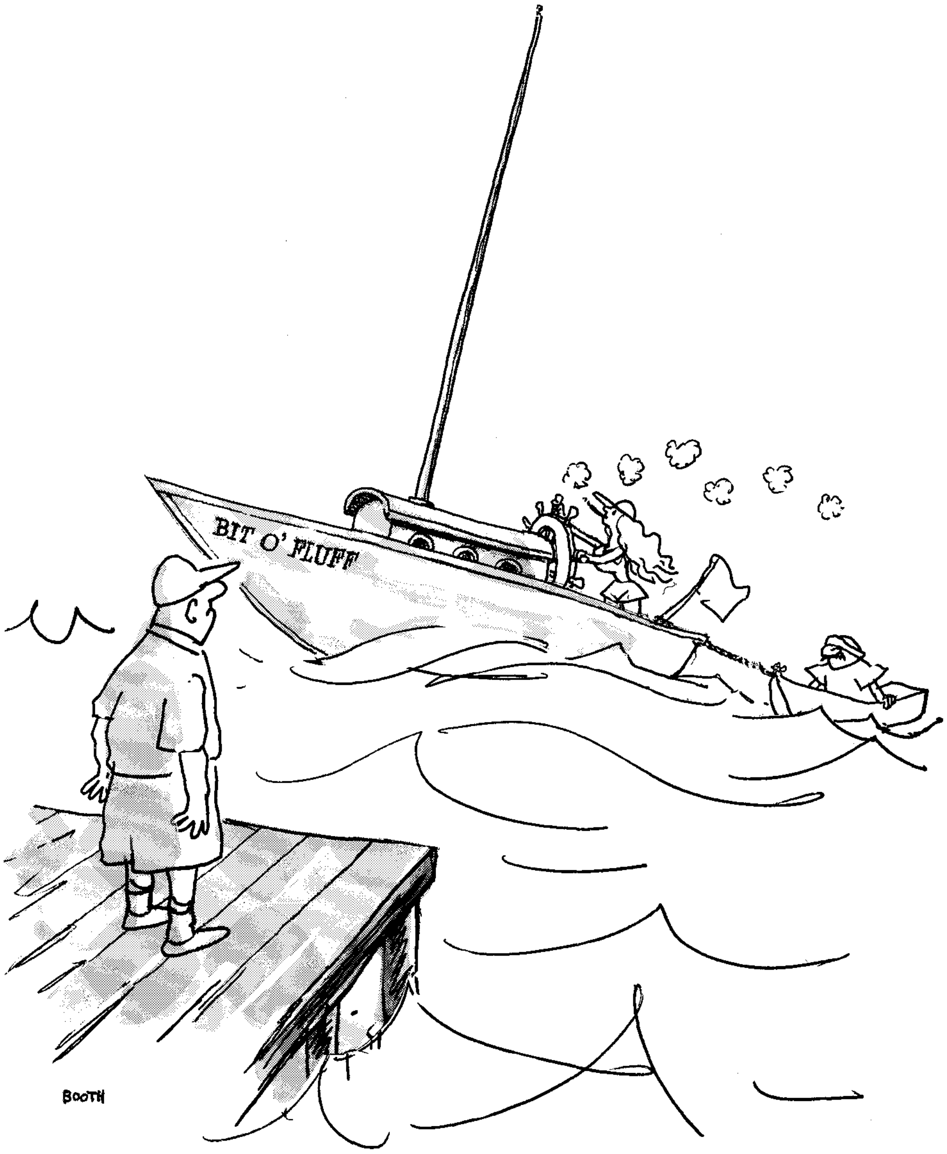
When we parted, I was in a foul humor. The wind had come up and was tearing at me; they had probably put up the rope at the State and Randolph corner of Field's for shoppers to hang on to. Why didn't I ever think of something to say that would impress the universe or even a luncheon companion? What *was* I going to do with my life! Here I was trying to settle my future, aiming now at the University of Chicago, which might mean sloshing around in college for another three years to see what the future offered, often in the company of importunate young men, most of whom had no interest at all in my future and whose grabby hands I would have to keep picking off me in midsentence, like ticks in the dog days in woodsy places. I was into Browning then, and I went home with a sinking feeling that my destiny was the C major of this life—no sharps, no flats. So I took a nap.

She married Phil. I didn't see much of them after that. When I did visit them, there was a lot of crooning to each other and sipping of hot chocolate when I really wanted Side Cars. A few years later, I learned they were divorced, but by then I had finished college, gone to Europe to see if my future lay there, returned home because of a war, and then married Gladstone, even though neither of us was noticeably tottery. If we didn't think we were meant for each other, at least we were amused by the same things. We moved to New York, to the Village, and it was there when one day I was airing the two children in Washington Square that I saw Elsie French again. It was spring, and less than a week before we were to move to the country. Elsie had stopped to sit down and had chosen the bench I sat on. I knew her instantly, although she did not at first recognize me. Oh, I had put on some weight, I suppose. We talked, and, after a fashion, caught up with each other's past few years. With my eyes on the unlikely daughter who had inherited my grandmother's china doll, and who was now in the nearest sandbox sifting sand with ominous ennui, and with my hands on the handle of the stroller in which my querulous son sat straining at his straps, I listened to the story of Franklin—not Frank, because full names were beginning to be used. At last, I was in style, because what can you do with "Gladstone"? Franklin was the native New Yorker whom Elsie had taken for a second husband. In Manhattan, they had become a part of those groups that move like schools of little fishes from place to place, travelling with their eyes fixed, nosing on to the next stop, with names I recognized from the gossip columns I pored over while bottles were being sterilized and formula cooled until it could be refrigerated. Elsie had been to East Hampton for the potato harvests and to Westport before it had been discovered by the tourists. We made plans to meet for luncheon one day soon—as soon, that is, as I could find a reliable child-tender in our new location or perhaps my mother had come on from the Middle West to stay with us for a while, an enthusiastic babysitter. Everything worked well after we had moved. My mother joined us at home. Elsie did not care to venture into the country, and I met her in town.



"Don't be silly. If you were afflicted with a multiple personality, I'd have noticed something."

Accustomed as I was to grabbing a plate of sandwiches at the Bird Cage at



Lord & Taylor as soon as it opened, say around eleven-thirty—because I took an early train, my breakfast at home was at a farmer's hour—my occasional day with Elsie was like a day in someone else's life. After shopping the white sales or other discount events for things I needed for the house, I would meet her at a restaurant she knew about—some place that had not yet been discovered or was at the time barely mentioned, where she was greeted by a maître d' who instantly took us to what he called her table. Over Bloody Marys or Gibsons, I was always conscious of what Elsie was wearing, because of what I myself had on; try as I might, I always wound up wearing and carrying things that matched, but with the wrong things matching. I liked a lot of pink or red, brown or navy blue. Elsie was inevitably in black, as if ready for any cocktail party or funeral that might crop up; her black hair was cut short and streaked with platinum. I thought she was young to be going gray, until I discovered that the streaks were something new in hair style. My own locks, which looked like something left over in a hayfield, were short, but that was so I could just run a comb through them and be ready for whatever came next. Winding myself around a table for one at the Bird Cage was something I didn't mention.

Elsie spoke of going to Europe to live; in her eyes (that never really looked at me) I saw Franklin's house in one of the hill towns of Provence and the capitals in the dreary season. After luncheon, Elsie always had an appointment she must fly to keep, and I, ruined for the white sales, to say nothing of Slightly Irregulars, would wander through the better stores and boutiques wringing my hands over the latest fashions, for which I had neither the purse nor the shape, or if I had worn comfortable shoes I would stroll over to the Museum of Modern Art and wind up staring at "Guernica," which I had seen for the first time in the Spanish Pavilion at the Paris Exposition. I would cast my mind back to the days in Paris when a few of us, integrated by our belief in survival, crammed with years of Stateside French in the best schools, huddled close in dark places rumored to have once been the aeries of Hemingway and all, astonishing garçons and other natives with our accents, lacing our sentences with "*alors*" and suitable gestures as we sipped fines à l'eau, desolate in our generation—too late, alas, to be Lost—while guns shook the earth in Spain and some of us, who could not do with only talk, died so very young. And we became survivors. But that has become such a ravaged and inane word now. Who may not be a survivor—of all manner of pettiness, of marriage, or divorce, or day or night? We survive; we are still, flatteringly, here. What survives, or remains, is the question.

I took the train back to the country, shucked my city clothes, put on my working duds, and got dinner.

There were postcards from Elsie and greeting cards on holidays, and then news of Franklin's death. He needn't have gone to such extremes. Elsie had indicated that he might very well prove fatally tiresome; I believed he was due for extinction long before the first twinge that led to his termination.

SPRING stumbles along. One Sunday morning late in March, I go out to pick up the paper to take to Gladstone, still resting his pinched nerve, and still scarlet under his vicious lotion. I am wearing my red flannel robe, flecked with the lint of winter, but it is still too chilly for me to switch to terry cloth. The high blue sky has taken the lid off winter; it is a magnificent gesture for blossomtime. As I scan the sky, I hear a familiar voice and peer into the trees, but I cannot see him, the old flycatcher whom I now realize I have missed through the cold, dark days. "Birdy, birdy, birdy," he cries insistently, and his voice spans the sky. I take the paper in and rush back to the yard. He's still there. "Birdy, birdy, birdy," he cries gleefully. I imagine him flying back to the nest. His mate is perched and ready to leave, her tote bag packed. He alights. "Birdy," he begins. "You can stop right there," she says. "I can't stand it another minute. You never say anything but 'Birdy;' you never really talk to me." He cocks his head. "I'm here all day with these eggs," she goes on. "There is never any adult conversation around here. Then they hatch and there will be that—the planning of meals, the constant eating, and cheep, cheep, cheeping. And when they fly away, what do I have left? The empty nest and all those damn pinfeathers to clean up. And all you ever say is 'Birdy.' " He stares at her and then quietly says, "Phoebe?" Her wings sag. "Oh, all right," she says. "But remember, this is the last time." March is a good listening-in month.

Well, you know March. It peters out into April. I prune the roses and give them their first feeding. Little star-shaped yellow tulips are opening in the rock garden. My cousin the tailored type, from New Jersey, comes for lunch. We decide to drink Old-Fashioneds, agreeing that they have more style than anything else we can think of, even if they are from the past. We have tried white wine lately, but good white wine is expensive and comes in a bottle; bad white wine arrives in a glass. We sprawl in rattan swivel chairs on the enclosed porch, where the warming spring sun curls placidly about us, and I tell her about the traveller who is coming to join the family.

"Natural childbirth," I add. "They have to go to breathing classes."

My cousin fishes an orange slice from her drink and chews on it. "What could be more natural?"

"No, no, no," I say. "What I'm getting at is this: no delivery room, no stirrups, no drugs, no doctor—well, one is available if the occasion arises. There is a midwife. And the father stays and helps."

My cousin is thoughtful. "That sounds like what I had," she says. "Although Bill wasn't there; he had a busy day at the office."

"Really?" I say. "I didn't know that sort of thing was around in our day."

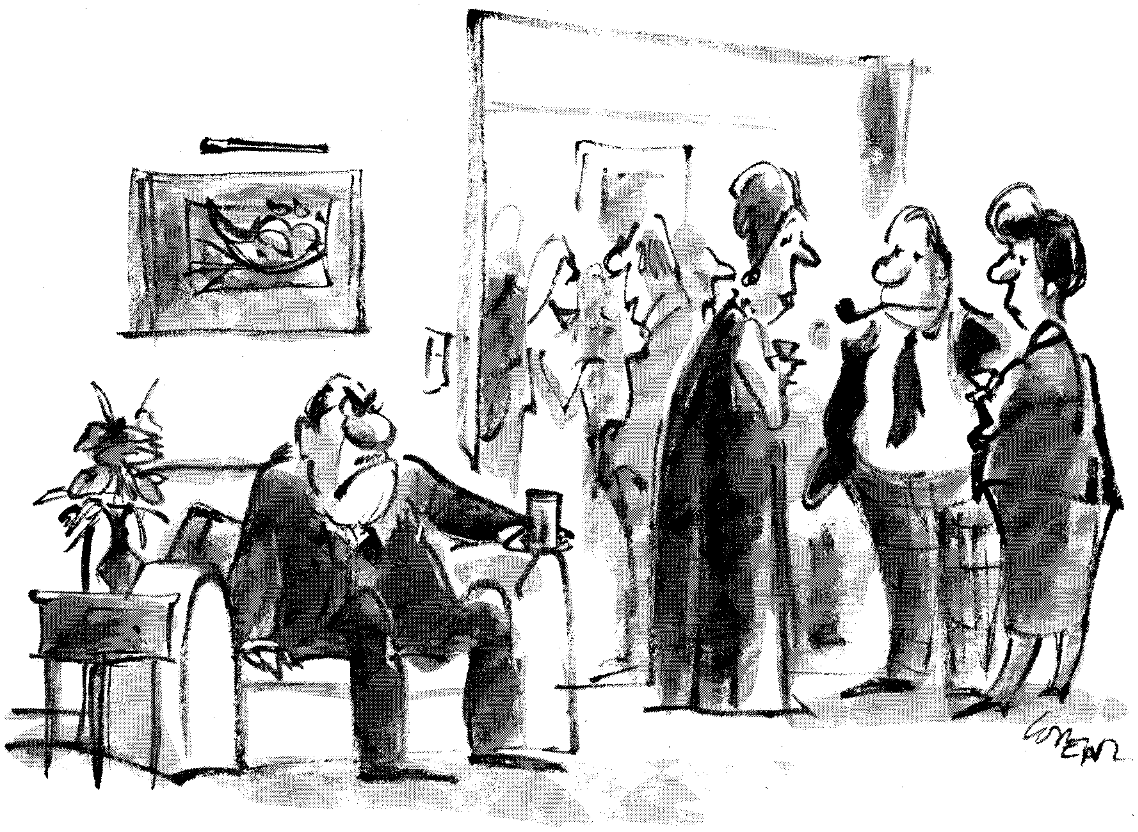
"Well, something like it," my cousin says. "I didn't go to classes. But I wasn't drugged. I was simply lying there in the hospital. The nurse had just left; I don't know where the doctor was. They said I had plenty of time. Then I began to feel that I didn't have plenty of time. In fact, I didn't think I had any time at all. So I called for somebody, but nobody came."

"Good night!" I said. "What did you do?"

She shrugs. "I just went ahead and had Tommy by myself."

I sigh. "Let's have another drink."

After my cousin leaves to go back to New Jersey, I go to the supermarket to pick up a few things I've run out of, and there at the checkout counter I see a small paperback book titled "3500 Names for Baby." I hadn't realized there were so many, and wonder if it would be confusing for the young people, Jake and Jenny, and then I decide to mail it to them anyway. Now I begin to get nervous about my part in this whole venture. I haven't bought anything basic yet for the traveller. If I am to be of any use at all, I must begin to look around. So I drive down to a shop that has, among other furnishings, a section for infants and children. There ought to be shirts, gowns, blankets, booties. It is a bright new shop, and I have been in it before, although not seriously. I pause at the window before going in, and my eyes are glued to a porpoise—a gray porpoise with a foolish grin stitched in red. I go in and look around. There it is, the same porpoise, and it has a key in its side. I pick it up, wind it up, and put it to my ear. It plays "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." I am instantly on the back porch of a Chicago apartment in Rogers Park; my big father is holding me up to his shoulder and I am staring down into the gloomy cement court, where it seems to me the sun never shone. "He is a singing man," I say, and my father nods. The singing man holds a cap in both hands and I listen. "I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air. They fly so high . . ." And I watch



"Adrian is the Jesse Helms of the Redridge Planning and Zoning Commission."

for the bubbles, but there aren't any. When he is finished, he looks up and around at the other porches, but we are the only ones there. My father puts me down, takes some coins from his pocket, finds a piece of paper in another pocket, and wraps the coins. He gives me the lump of paper and indicates that I am to throw this over the porch railing—which I do, my chin on the railing. The singing man picks up my little package and looks up at me, nods his head, and says, "Thank you," very softly.

But that was long ago, and now I am going to buy this porpoise. I look around, and a sweater-and-skirted young woman steps over to me. "Can I help you?" she asks me.

"I'd like one of these, please," I tell her.

"Let me get you one that's wrapped," she says. "This is only for display."

Then I notice that the porpoise has a blue bow on its head. "Just a minute," I say, and she turns back. "This has a blue bow. What shall I do? Pink isn't good, either. Have you one with a white or a yellow bow?"

She seems puzzled.

I say, "Well, I can't get one with a blue ribbon. You see, the baby isn't here yet, and what if it's a girl?"

She straightens up and inhales deeply. "Well!" she exclaims. "How sexist can you get!"

I put the porpoise down. "Maybe I'd better wait till later," I say, mumbling, and slink out of the store and go home.

Although I know that I have erred, the afternoon is sunny and warm, and I begin to get excited about summer. I put on an old shirt and slacks and wander around in the driveway, looking up and down for signs of daffodils that will open soon, for hyacinths, for the swelling of viburnum or azaleas. Ms. White, one of my two white cats, is sitting in a pool of sunlight, her neck stretched, her head high, and she is sniffing the air. She cranes her neck, her head lifted to the sky; she, too, has detected real spring and summer. I think again of my father, whose final acceptance of something was always in two words: "Very fine." He might have been appraising some priceless commodity: a clear soup so hot that in tasting it he blinked, a gold bracelet we had spent hours shopping for to give my mother, the weather, an opera, a play. A gregarious man, he seldom praised people, except for the addled, the deformed, the discomfited. My mother, on the other hand, was constantly disappointed in relatives, friends, acquaintances. I hear her now: "Aren't people the limit!" I notice that she does not say they really are. She was a gentle woman, eternally hopeful that someone would deny that all people were the limit or that people were the limit all the time. She made no final statement; she was rhetorical because she could not give up on the human race but left it a little leeway, always hoping, I believe, that it would be bailed out.

"It's only April," I tell the little cat. "And I've seen it snow in April. It doesn't last, of course, but still . . ."

She blinks at me lovingly. We are both conscious of the coming of spring, but it begins long before April, or March—often in February, when we begin to note the rock ledges and stone walls that surround us in our territory; there the light lingers a little longer and is a little brighter, and there is a lustre to our winter country.

IN early May, the young people arrive to see what we have to offer. The viburnum at our front door, the most fragrant of spring shrubbery, has us all surrounding it, has us sniffing it even in the house, although I do not cut it; the open door is enough. We sit down on the enclosed porch. It is a warm day, and Gladstone, having finished resting his pinched nerve, has now agreed to see a local chiropractor, who promises a course of manipulation which will "challenge his vertebrae." He is also finally unanointed, and is happy that he does not have to worry yet about putting in the rest of the screens and taking down the storm doors. "We'll have plenty of cold weather yet," he assures us, hefting a stein of beer as if he got his information from it. I find it just as well that he is deferring this job; he will inevitably put the screens in upside down, and surely nobody could do it better. It has taken him twenty-five years to perfect this operation.

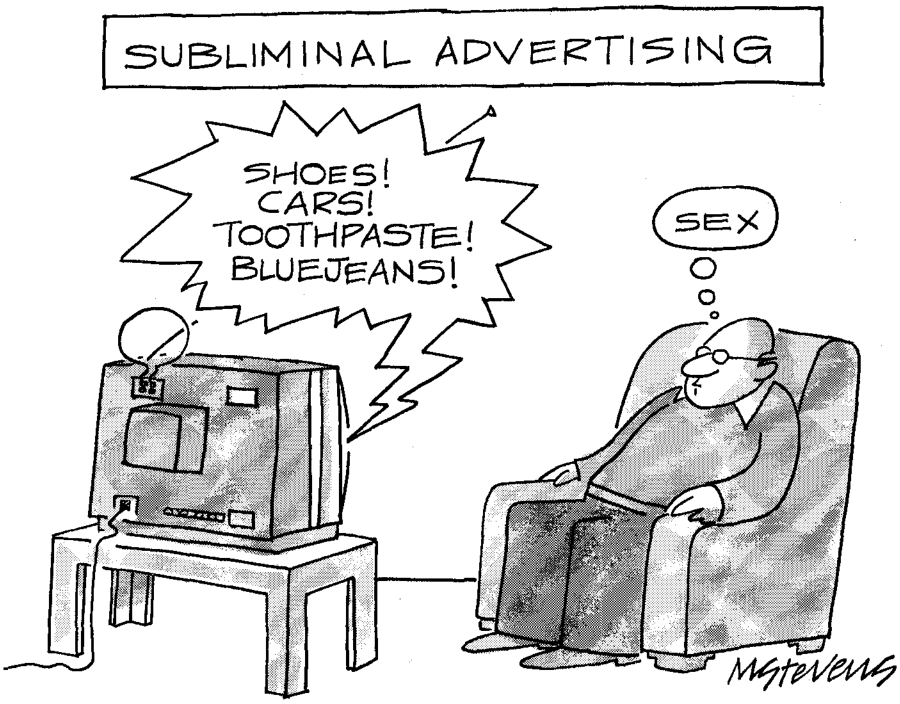
Aside from the weather, there is little to occupy our thoughts but the traveller, who is expected very soon. Before I sent the supermarket book off, I checked some of my favorite names in it; there are polite comments on these, but I gather I have not made an indelible impression with any. And they have no names at all.

"You'll wait till you're in the delivery room," I tell them, "and there you will be with a nameless baby."

"You forget," Jake says. "There isn't any delivery room." He glances at Jenny, who nods. "We are not expecting a bag of groceries."

My heart sinks. "You haven't decided to have it in the loft!"

"Not unless it's in the cards," Jake



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says. "The midwife calls it the birthing room."

"Birthing room," I repeat.

Gladstone sighs and gets up carefully. "Who's for a beer?" he wants to know.

Jake is; Jenny is not. I take vodka. Gladstone limps out.

His son stares after him. "Pop's bored by this sort of thing, isn't he?"

"Not bored," I say. "He just doesn't know much about it and doesn't want to."

I look thoughtfully at Jake. "And no drugs?"

He shakes his head slowly.

I turn my head to a window, where a robin has landed; it peers into the room, flutters unsteadily, and flies off.

"You know what I found the other day when I was throwing out things?" I say to Jake. "It was part of a Christmas present you children gave me—oh, years ago. You couldn't wait for me to unwrap it."

"Something special," Jake says gently, and Jenny sees a man who always remembered to give his mother a special Christmas present.

"I didn't know what it was," I continue. "Until you all explained. When, that is, you had been able to control what I recall as your youthful merriment. There was a small cardboard box, some cigarette papers, and a small metal object, and I remember that I said, 'Oh, what fun! I haven't rolled my own since I spent a summer on a ranch, but in those days we used Golden Grain.' I believe it was called a head kit."

Jenny tugs at her jersey; Jake stares intently into the back yard, where something has just caught his attention.

I shake my head sadly. "What ever happened to the drug generation?"

Gladstone appears with a tray of refreshment.

"There are no drugs in the birthing room," I tell him.

"Oh, fine," he says. "By the way, I'd better put down beer on my list or I'm sure to forget it." He goes out again.

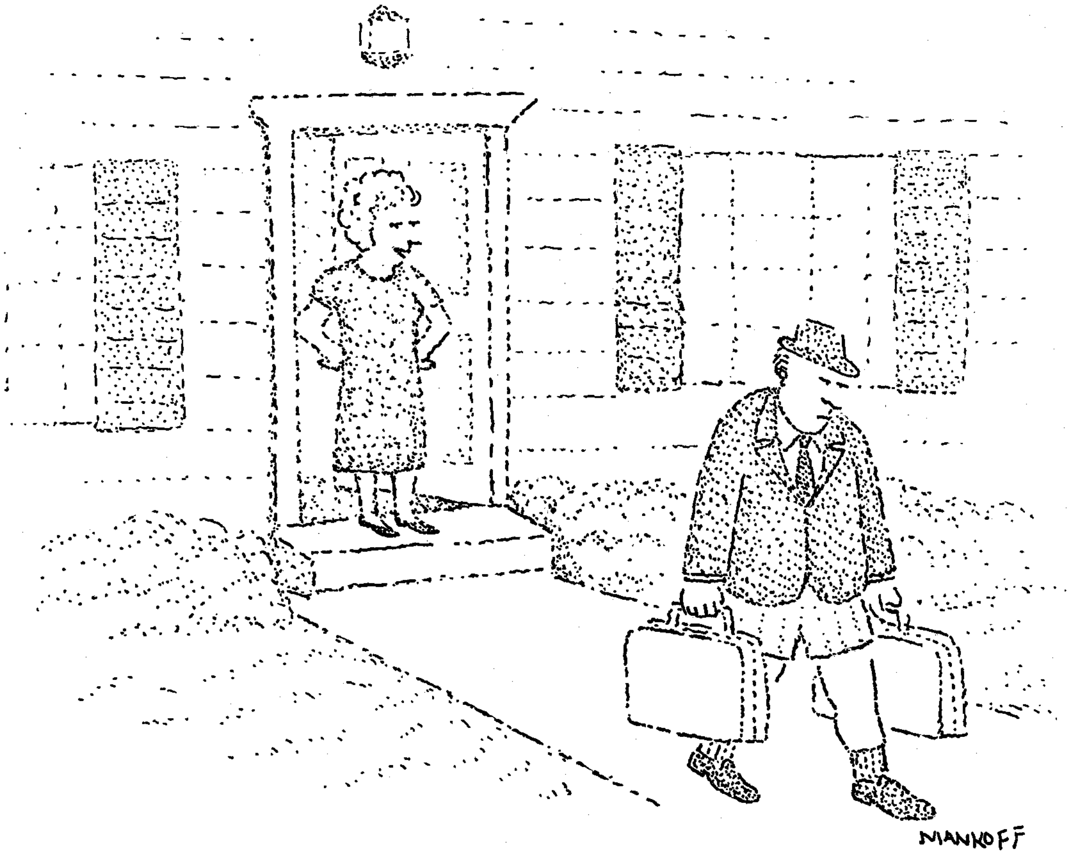
"A beautiful room," Jenny says. "Flowered bedspreads, comfortable chairs, curtains—and lots of hanging plants. Lamps."

"It doesn't sound like Elsie French's new house," I say.

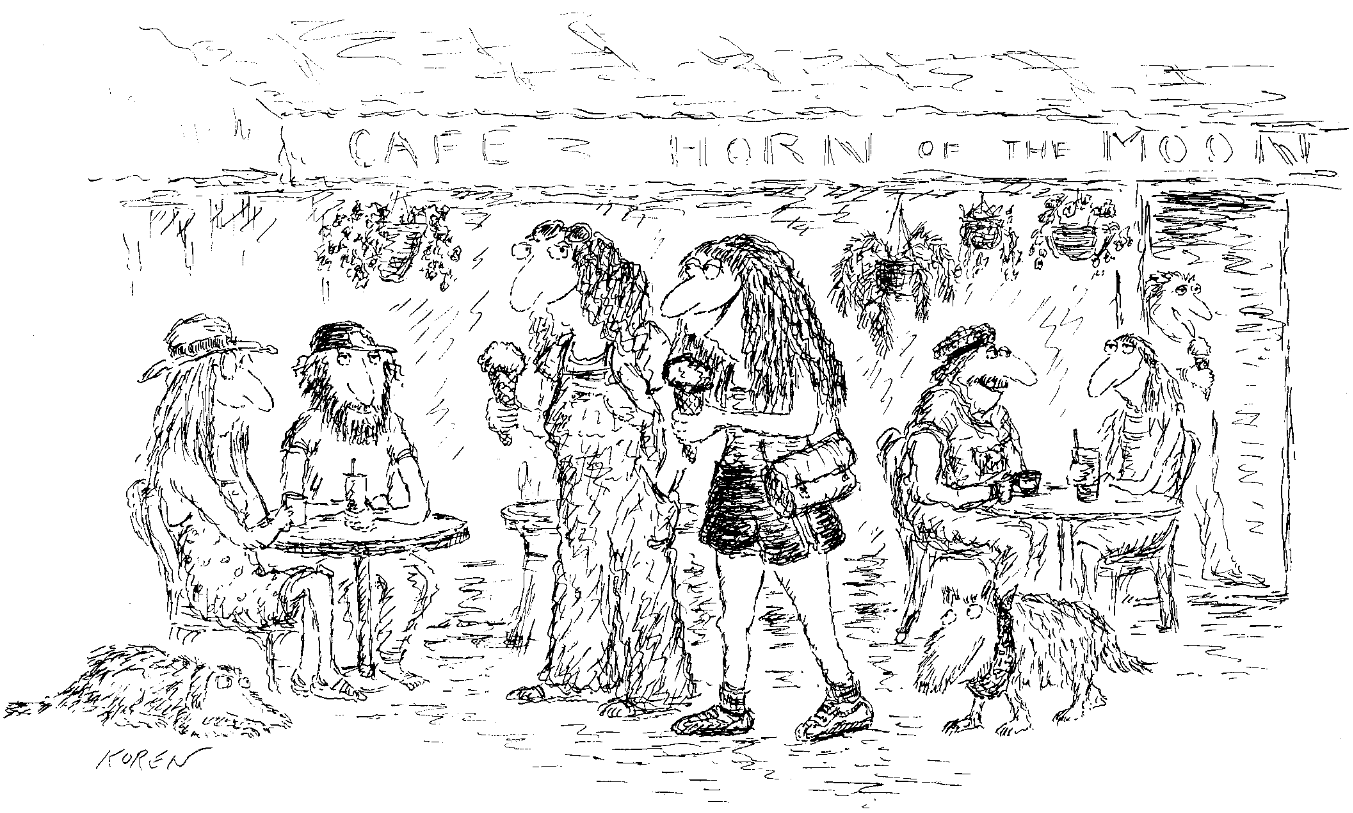
SHE telephoned a little over a year ago. I was in the bedroom; I remember it very well, because I was just going out of the room when the phone rang. I got it on the third ring, skidding on some magazines and books that were scattered between the beds and almost breaking a leg to get there. Well, how did I know who might be calling? Somebody suggesting that I run for President? The first woman President? And why not? I could do everything but balance the budget, which didn't seem to be a handicap. When I heard her voice saying, "Betsy, dear, Elsie here," my first thought was "Why me?," as one tends to exclaim when tragedy strikes. Some time ago, I had become curious about our relationship. There was nothing complex about it—no real bonds of affection or shared backgrounds, except the very early ones. And we had no friends in common. But in thinking about it I realized that Elsie had a way of separating herself from her past, and, as for the tenants of any past, she was able to sweep them under the rug and so step into a new way of life totally irrelevant to anything that had happened before. Why she continued to keep in touch with me had puzzled me, until it finally occurred to me that as far as Elsie was concerned I didn't really exist—or existed in such an alien atmosphere that, for all she knew or possibly cared, I was simply sitting somewhere waiting for her to call. I concluded that I was something she required occasionally, as one gets a yen for homemade bread.

Elsie's news was that she had married Herbert, who was then in London on business, and they had returned to their native land and bought a place in the country, in a town not far from ours. With my fingers crossed, I told her I was delighted that she was so close, and that she must come to dinner. She reminded me that she didn't drive, and asked me to lunch the next week. "You'll forgive the ghastly mess, I know; the decorators promised—but you know how they are."

So I drove over there, making bets with myself



"You'll be back."


CAFE HORN OF THE MOON
KOREN

"My dog's name is Kierkegaard, my cat is named Virginia Woolf, I call my car Amadeus, and my boyfriend's name is Freddy."

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about the house Elsie was living in: old, with period furniture, a bullet hole in the front door from the Revolutionary War? An American eagle over the front door? I shuddered at the thought of all that mousy furniture; the only thing missing would be the old cradle, although there could be one for magazines.

It turned out to be a new house—one of those called a "contemporary" (designed by a noted architect for the former owner), with chocolate-colored wood and great blocks of light, proper trees in proper places, and a crisp, white circular driveway, vast tubs of geraniums, probably maids, gardeners, whatnot, all lined up somewhere ready to attack what needed doing next. As I walked toward the front door, I passed a tub of geraniums in which I spotted an idle blade of grass. Not to be trifled with, I nipped it out, put it in my pocket, and rang the bell. Elsie opened the door.

Everything was low, which is not all that great for my back, but I managed to sink into a chair or something without screaming, and a houseman brought in a tray with a bottle of white wine and glasses. I took a good look at the wine label and my heart sang. Gladstone would sulk all evening when I told him what I had been drinking; I couldn't wait. Elsie mentioned that she was furious that her crystal hadn't arrived, including her old Baccarat glasses. To put her at her ease, I said that it gave me heartburn to drink from anything that hadn't been on twofers at the Pottery Corner in Westport. The sun lay gorgeously about us, and in that clear light, as I flipped a low-tar cigarette from its package, I watched Elsie, who talked about Herbert, about their decision to buy the little house in the country, about the Europe she had left—not the same at all, of course, not the same. She spoke slightingly of the Beaubourg and was afraid the peasants had arrived in the South of France, where I thought they had always been. American peasants, she explained. I listened, wondering if she had seen the East Building of the National Gallery in Washington, which not even Elsie could slight. And I watched.

Elsie had the quizzical look of a woman who has just seen her fiftieth birthday flit past. The light streaks in her black hair had gone, and it was shorter and waved over her ears. Her skin was creamy rather than the white it had been; her eyes were still the fabulous blue they had been, but under those blue eyes were the little bulges that matched my own. The lavender caftan would never go in the washing machine. We had lunch—crêpes with curried seafood. Then she got to the point.

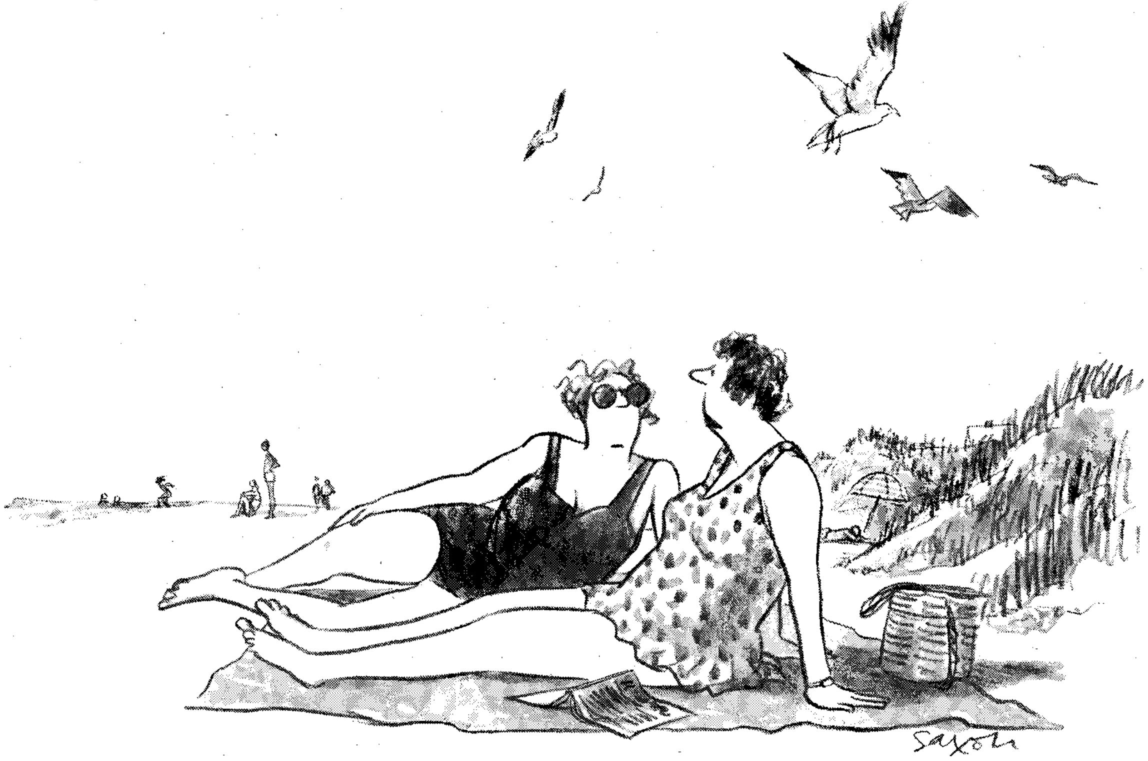
"Betsy," Elsie said. "Herbert will be gone two weeks. And, you know, we've been here such a short time that we haven't really met anyone—that is, to know; most of our friends will come from the city anyway. And you've always been so sweet. I've got a favor to ask. I do hope you won't consider it an imposition. One would really ask this only of an old friend."

"Anything, Elsie," I said. "You know that."

She stared dreamily at a crystal vase, in which there was one speckled hybrid lily.

"I want always to be beautiful for Herbert, who must have beautiful things in his life. Tell me, are you dreadfully busy next week? I mean, every day spoken for?"

"Well, no," I said, hesitating brief-



"That was a Nantucket summer I'll __never__ forget. Everybody kept serving nothing but quiche Lorraine and spinach salad."

• •

ly. "There's a Red Cross Blood Bank one day, and another day I work for FISH—that's another volunteer group, means Friends In Service Helping. You know, driving people to a hospital or someplace for therapy when they haven't any other way of getting there. But I can always swap days with someone. Why?"

"I have to go into the city," Elsie said. "And I wondered if you could possibly pick me up there and drive me back."

"Of course," I said. "What day?"

"Wednesday?"

"Roger," I said.

"I have a doctor's appointment," she said. "And I'm a little timid about it—a little. I could hire a car, of course, but I'd so much rather be with a friend."

I sat up. "Of *course*," I said. "And I'm happy to do it. But is it—that is, it isn't . . . I hope—well, you aren't ill or anything?"

"No, no, no," Elsie said. She raised her chin, looked right at me, and touched her cheekbones with two pink-tipped fingers. "I'm going to have my eyes done."

I frowned.

"You see, my eyelids are so droopy, and I've these terrible bags. I'm going to have it corrected."

I nodded. "I see. But are you sure? I mean, if it's just to make you feel better, why don't you—oh, add a room or do something over?"

"It's not just feeling better," she said. "It's looking better that I want. Just let me read you something."

She went out of the room. When she came back, she held a pamphlet in her hand. Smiling at me, she sat down and held the pamphlet up for me to see. "This is put out by the American Medical Association," she told me. "Let me read you the quotation on the first page." She read, " 'In all ranks of life the human heart yearns for the beautiful; and the beautiful things that God makes are His gift to all alike.' " She stopped and looked over at me.

"That's nice," I said. "Who wrote it?"

"Harriet Beecher Stowe," Elsie said.

"Oh," I said. "Well, I've read some of her other stuff. Mmm. Are you sure you have a good doctor?"

"The best."

"Will you feel awful?" I asked. "From the anesthetic?"

"It's a local," she said. "You know what's going on, but you don't care."

"Will you be able to see?" I asked.

"Of course," Elsie said. "But I shall have to wear dark glasses. And by the time Herbert comes back I'll be able to use makeup again and no one will ever know what's been done."

And so I took Elsie French home from Aesthetic-Cosmetic Surgery in a Manhattan doctor's office. She looked as if she'd been in the ring with an eye-oriented boxer, but she was happy to have it over with. I went to see her a couple of times before Herbert came home, and each time she looked better.

"Fantastic," I said. "You look so—rested. As if you'd just had a real good night's sleep."

"When my eyes stop watering," Elsie said, "I'll be like new."

I HAVEN'T seen Elsie for months. She had spoken of having a small party to welcome friends to the new house when the decorators had done their part, and I had opened all small envelopes that arrived in the mail with some trepidation; Gladstone's idea of a large party is two other people. But no invitation has arrived. May has percolated along, all done up in glad rags and drenched with the scent of lilacs breathing softly in the morning freshness, and on one warm day that is like summer, when, as the weatherman says, the temperature soars, I go out and lie in the sun to dream of summer.

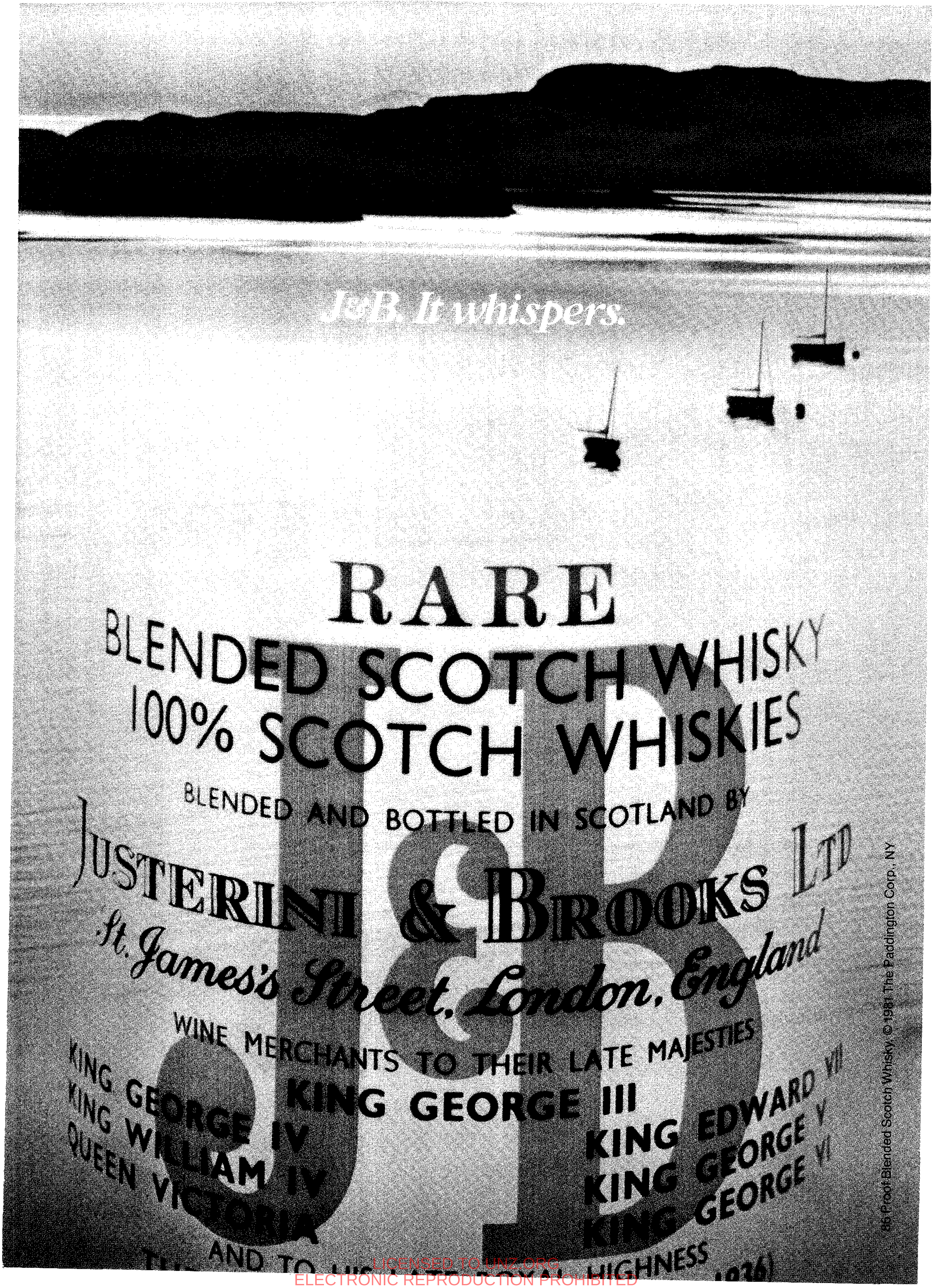
I am smeared with a recommended sunscreen and sprawled on an old lounge chair that has lost an important part of its webbing, through which an important part of me bulges. My other white cat, Robert White, picks his way through the rubble of the winter yard and comes over to lie beside my chair, his tail lashing the ground as he keeps a wary eye out for marauding birds and predatory butterflies. The telephone rings, and I fly to answer it. News? The traveller? But it is Elsie French.

"Betsy," she says, breathlessly. "Are you busy?"

"Just sitting here," I say. "How are you, Elsie? It's been ages . . ."

"Herbert is in town," she says. "In New York. I must see you. Can you come over?"

"Sure," I tell her. "But not for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long. I hate to be away from the phone for long, because—"

"I'll see you, then," she says and hangs up.

I get into a madras shirt and jeans and am halfway to Elsie's before I realize I am still shiny with sunscreen. No makeup. Elsie will think I look tired, careworn. But when we meet at her front door she says nothing about me. I look at her and know instantly that something is terribly wrong. Her eyes are full of tears; her lashes are glistening with them.

"Elsie," I exclaim. "What on earth is the matter?"

She closes the front door and, clutching my arm, leads me into the living room. She is wearing a black jump suit. "Sit down, Betsy," she says. "Why do you think something is wrong?"

"Your call," I begin. "And—you've been crying."

Elsie rubs her hands together and then stares at the palms. Finally she says, "I'm not crying. I feel like it, but I'm not. And what do you think of my eyes now?"

"Wonderful," I say. "Great. You look as if you've just come back from a nice vacation. Have you been away?"

She shakes her head. "No. But I'm on the way. Herbert is in New York now, talking to a travel agent, making all the arrangements. We've put the house on the market. God, how I hate the country! What do people do here? It's either raining or it's not raining; what a life! What else is there? Sitting around watching things grow? Let me tell you, I've had it."

"But summer's coming," I assure her.

The tears roll down her cheeks. "I detest summer," she says. "And I detest spring, winter, and fall, too. I loathe this climate. And nature. Mention something else here and I'll tell you how I feel about it, too. If I want to see stars, I'll go to a planetarium."

"You're not a country girl, are you?" I say.

"It was a hideous mistake, the whole thing," Elsie goes on. "And that's not all."

I wait. She is walking around touching things—a table, a vase, a magazine on the table.

"Betsy," she says at last, facing me. "I told you I wasn't crying. And I'm not. But there are tears for me—tears that I must have. They come in a bottle, Betsy. How do you like that?"

I don't know. I don't understand.

"The operation," Elsie goes on. "It was not a success."

I lean forward and study her face. "But I don't see any scars," I say.

"Oh, scars," Elsie says. "You can cover up scars. It's worse than that. It was one of those things that can happen, and it did. Let me try to explain. The lower lids"—she touches them—"they're too low; too much of the eye is exposed, and it dries out. This seems to be a signal to the body's defense mechanism; it rushes in to protect the dry eyes, and what have you got? Overcompensation. Understand?"

"Mmm," I say. "First the drought and then the storm."

"Betsy," Elsie says. "For God's sake, get off the farm."

"O.K.," I say. "I get it: too many tears."

"Right," she says. "And they must be stopped. So I *add* tears—to fool the system. I have to fake out the lachrymal system, the doctor tells me."

" 'Fake out,' " I murmur. "I haven't heard that since the kids were little—or younger."

"It's ghastly," she says, and sighs.

I purse my lips. "If I were you," I say, "I wouldn't have paid—not one cent."

"Little innocent Betsy," Elsie says. "You really don't get around. You have to pay in advance for cosmetic surgery. You are told about things that can go wrong, but you never think it will happen to you. It's called 'epiphora.' Those people! Doctors! Why can't they speak English or French, like everybody else? Well, that's it. To keep the tears from flooding my face, I have to buy false tears in those little bottles. I forgot to get extra bottles, and the one I have is almost empty. Herbert's away, and I need them. Why did it happen to me, Betsy? Why me? Why?"

"Y is the Fourth of July," I answer.

She looks at her wristwatch. "It's getting late," she says. "And I need those tears. Could you run down to the town pharmacy and pick up a bottle for me? They don't deliver. *This town!*"

"Sure," I say. "I'll go right away."

I go to the drugstore, make the purchase, and take it back to Elsie. We stand at the front door, neither of us saying anything. Her head is bent over the bag I give her. Somebody has to say something.

"I must get home," I tell her. "Let me hear from you." I turn away and she goes in and closes the door. "Thank you, Betsy," I say as I get in the car.

By the time I get home, a hollow wind has come up—the end, I hope, of these arctic winds that sweep down on us in the winter and take their time about leaving. In the late afternoon, the temperature drops. There could very well be frost tonight—frost in the suburbs. What a climate ours is! We could all catch our death of cold, and probably will. Only the sun can save us, and we have to be protected from too much of that.

When Gladstone gets home, I tell him about Elsie, but he is more concerned with some tender annuals that he has put out and fenced in and that he thinks he ought to cover. The day ends under a surly overcast; I look out the window to see a flock of crows cleaning up the evening. The weathered trunks of trees are stark and struck in isolation, sunk in the ground in a desolate and enduring relationship that I force my attention from. At night, thunder clumps about the yard, and I huddle in bed knowing that I have learned at least one thing from the weather in all these years, and that is not to put the winter blankets away too soon.

IN late May, in a borrowed car, the young people pull up in front of the house, where Gladstone and I have been for some time shuffling about the front door. Jake gets out of the driver's seat and waves smugly; he walks around the car, opens the door on the passenger's side, and helps Jenny out. She wears the traveller lolling close to her breast, like a charm.

At last, we are settled on the enclosed porch, where we unwrap him. They hand him to me, and I stare down at him lying in my lap. "He's changed since we saw him in the hospital even," I say. "He's grown—and in just a week!"

"I believe it's a healthy sign," Jake says.

"I'm so glad it's a beautiful day," I tell them. "We've outdone ourselves today."

Considering this, the young people decide to drive out on the country roads to gape at new blossoming and, as they say, "to shake the Thruway out of our systems." The unnamed and unassuming traveller is asleep in my lap. "You won't be upset if he cries?" Jenny asks anxiously. "I'm sure he'll sleep, though. And we won't be long."

I smirk. "Well, I have taken care of babies before," I tell her. "Now, don't worry about a thing." They go out. Gladstone bends over and scrutinizes the traveller. "That's not a bad-looking baby," he says. "I see a lot of my family in him. I wonder what color his eyes are turning out to be."

As if on cue, the traveller opens his eyes and looks around. He wrinkles his brow and stares up and backward, where the sunlight is redesigning the ceiling. Then his eyes come to me. He is wrapped in a white terry-cloth suit and resembles a tiny Eskimo doll I remember from a Christmas tree when I was a child—perhaps the one decoration I do remember from all those trees. All those trees? The years of childhood are endless, if few. The little doll lived in half a walnut shell. It exists only in memory now, where all things dwell, even our fathers, "who find their graves in our short memories."

In those smoky eyes there is all of us, and in them I plunge through the years to the day I came in from play and saw my father sitting in the living room, his head turned to the window. He does not hear me. I go along and find my mother, who is in my bedroom. She says to me, "Your father has just had a cablegram. Your grandfather died today. Your father's father. He did not live to see you, his only grandchild. You must go in and say something to your father." I go back to the living room and stand by my father's chair, but I do not go close. I stand with my hands at my sides, as if I were reciting in class. When my father turns to look at me, I say, "I'm sorry that your father died." My father nods and smiles at me, but I might have been a stranger or a mere acquaintance, someone he knew slightly and would nod to or smile at in a restaurant. I go out and into my parents' room, over to the big rosewood dresser with the marble top and the enormous mirror over it. I stare at myself in the mirror. Dead, and in another country, and he had never seen me. I feel as if a part of me were missing, something I have not learned about and now never will; a part of me is lost forever, and yet I have not really changed.

The traveller begins to squirm. He opens his mouth and his body quivers. He starts to cry. I put him on my shoulder and pat him, but it has no effect. Gladstone peers at him and says, "That baby is crying, but there aren't any tears! How long is it before they cry tears?"

Without replying, I get up and start circling the room.

"Can't you do something?" Gladstone says. "Jiggle him."

That's what I am doing. It's no use. "Music," I say. "Put on a record or something."

"How do we know what he likes?" Gladstone wants to know.

"How should I know?" I say. "Anything."

The white cats have suddenly appeared and are sitting alertly, ears pointed, coats fluffing. Gladstone puts on the first record he finds—one he has been playing recently—and Gene Austin starts to sing: "When whippoorwills call, and ev'ning is nigh . . ." and I begin to dance around the dining-room table. It is not the baby's dish of tea; he shows signs now of what I believe is hysteria. I put him down on the table; he is scarlet and his fists are striking out as if at all the world. His tongue quivers like a tuning fork.

Gladstone turns off the record and comes over. He looks down and says sternly, "All we want out of you is silence, and very little of that." He sighs and looks at me. "That always shut me up," he says. "I hope they haven't had a flat tire. They've been gone fifteen minutes already."

Now the traveller is arching his back. I grab his blanket, which is draped over my shoulder, and wrap him tightly in it. Gladstone stands frowning, his arms folded. The white cats have closed their eyes, and when they close their eyes they are inscrutable. I pick up the traveller, who resists with all his might, stalk between the white cats, and go out of the front door onto the driveway. Sunbeams are perched on the new leaves like good children. As the screen door sighs shut behind me, the traveller is suddenly quiet. He stares up at the trees as I walk along the driveway. His head turns as he watches a full-flowered scarlet azalea go by. The air is sweet.

"This is a Korean dogwood," I point out, the tour conductor. "A Kousa dogwood, if you insist."

He doesn't, but he likes the green blossoms that will be white soon. His lips part and he raises one eyebrow.

"T-r-e-e," I say. "But plenty of time later for that."

He lifts a hand, one finger pointing at nothing. I feel I should say something memorable, make a statement. "Well, here we are," I say. He makes a small sound. And so we continue through the yard. The sky draws a circle around us, and for an instant I think of Elsie French, who is even now packing her tears as she prepares for her long and intricate journey away from summer. —KATINKA LOESER

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DeLois Weiss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Weiss of Athens Route 1, has been working and living this month at the Zaleski Civilian Conservation Camp.

She has helped restore the historical bee hive brick kilns in Nelsonville, build a hiking trail at the O.O. McIntyre Metropolitan Park in Gallia County and thinned 290 acres of pine trees at Hocking State Forest.—*Athens (Ohio) Messenger.*

On the seventh day, she rests.

THE THEATRE

Suds

“Scenes and Revelations,” at the Circle in the Square, is a pseudo-play, manufactured by an industrious fledgling named Elan Garonzik. At bottom, which is readily plumbed, it is a soap opera, disguised by incessant flash-forwards and flashbacks, and since from start to finish it contains not a single substantial revelation, the title must be held to be something of a misnomer. Mr. Garonzik originally wrote the play as a “master’s project” while a student at Carnegie-Mellon University, and in one form or another it has subsequently won a number of awards, I suspect for this reason: that it is a sedulous aping of a dozen or so writers of some fame—from time to time, I could hear faint echoes of Chekhov, O’Neill, Wilder, and Williams, to say nothing of James Whitcomb Riley, and even of Lanford Wilson, who is surely too young to be borrowed from in this fashion. The kind of people who judge plays written in drama schools are nearly always the kind of people who welcome tiny shocks of recognition as they make their way through a manuscript; robust novelty tends to put them off their feed. “Scenes and Revelations” is a decorous, paper-thin pastiche, and has no business being in a Broadway house.

The scene is Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the early nineties of the last century. (The author labors under the peculiar misapprehension that Lancastrians of that day would have referred to themselves as living on the East Coast. I can assure him that they felt very far indeed from any coast.) Four sisters in their twenties dwell uneasily together on a farm in the Mennonite countryside; they are themselves Anglican, and so are spiritually at odds with their neighbors. Mother and Father Longnecker—for such is the infelicitous family name—are dead but far from forgotten; we hear constant deep-breathing literary references to their absence. For example, Daughter Helena to Samuel, a local swain, as they stand picking away at their pale emotions in a raspberry patch: “My father planted these raspberries.” Pregnant pause, then, with intense feeling, “He was a wonderful man, you know.” We in the audience are bound to wonder how Samuel can be expected to know this fact about her father. For the old gentleman to have planted raspberries is no doubt admirable, but, in the absence of any other evidence, isn’t “wonderful” a bit strong? The mother is equally dim and equally revered, and so is an Uncle Jacob, who has made a considerable fortune as a weaver of textiles in Manchester, England, and who has invited his nieces to pay him a visit. They chatter wistfully of Manchester, as a smaller number of sisters once chattered wistfully of Moscow, and both at the beginning of the play and at its end we see them setting forth upon that long-postponed and not in the least promising journey.

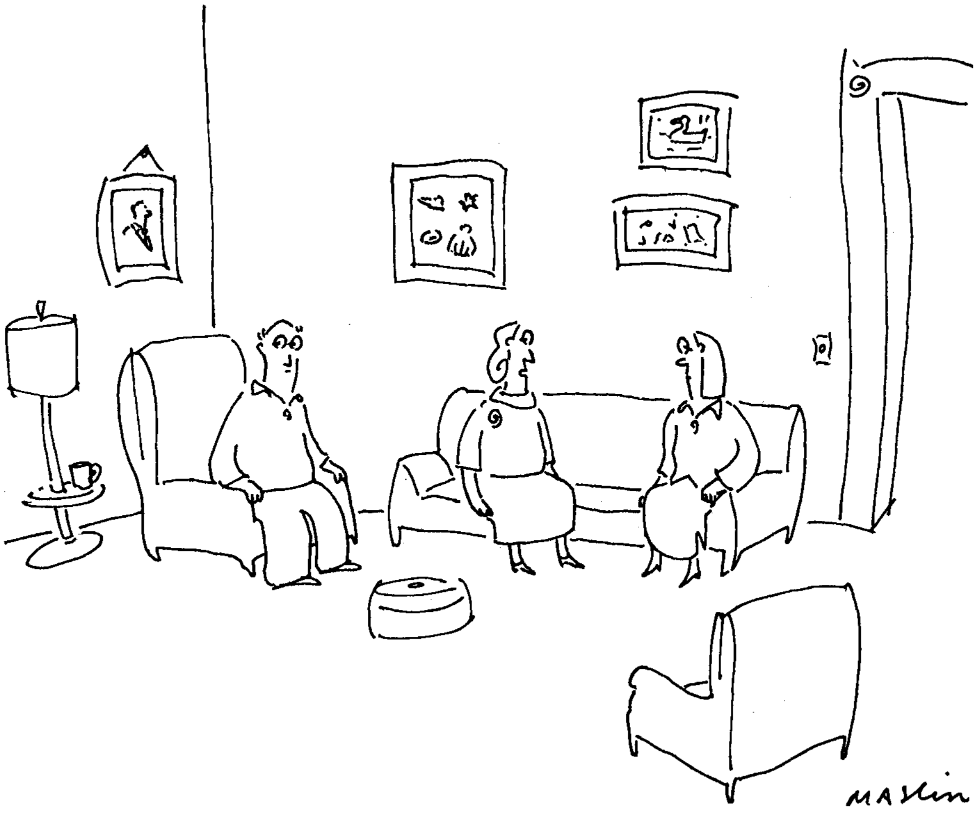
The playwright appears to take a dark view of women; he imagines his heroines as nearly always taking sexual advantage of men and, on the occasions when they are rebuffed, pretending to be victims and responding to their misfortunes with oceans of helpless tears. The male fantasy that dominates the play is that of continuously punishing women for being embodiments of Victorian stereotypes that the author himself unhesitatingly accepts as true. The oddity of this view of the male-female relationship is heightened by having a single actor (Norman Snow) play the different men that the women seek to enslave; he/they is/are in continuous jeopardy, and the one man who outwits a woman by treating her basely is permitted to remain an offstage voice. The woman, of course, goes mad; that is how women are.

The four sisters are played by Christine Lahti, Valerie Mahaffey, Marilyn McIntyre, and Mary-Joan Negro. They have been ill-directed by Sheldon Epps, who, instead of trying to conceal the lack of any authentic action in the play, emphasizes the lack by posing the sisters again and again in *tableaux vivants*. The scenery, by Jane Thurn, consists of a few drab shelves of wood, or wood-colored plastic; the lighting, by William Armstrong, teaches us in no uncertain terms when every scene begins and ends; and the pleasant costumes are by Oleksa. —Brendan Gill

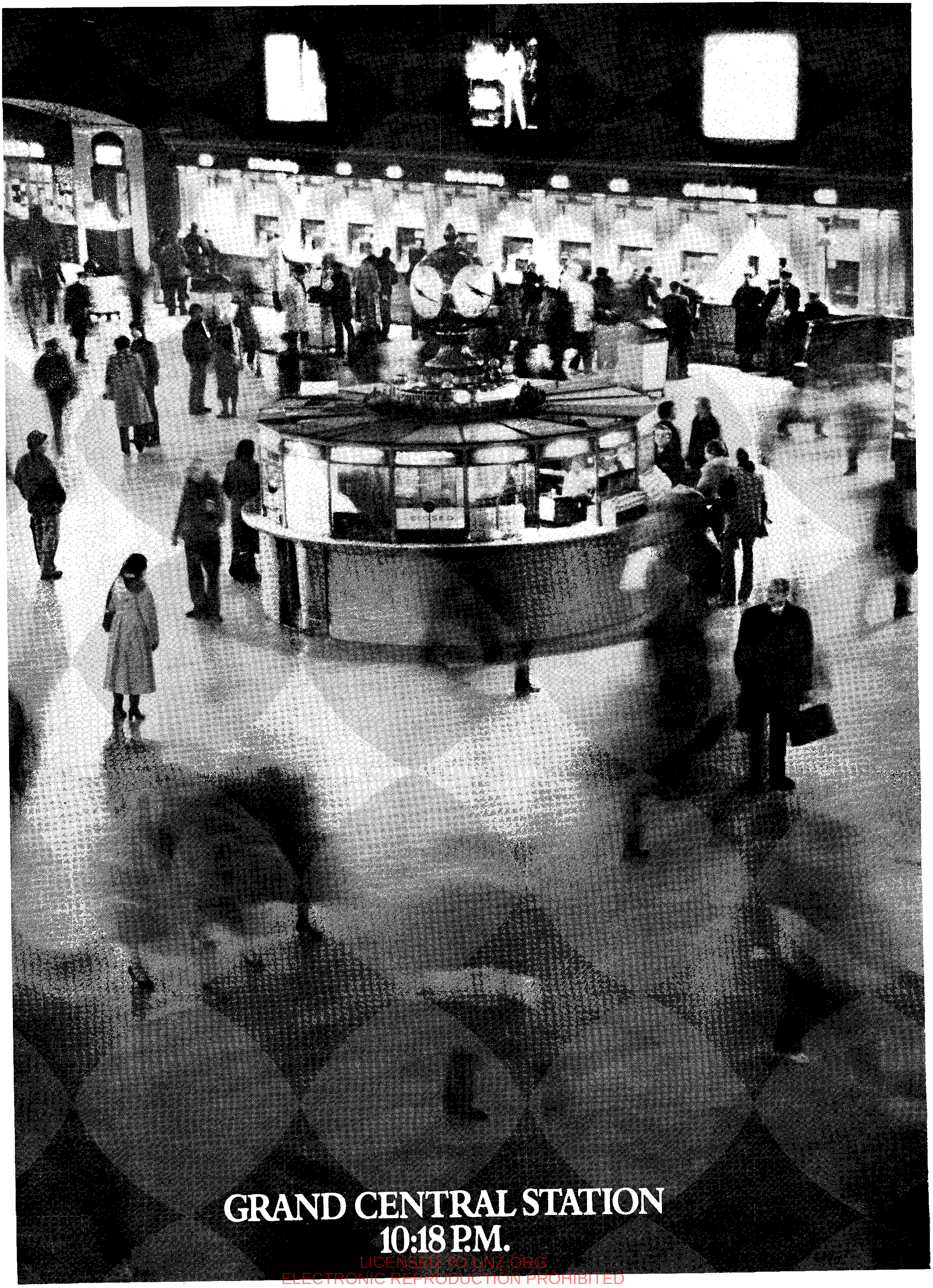
OFF BROADWAY

Reënter Mr. Sloane

“Entertaining Mr. Sloane” was the first of Joe Orton’s high comedies of lowlife. It was produced in London, to great acclaim, in 1964 and here, to general and critical dismay, a year later. Since then, it has become a minor classic, and the dramatist, who was murdered by his homo-



“And now I’d like to call your attention to my husband.”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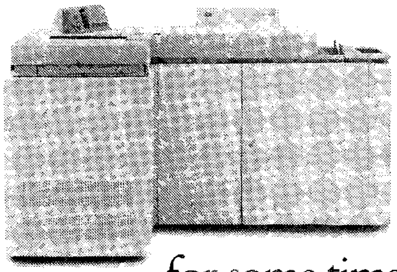

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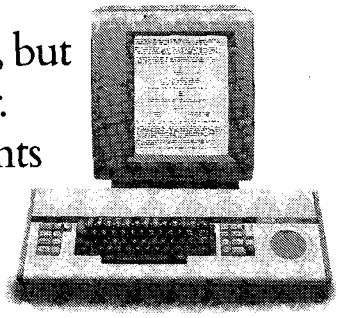

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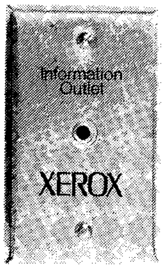

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sexual partner in 1967, has become not only a cult hero but a real, literary hero, as he deserves to be. Now, given the chance to see the play again, in a revival at the Cherry Lane, under the capable direction of John Tillinger, one wonders how so many people in New York could have failed to recognize its quality at once. The lowlifes of "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" are Mr. Sloane himself, a young man with a criminal past and a high potential for criminality; a middle-aged woman with whom he comes to lodge, and who seduces him within minutes of his entrance; her middle-aged brother, a prosperous businessman of some kind, who has an eye and a yen for handsome young men; and her father, a rickety old dotard, who half recognizes Mr. Sloane as the murderer of his former boss and makes the fatal error of accusing him of the crime. The plot deals with the struggle of brother and sister for Mr. Sloane, which ends, perforce, in a tie.

The performance is fine. Every moment is clear, but the sinister element—for this is a horror comedy—that seemed so important fifteen years ago is almost gone now. Perhaps the main difference lies in today's audience, familiar with the play and with Orton's style, and no longer shocked by homo- or heterosexual greed. The other night, everybody accepted the doings onstage with immediate laughter, although things quieted down a bit—just a bit—when Sloane stomped the old man to death. The actors, responding to Mr. Tillinger's sure touch, are very good. Barbara Bryne (new to me but not, apparently, to audiences in Canada or at the Guthrie, in Minneapolis) plays the lady of the house with merciless gentility and merciless innocence, at one point, when her false teeth are supposed to be soaking in the kitchen, giving her lines (what lines!) an extra, mysterious fillip. The stalwart Joseph Maher is subtle and strong and very funny as her avid brother. Gwyllum Evans couldn't be better as their senile, foolhardy father; nor could young Maxwell Caulfield as the handsome, childish, dangerous Mr. S. Mark Haack's setting of the fussy "lounge" of the house looks exactly right, and so do the costumes, by Bill Walker. In the three years that Joe Orton lived after "Entertaining Mr. Sloane," he wrote the great "Loot," "What the Butler Saw," and a couple of one-acters—but what a début! —Edith Oliver

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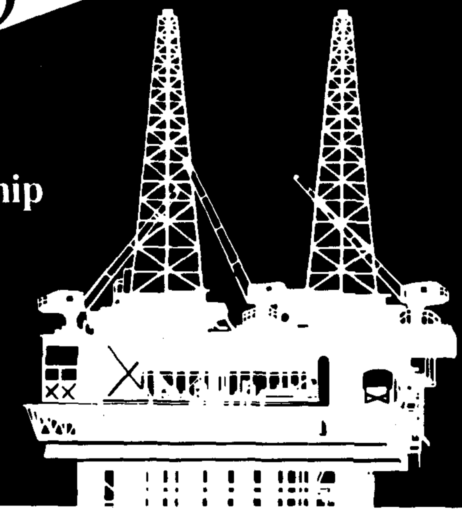

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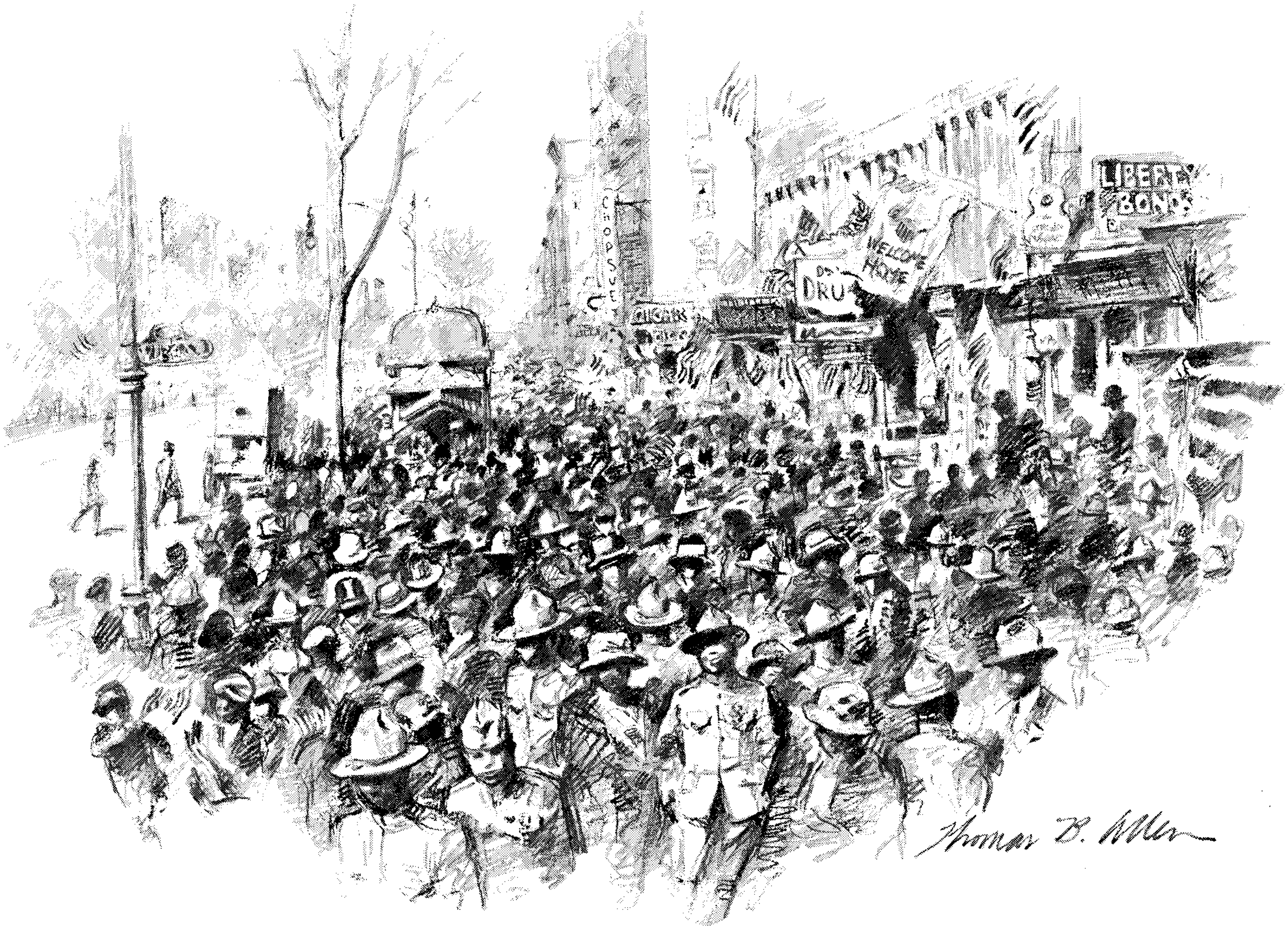
THAT WAS NEW YORK

HARLEM

II—SHAPING A BLACK METROPOLIS



WHEN some nineteenth-century New Yorkers said "Harlem," they meant almost all of Manhattan above Eighty-sixth Street. Toward the end of the century, however, a group of citizens in upper Manhattan—wanting, perhaps, to shape a closer and more precise sense of community—designated a section that *they* wished to have known as Harlem. The chosen area was to be bordered on the north by 155th Street, on the south by 110th Street, on the west by Morningside Drive and St. Nicholas Avenue, and on the east by the East River. This was the Harlem to which blacks were moving in the first decades of the new century as they left their old tenements and settlements on the middle and lower blocks of the West Side.

By 1930, most of Harlem's white population had fled, and blacks inhabited virtually the entire district. "The old Harlem is dead," a former white resident lamented in the mid-twenties. "I lived there all my life until not long ago, when I was squeezed out by the Negro population invading the old section. All the *Gemütlichkeit* of it is gone. Gone are the comfortable *Weinstuben* where one could smoke his pipe and peacefully drink his glass of Rhine wine. Gone is the old *Liedertafel* and the hundred-and-one social organizations, and the *Turnvereine* and the singing clubs where one could pass the evening peacefully. They have all moved elsewhere, and the new places do not have the atmosphere of the old ones. . . . It used to be so pleasant to pass a Harlem street on a summer evening. The young ladies were accompanying their Lieder with the twanging of the soft zither, and the stirring robust melodies from the Lutheran churches used to fill the air on a Sunday. It is all gone now." And in a 1929 issue of *The New Yorker* Arthur Gerald Goldberg, an old resident of Harlem, wrote of his childhood in the district:

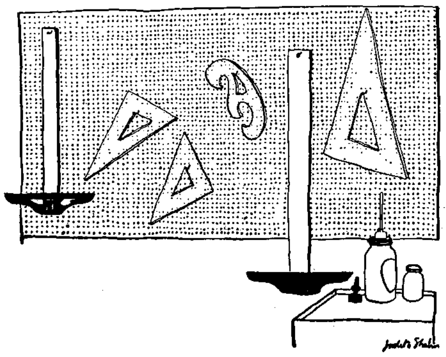
> I can remember, back in the fabulous golden nineties, when Harlem was neither Negro nor Italian. . . .
>
> Harlem had a social life all its own. Our parents, I suppose, used to go downtown occasionally, but my recollection is that there was a self-sufficiency to our life up there that made us somewhat independent of the rest of the city. When my mother went shopping she used to go to Koch's in 125th Street, Harlem's main business thoroughfare. When we went to the theatre we would go to Hammerstein's Columbus Theatre in 125th Street near Park Avenue, or to the magnificent Harlem Opera House.
>
> I still believe that the Harlem Opera House was the handsomest theatre in New York City. It had a large gilded foyer, the like of which is not seen nowadays, in which the Harlem elite would stroll between the acts. Harlemites used to subscribe for Monday night seats much as their more aristocratic neighbors downtown did for the opera. I saw everything there: Irving in "The Bells," Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," Stuart Robson

> in "A Comedy of Errors," Mansfield in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Beau Brummel"—"San Toy," "The Geisha," "The Runaway Girl," the Bostonians in "Robin Hood"—those were the days!
>
> After the show we would go over to the Harlem Casino and watch our parents drink genuine Pilsner beer while we were allowed the luxury of lemonade or ginger ale. These places are dim, almost forgotten names to me now, the Harlem Casino, Hollanders', and, years later, Pabst's.
>
> On Sunday morning my father took me driving up Seventh Avenue, past farms and rocky shanty-covered cliffs, across Macomb's Dam Bridge to Jerome Avenue, where we would watch the trotting races. Then we would drop in to Huber's Road House. . . .
>
> That was Harlem—the vanished Harlem of the pleasant, placid nineties.

As the community became predominantly black, the very word "Harlem" seemed to lose its old meaning. At times, it was easy to forget that "Harlem" was originally the Dutch name "Haarlem;" that the community it described had been founded by people from Holland; and that for most of its three centuries—it was first settled in the sixteen-hundreds—it had been occupied by white New Yorkers. "Harlem" became synonymous with black life and black style in Manhattan. Blacks living there used the word as though they had coined it themselves —not only to designate *their* area of residence but to express their sense of the various qualities of its life and atmosphere. As the years passed, "Harlem" assumed an even larger meaning. In the words of Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., the pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Harlem "became the symbol of liberty and the Promised Land to Negroes everywhere." In August of 1925, a writer for *The Saturday Evening Post* reported, "Harlem . . . draws immigrants from every country in the world that has a colored population, either large or small. . . . Ambitious and talented colored youth on every continent look forward to reaching Harlem. It is the Mecca for all those who seek Opportunity with a capital O." The sight of Harlem, said a black novelist in the nineteen-twenties, "gives any Negro security." And in 1930 Eslanda Goode Robeson wrote, in a biography of her husband, Paul Robeson, "Only Negroes *belong* in Harlem . . . it is a place they can call home."

A "Promised Land to Negroes everywhere" was bound, in time, to become overcrowded; and this squeeze occurred during the nineteen-thirties, when it seemed as though blacks from every part of the country and every part of the globe were living there. "The most populous city block in the United States and probably in the world is bounded by Seventh and Lenox Avenues and 142nd and 143rd Streets," A. J. Liebling wrote in 1937. "For number of human beings to the cubic foot, the block in Harlem is without a serious rival." As the black population spilled across one or two of the borders that had been defined by those former white residents—as it extended west, across Morningside Drive and St. Nicholas Avenue, and north, toward Washington Heights—people began to say that Harlem was spreading. This only meant, of course, that *blacks were moving into areas that* were previously all white, and into sections of Washington Heights, west of Amsterdam Avenue, that were not formally regarded as being parts of Harlem. As a black businessman said in 1920, "the natural boundaries of Harlem will be the limits of Negro property expansion." In other words, Harlem would be almost any place uptown, above 110th Street, where there were noticeable concentrations of blacks. This remained true as late as 1966. That year, the novelist Ralph Ellison—a native of Oklahoma who moved to Manhattan in 1936—appeared before a congressional committee, and he began his testimony by saying, "I live in New York City, on Riverside Drive at 150th Street. It isn't exactly Harlem, but Harlem has a way of expanding. It goes where Negroes go, or where we go in certain numbers. So some of us think of it as Harlem, though it is really Washington Heights."

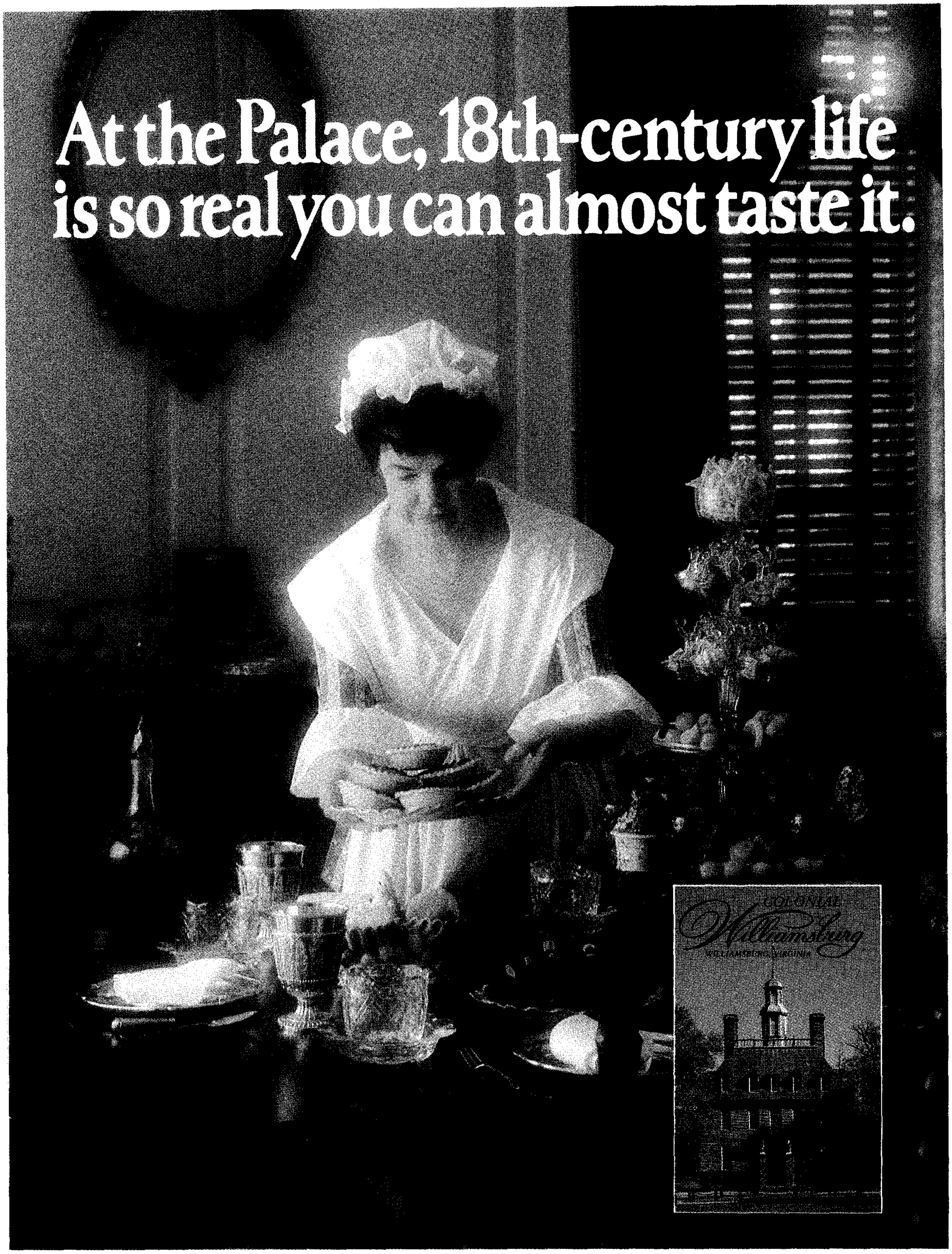
IN 1911, Harlem was still a good way from being all black. Negroes then lived in a relatively small section —on various blocks from 130th to 140th Streets between Fifth and Seventh Avenues. Much of the area east of Fifth, and as far south as 110th Street, was called East Harlem, and was occupied mostly by Italian and Jewish immigrants. Years later, it became one of the main centers of Manhattan's Hispanic community. The small black section in central Harlem shortly before the First World War was generally described as the black belt—especially by whites who still hoped that it could be kept from expanding. They hoped in vain.



The success of men like John M. Royall, John E. Nail, Philip A. Payton, Jr., and Henry C. Parker—black real-estate brokers who prospered from having opened the gates of Harlem to blacks—fathered a host of black real-estate agents, who exploited and accelerated the movement uptown. *Between 1911 and 1922, almost all the* major black churches moved to Harlem. So did social and theatrical clubs; college fraternities and sororities; the black Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A.; black Democratic and Republican politicians and their clubhouses; and black branches of such fraternal organizations as the Masons, the Elks, the Pythians, and the Oddfellows. Migrants from the South and other parts of America streamed in, as did thousands from the West Indies, Africa, and Latin America. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Urban League, and Socialist and black-nationalist organizations opened offices in Harlem. Major black newspapers—notably the *Age* and the *Amsterdam News*—moved their plants and editorial offices to the district. Along with them came such leading black journalists as Fred R. Moore, Jerome B. Petersen, George Harris, T. Thomas Fortune, James Weldon Johnson, Lester Walton, and William Melvin Kelly, Sr. Musicians, actors, popular entertainers of all sorts, lawyers, doctors, preachers, and businessmen moved uptown to live and work.

As whites surrendered to the "invasion" and gradually abandoned Harlem for areas more to their liking, the black belt broadened further. In 1914, according to the historian Gilbert Osofsky, "Negroes lived in some 1,100 houses within a twenty-three-block area of Harlem." He was using figures from a National Urban League survey, which estimated the black population to be nearly fifty thousand. That year, the magazine *The Outlook*, in an article titled "A Negro City in New York," carried this report:

> In one district in New York City a Negro population equal in numbers to the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> inhabitants of Dallas, Texas, or Springfield, Massachusetts, lives, works, and pursues its ideals almost as a separate entity from the great surrounding metropolis. Here Negro merchants ply their trade; Negro professional men follow their various vocations; their children are educated; the poor, sick, and orphan of the race are cared for; churches, newspapers, and banks flourish heedless of those, outside this Negro community, who resent its presence in a white city. . . .
>
> If one stands at the corner of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, in four directions can be seen rows of apartments or flat houses all inhabited by Negroes. This is virtually the center of the community. The houses are in good repair; windows, entrances, halls, sidewalks, and streets are clean, and the houses comfortable and respectable inside to a degree not often found in a workingman's locality. The ground floor of the buildings in every case is occupied by a store or business office. Here and there one sees the name of some Nationally known firm whose agent, always a Negro, has opened a branch business among the people of his own race.

The *Age* was then one of the oldest and certainly the largest of the black newspapers in New York City. (Founded as the *Rumor*, it had later been renamed the *Globe* and then the *Freeman* before becoming the *Age*.) Possibly, it was the largest journal of its kind in the country, for it called itself "The National Negro Weekly." It was also one of the main forces behind the growth of a black community in Harlem. In 1914, the *Age* had not yet moved uptown—it did so in 1919—but from its offices, at 247 West Forty-sixth Street, in the Tenderloin district, it had been calling Negro attention to the new frontier of Harlem, running almost all the real-estate advertising aimed at blacks, lecturing them on the advantages of building a fine neighborhood of their own, and training a severe eye on all forms of conduct that it deemed harmful to the kind of community it wished to see develop. When the *Age* urged its readers to look to the wonderful opportunities that Harlem presented, it was not addressing the common people. It spoke to ordinary blacks only when it was displeased or embarrassed by aspects of their conduct—as when, in June of 1910, the paper declared itself "mortified" by the news that immoral people were moving into apartments and tenements in Harlem. They "should be driven out by whatever means necessary," the paper said, and it went on to denounce the amount of loitering, loud and vulgar talk, and "skylarking and other disgusting amateur athletics" that took place on

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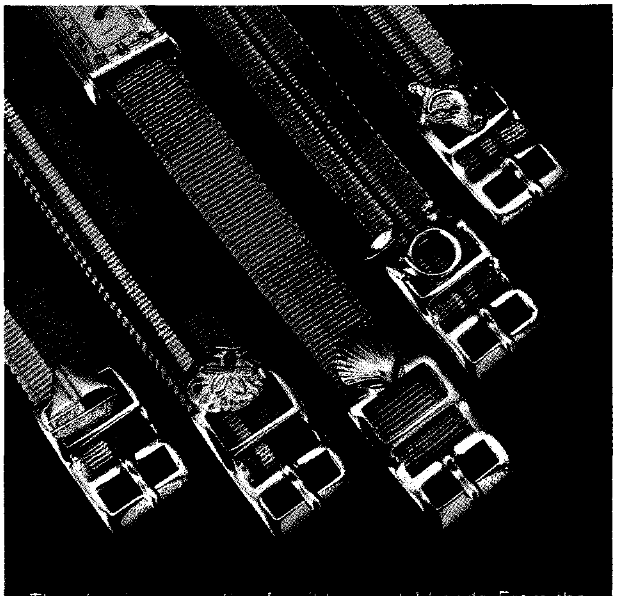

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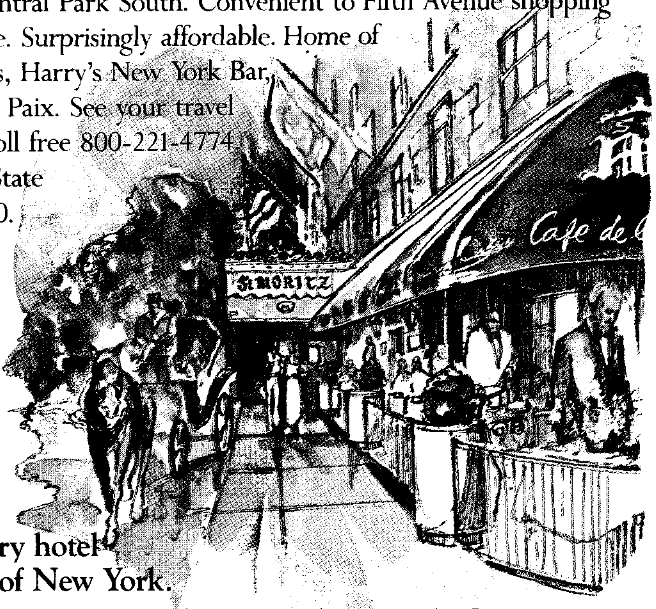


The legendary hotel in the heart of New York.

St. Moritz on the Park
A HELMSLEY HOTEL
50 Central Park South, New York 10019

street corners. Such behavior, the *Age* said, "hurts the race."

The *Age* appears to have been written chiefly for those blacks who were being "hurt" by the conduct it criticized—the people it liked to call "the better element of the race." These were the professionals, the businessmen, the conspicuous achievers, and others of exemplary social, moral, and religious background. One of its readers wrote to the editor in October of 1912, "The New York *Age* . . . finds men of value in the great heaps scattered all about us; it recognizes ability; it crowns merit; it contends that only the highest and the best in our civilization shall be given prominence, and never falters to do honor to the men who can do things honorably." It was mainly to such people that the *Age* was speaking when it encouraged blacks to migrate to Harlem—when it promoted Harlem as a sedate community of homes and "a gold mine" for enterprising black professionals and businessmen. As such, the paper represented one of the prevailing tendencies in the black cultural and political leadership of that era. The *Age*, conservative and Republican, was one of the major Northern advocates of Booker T. Washington's practical programs for black self-reliance and economic progress—or "uplift," a term that was then commonly used. Washington, who until 1915, the year of his death, was the nation's most powerful black Republican, was a shareholder in the *Age*—although Fred R. Moore, its editor, did not wish the fact to be publicly known. The paper made no attempt, however, to conceal its enthusiasm for Washington and his policies. "The *Age*," it said of itself in 1923, "has always believed with Booker T. Washington that the future development of the race is in large measure dependent upon economic development of the individual, and for this reason has given much space in its news and editorial columns to the need of business development within the race. . . . It has never been a sensational paper, and believes in cleanliness and accuracy. . . . It numbers among its subscribers and readers the better element of the race."

Moore, a self-made man, was a good example of the old-style newspaper editor, full of fight, right-mindedness, and stern Victorian sermons. But he was primarily a businessman, excited by dividends and other results of efficient management. Light-skinned, and of medium height and build, he was born in Virginia in 1857 and grew up in Washington, D.C., where, as a young man, he worked as a messenger in the Treasury Department. On moving to New York around 1888, he worked as a messenger in the Western National Bank and then as a delivery clerk for the New York Clearing House. In 1893, he turned to real estate, and founded the Afro-American Investment & Building Company. In this position, he displayed abilities that caught the eye of Booker T. Washington, who appointed him an organizer of the National Negro Business League, which Washington formed in 1900 to encourage commercial enterprise among blacks. Moore, who had been a student of Washington's philosophy for some time, could hardly have been better suited to his new job. Blacks must "learn to value money and study thoroughly the plan of investment," he told a convention of the Business League in 1904. Three years later, in partnership with Washington, Moore acquired control of the *Age* from T. Thomas Fortune, its founding editor.

Moore and the *Age* were not alone in advocating business enterprise among blacks in Harlem. Clergymen—and Moore might so easily have been one—also preached the gospel of investment and profit. In October of 1912, Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., urged members of his Abyssinian Baptist congregation to "go into business on a larger scale in Harlem." Powell "produced figures showing that $4,500,000 is spent in the Harlem district for food, clothes, and shoes alone, twenty per cent of which . . . is profit," the *Age* said. "Dr. Powell stated that no race can ever become rich by saving its money." To some degree, the appeals to Negro business enterprise were successful. In 1914, as *The Outlook* reported that year, several black professionals and entrepreneurs were operating in Harlem. On West 135th Street, George Harris, who was a graduate of Harvard, and later became the first black alderman elected from Harlem, edited the *News*, a weekly paper he had founded. Its staff of twelve included graduates of Dartmouth and the University of Chicago. There were twenty physicians, fifteen lawyers, eight dentists, twenty-five registered nurses, four pharmacists, and two architects in the black community. "From the juncture of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue can be seen the business signs of Negroes and Negro firms whose holdings and interests reach an aggregate of four million dollars," the magazine said. But there was less to the picture than met the eye. A number of the "business signs of Negroes and Negro firms" were just signs, for though such businesses may have been run by blacks, they were in fact owned by whites. In 1916, the *Age* reported, there were a hundred and forty-five businesses on the Negro stretch of Lenox Avenue, only twenty-three per cent of them owned and operated by blacks. The percentage increased gradually, however, and in 1921 the *Age* was able to report that "about eighty per cent" of the businesses on 135th Street between Lenox and Seventh Avenues were owned by blacks. Though the early black-owned businesses were small in size and number, never before had so many of them sprung up in any one section of Manhattan. Along 135th Street (from Fifth to Seventh Avenues) and Lenox Avenue (from 130th to 140th Streets), there were grocery stores, meat markets, restaurants, bakeries, and candy and cigar stores; barber shops, beauty parlors, dress and shoe shops, tailor shops, drugstores, and real-estate and employment agencies; furniture movers, ice-coal-and-wood dealers, small hotels, laundries, and whitewashing and calcimining outfits. In 1920, three of the larger businesses were the Verbena Perfumery Company, on Lenox Avenue, which exported to Central America and the West Indies; the Lafayette Dress Company, on Seventh Avenue; and Thomas & Thomas, on 135th Street, which imported cocoa, nutmeg, cinnamon, sarsaparilla bark, and other spices from the West Indies.

The leaders of the church and the press who had urged blacks to open businesses in Harlem, as a means of advancing themselves and the cause of the race generally, had neglected to appeal to black customers for their support. That was a mistake. Several black businesses offered services that could not be obtained elsewhere in Harlem. But wherever black customers had a choice a considerable number of them turned to white establishments, even when—as was often the case—such establishments did not welcome their patronage. A Harlem newspaper reported at one stage, "Many of the white businessmen boast of the fact that Negroes will support their businesses whether they are discriminated against or not, and although some of the drygoods merchants on 7th and 8th Avenues receive the bulk of their business from the colored customers, they often tell advertising solicitors from the colored papers that they are not interested in colored trade and want no more of it than they now have." One black resident noted in 1914 that every nationality was "making money out of Negroes in Harlem—except Negroes."

Various reasons were given for this circumstance. "One great handicap is that our people have never been accustomed to trading with Negro merchants," the president of the Colored Men's Business Association said in 1916. "That has created a prejudice which it is hard to overcome. There are many loyal and truehearted race men and women who would give their custom to Negro merchants, but it never occurs to them that a race merchant can supply their needs." But black customers had reasons of their own for dealing with white businessmen. "In patronizing the Negro merchant," one of them said, "we often have to accept an article different from the kind wanted . . . his stock is not complete, and in most cases we are simply informed that the article wanted is not in stock and no effort is made to cater to the prospective customer by securing it." Another customer felt that "the Negro merchant does not appreciate our trade," and explained, "He seems to think that simply because he is a Negro all Negroes must trade with him, and he becomes rude and insulting if you are not satisfied with his attitude." A third said, "I am willing to patronize Negro merchants, even to the extent of paying a few cents more than the same article would cost elsewhere; but he has no conception of the courtesy due customers, and in most cases he is absolutely unreliable in fulfilling his promises, especially of delivery."

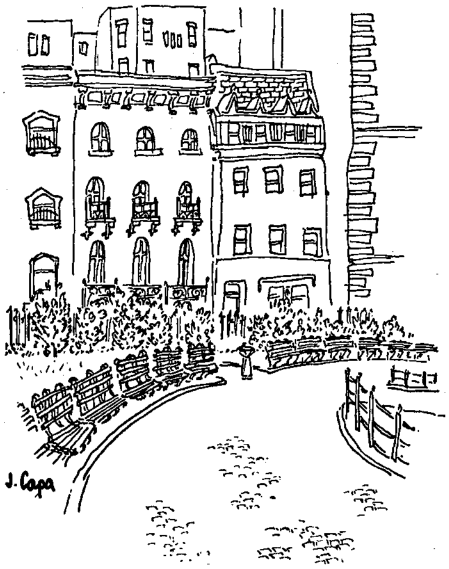
THE Harlem that black clergymen and editorial writers envisioned—a sedate, industrious, and morally upright community of businesses and homes—was not wholly the one that took shape. Along with businessmen, professionals, and other "better" elements of the race, there migrated to Harlem much of the vice and crime from the Tenderloin and San Juan Hill districts downtown, where the majority of blacks had been living. In April of 1911, when the "unwelcome" elements in Harlem were increasing, the *Age* devoted two editorials to the subject, both titled "Clean 'Em Out." The first said:

> Street-walking women and the animals that live upon their dirty money and boldly loaf in the path of good people must go. And decent people who harbor low characters and sustain their crimes, they must go. . . .
>
> Take Harlem. What could be made the ideal city of law-abiding, frugal, industrious, decent Negroes, is infested by the dance-hall harlot and the diamond-decked lover. . . .
>
> Information reaches us that one of the notorious sporting-house keepers in this city, whose houses are already places of shame, seeks to lease a beautiful private house in a recently acquired block in Harlem for "hotel" purposes. . . .
>
> We seek no unnecessary struggle. We seek no fame. We seek no title of reformer, but we do set our sign against the effrontery of vice and the insolence of crime.

The second editorial, a week later, said:

> The princes of shame . . . boldly unfurled their banner . . . marching in triumph from the deserted Tenderloin to Harlem, there to parade, unafraid, in the highways.
>
> Our seeming deeper concern for Harlem is due to a desire to check the spread of evil in that section. . . . Harlem must be saved, because Harlem, an important section of it, is to be always the center of the colored population of our city. Our churches will someday be planted there. The home-owners are already there, and thousands of good people have taken apartments there. . . . The children are there, the business houses are there. The social workers are there. Therefore, Harlem is worth fighting for. It deserves the jealous protection of all good men.

A month earlier, the *Harlem Home News*, a white publication, observed that "Harlem is evidently the burglar's as well as the holdup man's 'meal ticket.' " The paper did not disclose the racial identity of any specific offenders, but there may have been a clue in what it quoted a white resident as saying: "I favor lynching the scamps." An investigator employed by the National League for the Protection of Colored Women found in 1911 that black street gangs were springing up in Harlem—"organized for the defense of the colored boys against similar gangs of poor white boys." These gangs went by names like the Harlem Rats, the Harlem Black Devils, the Broad Shoulders and Caps, and the Harlem Hoboes.



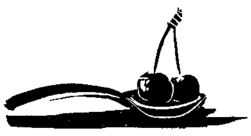
Saloons were among the "unwelcome" elements that accompanied the migration from the black Tenderloin to Harlem. Though Harlem had always had some saloons, they multiplied when the black "invasion" began. Blacks were opening saloons of their own, and, to exploit the growing black trade, more whites than before were entering the saloon business. In 1914, the *Age* noted that Harlem was "infested" with saloons and that they prospered by catering chiefly to blacks. A year later, Eugene Kinckle Jones, a leading official of the National Urban League, estimated that there were ninety-eight saloons and liquor stores in Harlem. It was bad enough that there were so many of them—doing business even on Sundays—but they also served women, and this, in the minds of community leaders, was the worst aspect of the liquor trade.

Black saloonkeepers had more than moral censure to worry about: their drinking places were not doing nearly as well as the white-owned ones, for, as the white saloonkeepers and other white businessmen discovered, many black customers preferred to spend their money in white establishments. One of the few black saloons that did well among black patrons was Barron Wilkins' Astoria Café, on 134th Street at Seventh Avenue. John W. Connor, who ran an ailing business at the Royal Café, on West 135th Street, was heard to complain, "If those who drink liquor would only visit colored saloons in large numbers as they do white saloons, the colored saloon men would soon be in a position to compete with any bar in New York. They say we do not carry this brand or that brand; neither did some of the white saloons in the beginning. But colored people, in buying from their own people, do not seem to be as lenient and patient as with the white tradesmen. . . . Today I can show you saloon after saloon in Harlem where colored men congregate in large numbers all day, and only a few years ago the Negro's money was not wanted under any circumstances. But as soon as the proprietors of these places found it would be necessary to cater to the colored people to make money . . . Negroes forgot all about past discriminations. . . . The colored barbershops are loyally supported, but I should hate to see Italians open barbershops for colored in Harlem. You would find them crowded with Negroes." To stimulate business, black saloonkeepers began offering nonalcoholic inducements to potential customers. Reorganizing their establishments, they set aside special rooms where groups were invited to gather for small social affairs, sip light beverages, and listen to music—an innovation that evolved gradually into the great Harlem cabarets of later years. In 1914, Connor announced that in the afternoons and evenings, from two to eight, his Royal Café would be serving tea and cocoa, and patrons would be entertained with ragtime music. These affairs were called afternoon teas, and were so successful that other saloons began presenting them as well. The Harlem branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was said to be jubilant at this sober turn of events.

Not long after Connor introduced his afternoon teas, Barron Wilkins took the experiment a step further. At his Astoria Café, he began presenting tango teas, which were livelier than the afternoon teas. Guests were free to sip, chat, and listen to music, if that was all they cared to do, but if they were inclined to try more active forms of enjoyment they were welcome to take a turn on the dance floor, where professionals had been hired to demonstrate and teach one of the latest dances, the tango. Although the beverages remained nonalcoholic, the ladies of the Temperance Union cannot have been pleased with the new arrangement; they must surely have felt that wherever popular dancing appeared liquor was not far behind. In fact, considering where the tango teas were being held—in the side rooms of saloons and cafés—liquor was virtually there already.

Tango teas, which spread to other drinking places, gave employment to a number of up-and-coming black performers. In 1914, the young Goldie Cisco—who in 1921 danced in the chorus line of Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle's all-black Broadway musical "Shuffle Along"—was one of those who demonstrated the tango at Barron Wilkins' café. At Leroy's Café—which was on West 135th Street, and was owned by Leroy Wilkins (a brother of Barron Wilkins)—Mamie Sharp, a popular song stylist of the period, was to be heard singing "I'm Crazy About My Tango Man." And on other tango evenings, in other cafés, other vocalists were to be heard in renditions of "That's Why I'm Loving Someone Else Today," "When You Play in the Game of Love," "Back to the Carolina You Love," and "Every Girl Is My Girl."

Tango teas were only one of the symptoms of Harlem's infatuation with the tango. Dance fans were flocking to the Palace Casino, at 135th Street just off Fifth Avenue, and the Manhattan Casino (later renamed the Rockland Palace), at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, to attend tango picnics, tango contests, and tango balls. New York, in a heady prewar fling, was embracing what were called "modern" dances. Especially among white socialites downtown, these dances were replacing the old polka, schottische, and cakewalk. And what was true of white socialites downtown was true of black ones uptown as well. But among the masses of Harlem the tango was more of a fad—a fashionable diversion, or classy respite, from such animated and risqué rhythms of the popular dance floor as the black bottom, the grizzly bear, the eagle rock, the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the Texas Tommy, scratchin' the gravel, and ballin' the jack. It was to these that the decorous white citizens of Harlem were referring when they used the term "nigger" dances. Willie (the Lion) Smith, one of the pioneering jazz pianists of Harlem, recalled several years later, "Some of these dances were pretty wild. They called them 'hug me close,' 'the shiver,' 'hump-back rag' . . . 'the lovers' walk.' These were just some of the frantic dances that were beginning to replace the dignified cakewalking struts." The masses of Harlem took to the tango partly because it was new, partly because they liked its association with high society, partly because they realized that black musicians had contributed something to its development and popularity, and partly, no doubt, because they wished to show that they, too, were capable of meeting its demand for controlled and elegant movement at a quick tempo.



Today, the dance steps that the masses once preferred may be as extinct as the cakewalk, the polka, and the schottische. They survive mainly in the heads of people, now quite old, who used to dance them or in the history books of popular dancing. In one of these books—"Jazz Dance," by Marshall and Jean Stearns—the turkey trot is described as "a fast, marching one-step, arms pumping at the side, with occasional arm flappings emulating a crazed turkey." Of the Texas Tommy, another book—"Dancing and Dancers of Today," by Caroline and Charles Caffin—says, "Dancers are perhaps more acrobatic than eccentric . . . the whirl which spins his partner towards the footlights with such momentum that without aid she must assuredly fly across them, must be nicely adjusted so that in neither force nor direction shall she escape the restraining grasp of his hand outstretched just at the right moment to arrest her." (From this description, the Texas Tommy seems to have prefigured the Lindy Hop, which was invented in Harlem in the late nineteen-twenties, and was one of the most famous dance steps associated with the history of the community. In fact, according to Ethel Williams, a black performer who did both dances, the Texas Tommy "*was* like the Lindy.")

A number of the vernacular steps that the black masses favored were also popular in the clubs and cabarets of downtown Manhattan, where the prewar "modern" dances enjoyed their strongest vogue. The meeting of these cultural styles and their impact on the social conventions of the period are described by Lloyd Morris in his book "Incredible New York":

> In a cabaret, little tables were massed around a large central space, where a show was put on by singers and teams of professional dancers, and where the patrons also danced. No matter where you went, you saw couples leaving their tables, their food and champagne to push onto the dance floor. There, locked in a tight embrace, they moved through the startling figures of the Texas Tommy, the bunny hug, the grizzly bear, the turkey trot, the one-step, or the tango. Never before had well-bred people seen—much less performed—such flagrantly salacious contortions. Yet, as a popular song declared, "everybody's doing it. . . ."

The cabarets and the scandalous "modern dances" set off a hurricane of pro-

> test. Outraged conservatives, clergymen, educators, social workers, editors of newspapers joined in a massive attack. They were stirred to wrath by “vice,” by “immorality,” openly condoned and participated in by New York’s “best people.”... Few of these enraged protesters foresaw that the new night life and the new dances were to help bring about a revolution in morals, manners, fashions in clothes, social customs.... At all the cabarets you saw lines of men and women, in full evening attire, held back by a velvet rope and a stern head waiter who was busily checking their names against his list of advance reservations.... You heard “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” wherever you went, and its snappy rhythm made you want to shake your shoulders and your feet.

Negro syncopation—the music as well as the men who played it—had no small influence on the evolution of styles that was taking place in prewar Manhattan, or on the early development of Irving Berlin, the composer of “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” It was from black stage shows that some of the lively dance steps had found their way into white cabarets. One of these shows was “Darktown Follies,” which opened at the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem in 1913. The production, James Weldon Johnson wrote some time later, “drew space, headlines, and cartoons in the New York papers; and consequently it became the vogue to go to Harlem to see it . . . the beginning of the nightly migration to Harlem in search of entertainment.” One of those who went up to Harlem to see “Darktown Follies” was Florenz Ziegfeld, and, impressed by the production, he bought the rights to part of the show in order to use it in his downtown Follies. What chiefly captured Ziegfeld’s fancy was a number titled “At the Ball,” in which the entire cast appeared and danced a rousing version of ballin’ the jack. Ethel Williams, one of the stars, said later, “I’d ‘ball the jack’ on the end of the line every way you could think of—and when the curtain came down I’d put my hand out from behind the curtain and ‘ball the jack’ with my fingers.”

The moral spokesmen for the black community were as severely outraged by the dance craze as were those in the rest of Manhattan. “The Negro race is dancing itself to death,” Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., said in 1914. “You can see the effect of the tango, the Chicago, the turkey trot, the Texas Tommy, and ragtime music not only in their conversations but in the movement of their bodies about the home and on the street. Grace and modesty are becoming rare virtues.” These virtues were very much on the mind of the *Age* two years later, when it commented on women entertainers who were “extremely careless about their attitudes and actions in dancing” and men who were “equally careless as to the character and nature of the songs they sang.”

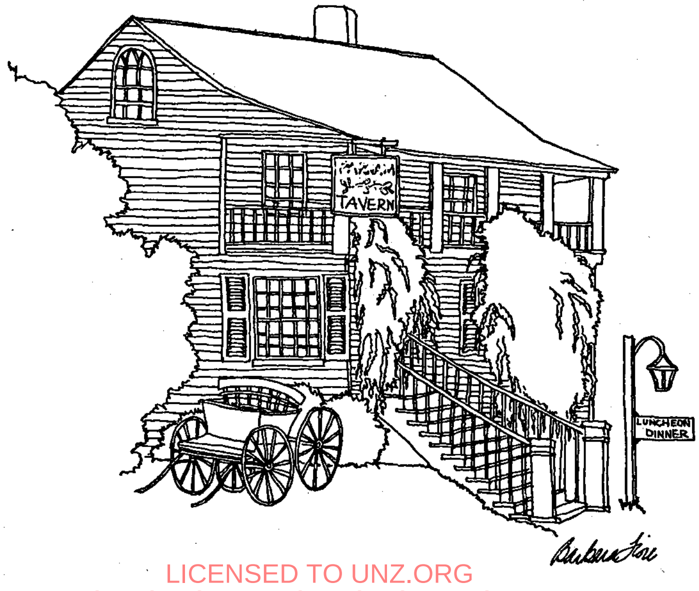
THE leaders of the “modern”-dance movement in Manhattan—especially among the ballroom and parlor set—were a white couple, Vernon and Irene Castle. As the Texas Tommy prefigured the Lindy Hop, so the Castles, especially Irene, foreshadowed the gaiety and social mutinies of the jazz age. According to Lloyd Morris, the Castles “transformed the dance craze from a transient mania into a permanent element of American civilization.” In “Incredible New York” the author continues:

> The Castles were not only national idols, but national arbiters of etiquette. You went to study them at their small, smart supper room, Sans Souci, or at Castles in the Air, a cabaret where they danced once every evening.... The cult of joy was a serious matter, and it involved the elderly and middle-aged as well as the young.... Meanwhile, dainty Irene Castle was setting sartorial fashion. Because Castle dances were mildly acrobatic, she had bobbed her hair, replaced unyielding corsets by an elastic girdle, substituted silk bloomers and a slip for petticoats, adopted short, light, flowing frocks. Imitated on Fifth and Park Avenues, these radical innovations soon produced a nationwide revolution in feminine attire. The final collapse of a whaleboned morality was signalized by “the new lingerie, in which everything is combined in one garment, easily slipped on.” And—as the wild younger generation soon discovered—just as easily slipped off.

The orchestra of James Reese Europe, the best-known of the black bands in New York, was almost the only one that the Castles danced to—at Harlem’s Manhattan Casino, in the clubs and cabarets downtown, at society balls, or on extended tours of the United States. The partnership was mutually profitable: the Castles attracted as much attention to Europe’s orchestra as they gained from dancing to it. Europe not only played the Castles’ favorite music, he also wrote much of it—compositions like the innovation trot, the lame-duck waltz, the half and half, the Castle-house rag, the Castle walk, and the foxtrot (the last arranged from a composition by W. C. Handy). Europe’s music, Irene Castle said near the end of her career, “was the only music that completely made me forget the effort of the dance.”

The orchestra was then called the Tempo Club, an offshoot of the Clef Club, which Europe founded in 1910. Noble Sissle, who joined the group in 1916, once said that James Europe was “the Duke Ellington of his time.” In March of 1914, the *Evening Post* called him “one of the most remarkable men, not only of his race, but in the music world of this country.” Though Europe was not the handsome and urbane figure that Ellington was, he did have a striking appearance. He was strongly built, often sported a white suit and white shoes, and, wearing small, round, wire-framed glasses, had the look of a starchy rural schoolmaster—grave, studious, businesslike, and censorious. Irene Castle thought he was “a very commanding figure when he faced his men.”

Like many of the successful and influential blacks then living in Manhattan, Europe was not a native New Yorker. He was born in Mobile, Alabama, in 1881, and grew up in Washington, D.C. He studied the violin under Enrico Hurlei, an assistant director of the United States Marine Band, and in 1904 he moved to New York and settled on the West Side. There he played and conducted for some of the



popular black musical comedies of the time and was a member of a black vaudeville élite that gathered at the Marshall Hotel, on West Fifty-third Street.

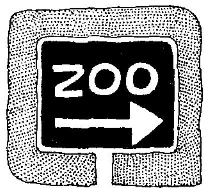
On West Fifty-third, in a building opposite the Marshall, Europe formed the Clef Club, an organization of New York musicians. (Noble Sissle, who knew a number of the original Clef Club men, said they "were wonderful musicians and singers, but very few of them read music." A writer in Harlem was to wonder why Europe had given the name Clef Club to "a musical association of colored men who could not read notes.") In 1910, when Europe founded the club, he wanted merely to provide a central hiring place for the black musicians of the city. They were then badly disorganized and were poorly paid by the ballrooms, hotels, restaurants, clubs, and private families that hired them from time to time. Calls for their services would be sent in to various barbershops, saloons, and poolrooms of the Tenderloin, where their names were well known. The Clef Club not only served as a main booking office for these musicians but also fixed the contractual terms of their work.

From among those who registered, Europe picked the men who made up his Clef Club Orchestra, a pioneering big band and the most remarkable group of its kind that New York had yet seen. Of its first public performance, at Harlem's Manhattan Casino, in 1910, the *Age's* theatre critic wrote, "Never has such a large and efficient body of colored musicians appeared together in New York City in a concert . . . nearly one hundred in all." A flyer advertising another concert, also at the Manhattan Casino, listed almost a hundred and fifty instruments. They included fifty mandolins, thirty harp guitars, ten banjos, twenty violins, a saxophone, ten cellos, five clarinets, five flutes, five bass violins, three timpani and drums, two organs, and ten pianos. In 1913, in a concert that brought ragtime to Carnegie Hall, the Clef Club drew these raves from the magazine *The Craftsman:*

> Few white people had ever heard of the orchestra . . . a band of a hundred and twenty-five members . . . this concert really formed an epoch in the musical life of the Negro and also in the development of Negro music. . . .
>
> It was an astonishing sight . . . that filled the entire stage with banjos . . . eloquent in syncopation. . . . As one looked through the audience, one saw heads swaying and feet tapping in time to the . . . rhythm, and when the march neared the end and the whole band burst out singing as well as playing, the novelty of this climax . . . brought a very storm of tumultuous applause.

In 1914, when certain conflicts developed among the Clef Club's membership, Europe resigned as leader and organized a smaller orchestra, which he called the Tempo Club. This was the group to which the Castles danced, and which entertained some of New York's and America's richest families.

JUST as Duke Ellington later hesitated to describe his music as jazz, James Reese Europe had an aversion to the term "ragtime." He preferred to say he played "syncopated rhythms" or "the music of the American Negro." In 1909, when the *Age* quoted John Philip Sousa as saying that ragtime was dead, Europe replied that "there never was any such music as ragtime." That term, he said, was "merely a nickname or a fun-name given to Negro rhythm by our Caucasian brother musicians many years ago." Whether this was so or not, Europe was among the few black musicians of his time who shunned the word "ragtime." His dislike for it may have been influenced by his background. He came from a household of classically trained musicians and from a section of the black middle class that strove to gain the highest standing for black cultural endeavors. To such people, the word "ragtime" was low-life in sound and meaning, and tended to relegate the music it described to an inferior status. They also felt that blacks who consented to the use of such a word were, however unwittingly, lending support to the view, widely held among whites, that no art form springing from black life was worthy of critical esteem.



As far as is known, Scott Joplin, the greatest of all ragtime artists, did not object to the use of the term. What he did object to were the lyrics of most ragtime songs. Joplin thought of them as vulgar, as preventing serious and respectable audiences from appreciating the true merits of the music itself. Some of his own classic compositions —"Maple Leaf Rag," "Pineapple Rag," "The Entertainer," and "Euphonic Sounds"—had, along with compositions by James Scott and Joseph Lamb, helped to raise ragtime music in public esteem, though not high enough, apparently. Joplin, who is generally said to have been born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1868 (other sources give his birthplace as either Texarkana, Arkansas, or Marshall, Texas), moved to Manhattan during the first decade of the century. He then settled on the West Side, near the music-publishing district. A number of his famous pieces were released by John Stark, one of the leading promoters of ragtime music, whose publishing house was in the area. In 1915, Joplin joined the migration to Harlem, where he lived on West 131st Street. Two years earlier, speaking to a reporter from the *Age*, he had deplored the crudely worded ragtime songs that were still being written:

> I have often sat in theatres and listened to beautiful ragtime melodies set to almost vulgar words . . . and I have wondered why some composers will continue to make people hate ragtime because the melodies are set to such bad words.
>
> I have often heard people say, after they had heard a ragtime song, "I like the music but I don't like the words.". . .
>
> If someone were to put vulgar words to a strain of one of Beethoven's beautiful symphonies, people would begin saying, "I don't like Beethoven's symphonies." So it is the unwholesome words and not the ragtime melodies that many people hate.
>
> Ragtime rhythm is a syncopation original with the colored people, though many of them are ashamed of it. But the other races throughout the world are learning to write and make use of ragtime melodies. It is the rage in England today. When composers put decent words to ragtime there will be very little kicking from the public about ragtime.

Joplin had an especially urgent reason for praising the finer possibilities of ragtime. He had recently completed the most ambitious work of his life—"Treemonisha," a folk opera (Joplin insisted it was grand opera) in syncopated rhythm. "Treemonisha" contained a number of lovely melodies, with some of the most "decent words" that had yet been set to syncopated music, and Joplin did not wish his opera to be associated with the worst connotations of the word "ragtime." "I am a composer of ragtime music," he told a journalist in Harlem, "but I want it thoroughly understood that my opera 'Treemonisha' is not ragtime . . . the score complete is grand opera."

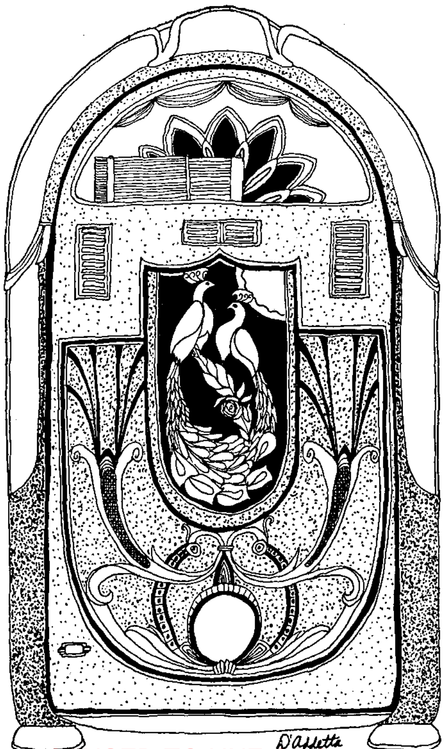
But "Treemonisha" was already being hurt by the prejudices he feared. Even before he settled in Harlem—where his wife, Lottie, ran a boarding house to help support the family—Joplin had been trying to attract serious public attention to his opera. The public, however—or, at any rate, the entrepreneurs of music and theatre—had dismissed it as a work of no serious merit. No music house cared to publish it, and no producer wanted to stage it. All of those who heard about it may have shared the feeling of a black journalist who—upon hearing, in 1908, that Joplin was composing grand opera—said, "From ragtime to grand opera is certainly a big jump." But Joplin's faith in "Treemonisha" remained unshaken, and in 1911 he published the score at his own expense. The public's response was hardly more encouraging than it had been earlier. About the only magazine that took note of the published score was *The American Musician*, whose reviewer wrote that Joplin had "created an entirely new phase of musical art and has produced a thoroughly American opera." No financial backers came forward, however.

In 1915, Joplin decided to stage the work himself—no doubt as a means of revealing its dramatic possibilities to any major producer who happened to attend. Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis, the authors of "They All Played Ragtime," record the outcome:

> A single performance . . . took place in a hall in Harlem in 1915. The performance was by full cast, but without scenery or orchestra. Joplin played the orchestral parts on the piano. The musical drama made virtually no impression. Without scenery, costumes, lighting, or orchestral backing, the drama seemed thin and unconvincing, little better than a rehearsal, and its special quality in any event would have been lost on the typical Harlem audience that attended. The listeners were sophisticated enough to reject their folk past, but not sufficiently to relish a return to it.

Not only was the performance a disaster but it also appears to have broken Joplin's spirit. His health, which had been failing, worsened rapidly, and less than two years later he was dead, at the age of forty-eight. As Blesh and Janis put it, Joplin did not recover "from the blow that completely crushed the hopes of a lifetime." The future would be kinder to him and to the work on which he had staked his life. In the nineteen-seventies—during a furious revival of interest in ragtime music and a joyous reappraisal of Joplin's genius—his opera achieved something of the status he had believed it to deserve. His shorter compositions became popular again, and in 1975 "Treemonisha" was produced by the Houston Grand Opera and had a reasonably successful run on Broadway. Vera Brodsky Lawrence, a musicologist, who had labored indefatigably to bring Joplin's neglected opera to modern attention, wrote in 1975 that "Treemonisha" was a work "of as great quality as Joplin had believed it to be." She added, "But perhaps most significant amid this universal furor of recognition is the vindication, at long last, of Joplin's unquenchable belief in his beautiful opera. Exactly sixty years after the shattering fiasco at that Harlem rehearsal hall, 'Treemonisha' is finally receiving the rapturous acclaim that Scott Joplin so passionately desired for it but that he was destined never to realize."

WATCHDOGS of morality in pre-war Harlem kept a sharp eye on "the better class" of women, observing whether and how they were adapting to the changing social fashions of the city. The vigil was not always rewarding or reassuring. In 1910, these guardians were appalled to hear what certain women in Harlem were doing at their wine parties and soirées—smoking cigarettes. Some of them were even prominent church members. From his pulpit at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., let it be known that he had heard what was going on—"our best women" sitting with their feet up on chairs, smoking cigarettes. "What a spectacle!" the preacher declared. "What a defilement of pure womanhood. What a desecration of sacred motherhood. What a damnation of childhood!" Reverdy C. Ransom, from *his* pulpit at the Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church, was equally reproving. He could only conclude, he said, that black society women were trying to copy what white society women on Fifth Avenue were doing.



By 1914, black society women, like their white counterparts, were also doing the tango and other "modern" Castle dances. But there is no evidence that they descended to the likes of the turkey trot, the grizzly bear, the Texas Tommy, and all the other vernacular steps that were done to the funkier versions of ragtime music.

During this period, and for some time afterward, the pages of black newspapers were crowded with the advertisements of beauty culturists and manufacturers of beauty products. Black-No-More was a cream for "bleaching and beautifying" the complexion. Fair-Plex Ointment made the "skin of women and men . . . bright, soft and smooth." The makers of Cocotone Skin Whitener advised, "Don't envy a clear complexion, use Cocotone . . . and have one." And—as if replying to Cocotone's claim—an ad for Golden Brown Ointment declared, "Don't be fooled by so-called 'skin-whiteners.' But you can easily enhance your beauty, lighten and brighten your dark or sallow skin by applying Golden Brown. . . . It won't whiten your skin—as that can't be done." Though there was a brisk trade in these creams and ointments, it was chiefly light-skinned Harlemites—constituting almost a distinct social class—who bought them. Of course, a few dark-skinned Negroes used these "lighteners" as well, in the hope of gaining social acceptance among their fair-skinned brethren, but most of them ridiculed the promise of the ointments. Besides, they feared one of the worst accusations which could be made against them—that they were ashamed of their color.

The *Age* had been advertising skin-lighteners since at least 1909. But as a leading black publication it seemed to have doubted the wisdom of its policy in encouraging the use of such mixtures. The paper betrayed a tone of defensiveness when it said, in January of 1909, "Prominent white women of New York have always used cold cream for the face, but since Complexion Wonder Creme [which the *Age* advertised] was discovered, colored people use it as much as white people."

Eight months later, the *Times* reflected the views of people who were not impressed by the *Age's* argument:

> In the columns of our contemporary which professes to be devoted to the best interests of the negro race appears a large advertisement inviting its readers to buy seven cosmetic preparations by the use of which colored men may obtain "better situations in banks, clubs, and business houses" and colored women may "occupy higher positions socially and commercially, marry better, get along better." One of the preparations purports to be a cream that makes "dark skin lighter colored. . . ." The advertisement implies that negroes should be ashamed of their own features and should by all means mask them into some resemblance to the Caucasian race. . . .
>
> But whether genuine or not its admission to the columns of the organ of negro uplift affords a revelation of racial psychology that is both curious and saddening. The exhortation to stand proudly upon nature's endowments—to be a man, or a mouse, or a long-tailed rat—is not needed by most races. While the negro disesteems himself and seeks to be something else will he be respected as he is?

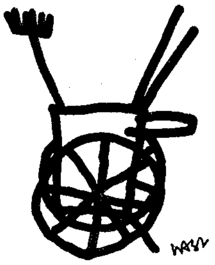
Complexion Wonder Creme was manufactured by the Chemical Wonder Company, among whose other products, which the *Age* also advertised, was Wonder Uncurl, a pomade that "tends to keep the hair straight and pliable so that it will dress well." Another product was a "magnetic-metallic comb which helps straighten the hair." These were early signs of the great hair-beautifying industry that developed in Harlem. As had happened with skin-lighteners, the advertising columns of black newspapers were loaded with information about anti-kink ointments, hair-growing preparations, special soaps and shampoos, combs, wigs, beauty parlors, and competing hairdressing schools and systems.

Although the hairdressing industry catered chiefly to women, it gratified aspirations of certain men as well. In 1911, one newspaper, reporting on "the latest fad," said:

> "Have you had your hair straightened yet?" This question can be heard many times during the day up in Harlem where the colored population is large. . . . Up around 135th Street and Lenox Avenue . . . colored men can be seen in large numbers who are wont to take off their hats repeatedly, even on the street when the temperature is far from freezing, and stroke their glossy hair with their hand in an affectionate manner.

This may have been the beginning of a practice that came to be known as conking. Recalling the early years of the practice, James P. Johnson, one of the originators of Harlem jazz piano, once said, "Up on 153rd Street there was a former barber named Hart who had invented a hair preparation named Kink-No-More, called Conk for short. His preparation was used by all musicians. . . . You'd get your hair washed, dyed and straightened then trimmed. It would last about a month."

Among the persons of wealth and social influence in Harlem were the community's great beauticians. Mme. J. L. Crawford, who moved from the middle West Side to Harlem in 1911, was probably the first of them to settle there. She was followed by, among others, Mme. Anna Malone, who introduced the Poro Beauty System; Mme. Estella, the founder of the Nu-Life School of Beauty Culture; and Mme. Sarah Spencer Washington, who originated the Apex Beauty System. The greatest, wealthiest, and most influential of them all was Mme. C. J. Walker, the creator of the Walker System. This system claimed two unique distinctions: it used "no curling irons or straightening tongs," according to one of the Walker advertisements in the black press, and, unlike other systems, which emphasized hair-straightening and hairdressing, it emphasized hair-growing, thanks to a formula whose ingredients were known only to the founder.



When Mme. Walker settled in New York, in 1914, she was already a woman of considerable wealth—nearly a millionaire. Her Walker Manufacturing Company, in Indianapolis, had been producing her hair-growing mixture for several years and distributing it exclusively among a chain of beauty parlors she had set up across the United States and in parts of Central America and the West Indies. Mme. Walker's beauty headquarters in Harlem—managed by her only child, a daughter named A'Lelia—occupied two adjoining brownstones on 136th Street between Lenox and Seventh Avenues. The buildings accommodated not only beauty parlors but also the Walker College of Hair Culture and private apartments that were splendidly furnished. No beautician in New York was qualified or authorized to practice the Walker System unless she had received a diploma from the college—"a passport to prosperity," the Walker people claimed. Mme. Walker's enterprise, the black novelist and poet Claude McKay later said, "became essential to Negro society." McKay went on, "Her schools of beauty attracted students from the most cultivated Negro families. Around her gathered some of the most arresting types of Negro beauty."

Mme. Walker shared a residence with her daughter on West 136th Street. Before arriving in Manhattan, she had bought a house in Flushing, Queens, but she appears never to have lived there. Perhaps she preferred to stay in Harlem while awaiting the completion of a mansion that was being built for her in the Westchester village of Irvington, overlooking the Hudson. Harlemites were fascinated by Mme. Walker, a woman who had risen from nothing to become one of the richest blacks anyone had ever heard about. They knew the means by which she had amassed her wealth, and that was fascinating enough. But everyone wondered what she might be worth and what the size of her annual income might be. "Well," she said in 1916—replying to one of many inquiries on the subject—"until recently it gave me great pleasure to tell . . . the amount of money I made yearly, thinking it would inspire my hearers. But I found that for so doing some looked upon me as a boastful person who wanted to blow my own horn. And then again I received so many requests for money that I concluded it was best to keep mum on that score. I will say, however, that my business last year yielded me an annual income which runs into six figures and I'm going to try to eclipse my 1915 record this year." A year later, she replied to another inquiry, "I am not a millionaire, but I hope to be someday."

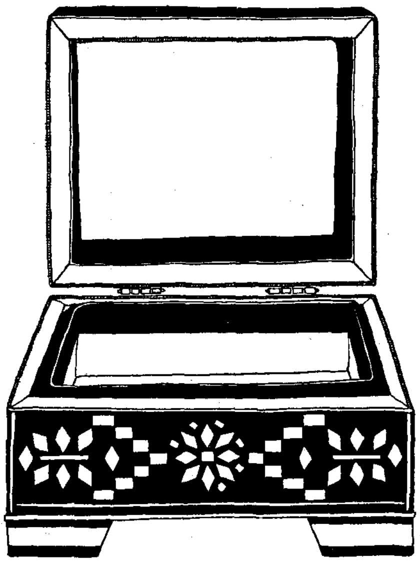
In one respect, at least, Mme. Walker's appearance did not reflect her great wealth and success: her face, wide and roundish, with an open and kindly expression, gave her the look of a retiring and matronly sort whose main enjoyments were children, the church, and passing pleasant afternoons playing cards with friends. In other respects, however, she both looked and acted as important and rich as she was. She was built along grand lines—about six feet tall, and generously proportioned—and in some of the roomy and heavy-bosomed dresses of the day she had the appearance of a formidable queen mother. She owned expensive cars, supported charities generously, gave scholarships to needy black young men and women, contributed to the Tuskegee Institute—whose founder, Booker T. Washington, she admired—and lived in splendid surroundings.

Still, it was not until 1917, when her mansion at Irvington was completed, that Mme. Walker could be seen in all her magnificence. When the mansion was receiving its finishing touches, a reporter from the *Times* looked the place over and wrote this description of it:

> The structure is a three-story and basement affair with roof of red tile, in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, and was designed by V. W. Tandy, a negro architect. It is 113 feet long and 30 feet wide and stands in the centre of a four-and-a-half-acre plot. It is fireproof, of structural tile, with an outer covering of cream-colored stucco, and has 34 rooms. In the basement are a gymnasium, bath and shower, kitchen and pantry, servants' dining room, power room for an organ, and storage vaults for valuables.
>
> The visitor enters a marble room, whence a marble stairway leads to the floor above. On the first floor are the library and conservatory, a living room 21 x 32 feet, and a dining room with a hand-painted ceiling. Adjoining the two drawing rooms is a chamber for an $8,000 organ. . . . Mme. Walker likes music. When the organ is played, sounding pipes will carry the strains to different parts of the house.
>
> The second floor contains bedrooms, bathrooms, showers, dressing rooms, sewing rooms, and two sleeping porches. On the third floor are servants quarters. The owner employs eight servants, including a butler, sub-butler, chef, and maids of all work. In addition, she has a social secretary and a nurse. On the third floor are also bathrooms, a billiard room and a children's nursery. Mme. Walker loves children. They are frequent guests at her house. . . .
>
> Plans for finishing the house call for a degree of elegance and extravagance that a princess might envy. There are to be bronze and silver statuary, sparkling cut-glass candelabra, paintings, rich tapestries, and countless other things which will make the place a wonder house.

Villa Lewaro, as the house was called, became a center for grand entertainments. Blacks of high standing—professors, lawyers, doctors, journalists, businessmen, clergymen, and what were then called race leaders—vied for invitations to her receptions, dinner parties, and balls. Passing such stylish evenings in her mansion, how could they not have been impressed by her wealth and acquired position? Few among them, however, would have exchanged *their* origins for those from which she sprang.

The hair-growing formula on which Mme. Walker built her fortune had come to her, she said, in a dream one night after a day of toiling over her washtub. Born Sarah Breedlove in Louisiana in the mid-eighteen-sixties, she married when she was fourteen and was widowed at twenty, at which point, in order to support herself and her young daughter, she became a washerwoman. She later gave at least two accounts of what occurred then. "I was at my tub one morning with a heavy wash before me," she said in the first of these. "As I bent over the washboard, and looked at my arms buried in soapsuds, I said to myself, 'What are you going to do when you grow old and your back gets stiff? Who's going to take care of your little girl?' This set me to thinking, but with all of my thinking I couldn't see how I, a poor washerwoman, was going to better my condition. . . . One night I had a dream, and something told me to start in the business in which I'm now engaged. This I did. I went to Denver, Colorado, and began my business with a capital of $1.25." In the second account, she said that in 1903, when her hair began falling out, she prayed "to the Lord" for a cure. "He answered my prayer, for one night I had a dream, and in that dream a big black man appeared to me and told me what to mix up for my hair. Some of the remedy was grown in Africa, but I sent for it, mixed it, put it on my scalp, and in a few weeks my hair was coming in faster than it had ever fallen out. I tried it on my friends; it helped them. I made up my mind I would begin to sell it." Reflecting, in 1917, on what she had subsequently made of herself, she added, "Perseverance is my motto. It laid the Atlantic Cable; it gave us the telegraph, telephone, and wireless. It gave to the world an Abraham Lincoln, and to a race freedom. It gave to the Negro Booker T. Washington and Tuskegee Institute. It made Frederick Douglass the great orator he was, and it gave to the world Paul Laurence Dunbar, and to poetry a new song."



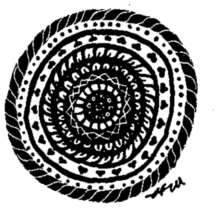
IN 1916, Charles Martin, a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal denomination, wrote an article titled "The Harlem Negro," which appeared in one of the publications of his church. It was in part a typical clergyman's piece—preachy and morally querulous in much of its tone, and biassed and selective in its presentation of the desirable and undesirable features of life in Harlem. But, despite these quirks, the article renders a reasonably representative portrait of what Harlem had become in the first sixteen years of its development as a black community.

Blacks in Harlem, the preacher said, loved "good things, plenty to eat, often too much to drink," and were "blessed or cursed with a wonderful optimism." They were "caught and held in the flightiness and gay life," and they seemed reluctant to patronize their "own." There were too many saloons, too many gamblers, too many pickpockets, pocketbook snatchers, burglars, and spurious diamond dealers—some feeding on "the credulity and superstition of the hardworking Harlemite." Certain blacks liked nothing better than to gather on sidewalks and around street-corner lampposts. "To stand aside and look at the laughing, hilarious crowds that the theatres belch forth, you would think that there is never a care in Harlem." But that was not true. The "foppishly dressed young man," the "gayly dressed young woman," the "well-groomed gentleman," and the "tastily gowned lady" did not mean that all Harlemites were "a thoughtless people, living only for the day, eating, drinking, and dressing."

Harlem, he went on, was full of preachers who claimed to be Doctors of Divinity, but only they themselves seemed to know how they had come by their degrees. The preacher you addressed in the morning as the Reverend Mr. So-and-So could very well be the Reverend Dr. So-and-So by nightfall: "No spot like Harlem for conferring titles." Harlem was also full of beautiful churches, large and small. Although there were various "fads and fallacies in religion," Harlemites "turning out for . . . religious exercise on Sunday" were "a beautiful sight." Sunday schools were well attended, but some of the children were "wise beyond their years," and this "presented a serious problem." For example: "A teacher in one of the Sunday Schools . . . was questioning his class on love, I Corinthians 13 being the lesson. He asked for a definition of love, expecting that Paul's description [concerning charity] would be given as an answer. What was his surprise when the boy said, 'Love is a fire without insurance.' "

In 1916, orators of a radical and "socialistic" bent were beginning to appear on the street corners of Harlem, Martin wrote. The West Indians were increasing in numbers, and were forming societies "to cement old friendships and retain local traditions." Harlem was "lodge mad and procession wild"—encouraged partly by the many fraternal societies that had sprung up there. Mourners in Harlem seemed to emphasize the funeral parade over the funeral ceremony: "The grand funeral is the rage today, and our undertakers, artists in their line, cannot be expected to counsel economy." Harlemites loved "expensive house weddings," which probably had something to do with "the frequency of divorce." The "most skillful physicians of the race" were living and practicing uptown. There were now black policemen on the streets (the first was Samuel Battle, who later rose to the position of lieutenant), and newspapers and printing presses were becoming "plentiful." A few blacks sold tickets in the subway, though it appeared that their "real job" was cleaning the station. "Formerly, it was said that the colored man and oftener the woman frequented white bookstores for Bibles and dream books, and more dream books than Bibles; but now we boast a Negro bookstore. . . . We love flowers, we have our own florists. . . . There are banks but no colored clerks as yet. . . . We also own a few private houses. . . . We have our composers and musicians of no mean order. Tennis, cricket, baseball, football, basketball, athletics in general . . . and it is reported that [the black Harlemite] has even invaded the golf links. Some of our ladies own and drive their own automobiles. . . . Private libraries are on the increase and there are fine collections on racial lines. . . . A colored regiment has lately been organized in Harlem and the colored man is marching under the flag that often fails to protect him when alive but honors him when dead."

IN matters of the flag, 1916 could well be called the end of one era in Harlem, and 1917 the beginning of another. The "colored regiment" that Martin, the A.M.E. clergyman, referred to in his review of Harlem life was the 15th Regiment of the New York National Guard, formed in 1916, which was to become one of the most famous regiments in black American history. All its commissioned officers—Colonel William Hayward and his top command—were white and all its rank and file black. A number of the black troops had been recruited from the West Side of Manhattan, but the majority came from Harlem, which was the regiment's headquarters. Many Harlemites could not have been prouder that their community had been chosen as the base for the first black military unit ever recognized in New York State; indeed, they thought of it as Harlem's own regiment, and saw it as a sign of the district's growing importance and prestige as a black community. Other Harlemites saw the regiment as a sign of something troubling. A war was being fought in Europe, and there was a general feeling in this country, shared in Harlem, that it was only a matter of time before the United States intervened. If that happened, there was every likelihood that the New York 15th would be sent overseas to fight. Those who applauded the existence of a black regiment in Harlem were in no way disturbed by the prospect of its soldiers' being sent to Europe. Their feeling was that it could only be helpful to the Negro cause for blacks to serve with the armed forces of their country—to demonstrate their loyalty and patriotism during what was called the world crisis. Those who were troubled by what the regiment signified argued that blacks owed no such obligation to a country that denied them their full rights as citizens. It would not be the first time, they said, that blacks had borne arms on the side of their country. Look at how well they had fought in the Spanish-American War. And what difference had that made in the way their country treated them?



After the New York 15th had had a year or so of training, crowds were coming out on weekends to watch its crisp march-pasts and to listen to the lively syncopated airs of its musicians—led by James Reese Europe, who, at Colonel Hayward's invitation, had given up his society orchestra to organize a regimental band. In one of the parades uptown, a group of Harlem's "best people"—ministers, newspaper editors, civil-rights spokesmen, businessmen—strutted proudly along. They were showing the pride that one section of the Harlem community took in its regiment. But a report in the *Age* about a later parade showed how the other side felt. The soldiers made a "splendid showing," the report said. "The sight of these colored men marching with the easy swing of veteran soldiers to the music of their magnificent band, while the national and regional colors fluttered above them in the bright sunlight of a perfect spring morning, was indeed thrilling. The spell, however, was broken by a young man standing on the sidewalk who said, 'They'll not take me out to make a target of me and bring me back to Jim Crow me.' "

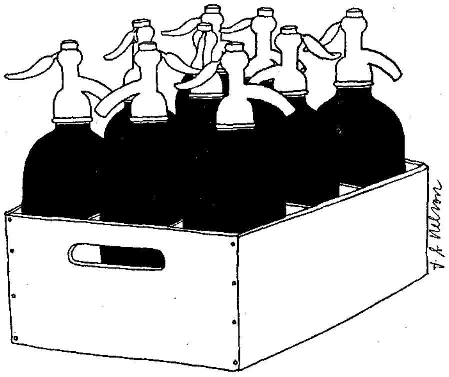
The regiment's "splendid showing" in the spring of 1917 bore witness to a remarkable transformation. Months earlier—when it was newly organized, and its first recruits were striving to look and act like the real soldiers they weren't—most onlookers had found it merely amusing. Many of the early recruits were Pullman porters, hotel waiters, railroad redcaps, apartment-house and theatre doormen. Owing, no doubt, to the habits of their previous occupations, such men took more readily to saluting than to almost any other form of military conduct. One of their white leaders said later that the men "would walk out of their way to approach officers so as to find an excuse to salute." And, recalling an early parade of the regiment, a Harlem businessman said, "It was amusing to see a group of colored soldiers marching through 134th Street with broomsticks on their shoulders and responding to the sharp commands of their superior officers." Late in 1916, the regiment had staged a march down Fifth Avenue. At its head was Bert Williams, the great black comedian, astride a magnificent white horse. Surveying the scene—Williams on his horse and the men following in mismatched uniforms and with their broomsticks on their shoulders—bystanders on Fifth Avenue could not help snickering at "these darkies playing soldiers," according to one report. They returned three years later, however—and their reception then was of a quite different sort.

In July of 1917, three months after the United States entered the war, the men from Harlem were mustered into the regular Army. They sailed for France that November, leaving behind—in Harlem and in black communities throughout America—the fiercely debated question of black participation in the war. Such a debate might have been triggered by almost any war—for nothing attracts more attention to the contradictions of black American citizenship than the call to military service. In 1917, however, the discussion seemed less avoidable than at any other time. It was President Woodrow Wilson who had described American intervention as necessary to the survival of democracy abroad, and had reminded Americans that they were the "champions of the right of mankind." Such a description fell strangely on the ears of many black citizens, for they had come to regard Wilson—despite his admirable qualities of mind and spirit—as one of the more racist Presidents to occupy the White House. Among these blacks there was a feeling that Wilson could hardly have been more insensitive to their struggle for equal citizenship. During his Presidency, even the token gains they had made under previous Republican Administrations were being revoked. Prominent blacks who had been appointed to important federal positions—especially during the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt—were being thrown out of office. Of the Wilson Administration's "generally indifferent, even hostile, regard for blacks," David M. Kennedy writes in his "Over Here: The First World War and American Society":

> The South, Woodrow Wilson once remarked, was the only place he felt really at home, the only place where nothing had to be explained to him—including the traditional Southern race system. He had screened the film "The Birth of a Nation" in the White House, and had endorsed its pro-Ku Klux Klan interpretation of post-Civil War Reconstruction as "history written with lightning." The President had raised no objection when Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson had in 1913 widened the practice of segregation among federal employees. When a delegation of black leaders called at the White House to protest Burleson's policy, they were brusquely dismissed because Wilson found their language "insulting." In the election of 1916, Wilson had personally helped to stir racial hatreds in East St. Louis. . . . In the face of such attitudes at the highest political level, it took a truly vaulting leap of faith for Afro-American leaders to persist in the belief that the war could somehow be made to serve the advancement of their race.

How, then, were they to answer or applaud Wilson's call to defend democracy elsewhere? They surely believed it was necessary to defend "the right of mankind." But how were they to defend that right abroad when some of the few rights they enjoyed at home were being annulled under a President who scarcely lifted a finger in their behalf? "One colored man came into a Harlem barbershop where a spirited discussion of the war was going on," James Weldon Johnson later wrote. "When asked if he wasn't going to join the Army and fight the Germans, he replied amidst roars of laughter: 'The Germans ain't done nothin' to me, and if they have, I forgive 'em.' "

Among those in Harlem who held the opposite view—that blacks would have to bear arms, regardless of their treatment in America—were a number of the black clergymen. As ministers, they doubtless felt that it was part of their calling to invoke faith wherever the grounds of belief were uncertain; and as guides to civic conduct they must have considered it their duty, especially in times of crisis, to assert the preëminence of national interest. Thus, on a Sunday morning in March of 1917, F. M. Hyden, minister of the St. James Presbyterian Church, in Harlem, read from Genesis 15:14, "And also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge: and afterward shall they come out with great substance." Basing his sermon on that passage, Hyden said, "The future historian when he comes to set down the facts in connection with the world war should have before him the fact that colored men went to war not as an endorsement of the President, but as a measure of national defense. . . . Volunteered service in such a time as this constitutes . . . the strongest argument and the noblest appeal for political and economic rights which colored men could present to the nation after the war is over."



Not all the black ministers agreed, however. Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., for example, appears to have interpreted his calling and his duty in more defiant terms. Despite his collar and robe, he was a restless secular moralist, always champing at his religious bit—especially when burning public issues arose. On such occasions, he tended to speak his mind rather than yield to the temperate commands of the Gospels. Also preaching on a Sunday in March of 1917, Powell told his Abyssinian Baptist congregation, "This is the proper time for us to make a special request for our constitutional rights as American citizens. The ten million colored people in this country were never so badly needed as now. . . . As a race we ought to let our government know that if it wants us to fight foreign powers we must be given some assurance first of better treatment at home. . . . Why should not the colored Americans make a bloodless demand at this time for the rights we have been making futile efforts to secure [from a] government that has persistently stood by with folded arms while we were oppressed and murdered?"

In 1917, blacks were victims of more than Wilson's neglect. In parts of the country, hundreds were being beaten to death, lynched, or murdered in other ways by whites—many of whom were probably encouraged by the silence of the White House. This was during an early stage of the great migration from the rural South to the munitions centers of the Southwest, the Middle West, and the North, where blacks were seeking wartime employment. One writer said, "The cup overflowed with the East St. Louis massacre of July 2, 1917, in which four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed, nearly six thousand Negroes driven from their homes, and hundreds murdered, a number of them burned alive in houses set afire over their heads."

A few weeks later, some eight thousand blacks, mostly from Harlem—organized by churchmen and other civic leaders of the district—staged a silent march down Fifth Avenue, to protest the violent events in East St. Louis. Carrying picket signs, and dressed as finely as Harlemites then did, they strode to the sound of muffled drums while thousands of white New Yorkers looked on from the sidewalks. But despite the misgivings that the

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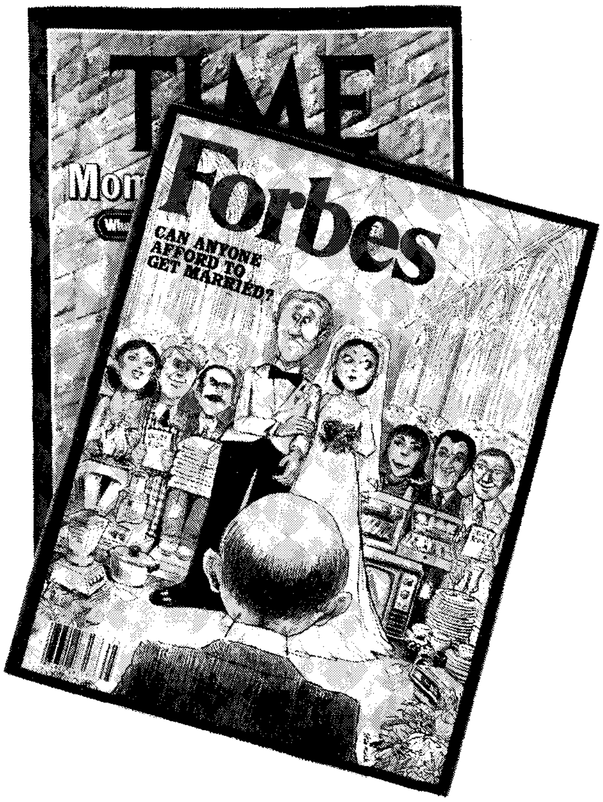
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East St. Louis events aroused, established black leaders continued to argue that it was the Negro's patriotic duty to serve his country during wartime. One such leader was W. E. B. Du Bois, the editor of *The Crisis*—the organ of the N.A.A.C.P. As a founder of the modern protest movement, Du Bois's credentials as an aggressive spokesman for black rights were unchallengeable, yet he sounded very much like the Reverend Mr. Hyden when, in a *Crisis* editorial, he argued, "Let us not hesitate. Let us, while this war lasts, forget our special grievances and close our ranks shoulder to shoulder with our own white fellow-citizens and the allied nations that are fighting for democracy. We make no ordinary sacrifice, but we make it gladly and willingly with our eyes lifted to the hills."

Much tougher arguments—more like Powell's—were being made from Harlem soapboxes and stepladders, most often and most strongly at the corner of Lenox Avenue and 135th Street. This intersection looked much like a small-town square, with people sauntering and lingering to see and hear what was going on—but it was also one of the major radical forums of black America. It was chiefly here that the political and race radicals—young firebrands like Hubert Harrison, Wilfred A. Domingo, Chandler Owen, and A. Philip Randolph—made their speeches. No black citizen, they declared, should think of bearing arms in France, and certainly not as a condition to gaining his rights at home. Freedom, they said, was unconditional. And there were socialists among them who posed this question to their listeners: What business do Negroes have fighting a "capitalist" and "imperialist" war? These men later founded and edited magazines to promote their views on socialism and the world conflict, and the relevance of both to the black struggle in America. To Du Bois's call for unity and the postponement of "special grievances," Harrison replied in his magazine, *The Voice*, "America cannot use the Negroes to any good effect unless they have life, liberty, and manhood assured and guaranteed to them . . . the so-called leaders . . . have already established an unsavory reputation by advocating this same surrender of life, liberty, and manhood, masking their cowardice behind the pillars of wartime sacrifice." In *The Messenger*, the magazine Randolph and Owen edited, they asked, "Since when has the subject race come out of a war with its rights and privileges accorded for such a participation? . . . Did not the Negro fight in the Revolutionary War, with Crispus Attucks dying first . . . and come out to be a miserable chattel slave in this country for nearly 100 years?"

These young agitators, who migrated to Harlem from the South and the West Indies (Randolph from Florida; Owen from North Carolina; Harrison from the Virgin Islands; Domingo from Jamaica), typified Harlem's first generation of radical political thinkers. Calling themselves "New Crowd Negroes," they consigned almost all their more conservative elders to "the Old Crowd." These elders not only considered the younger men brash and impudent—an "affliction"—but pointed out that they were also relatively unschooled. None of them had graduated from a university. The *Age*, an organ of the older leadership, described them as "loud-lunged orators, with more voice than brains." Loud-mouthed they were, but they certainly did not lack brains. Even without college degrees, they were about the brightest intellectuals in Harlem—with the possible exceptions of James Weldon Johnson and Du Bois himself, when he was living in the community. In night schools and in private study, they had trained themselves in literature, history, economics, philosophy, and political theory—all of which they spouted with a natural gift of oratory and, it seemed, a natural talent for pamphleteering. In one capacity or another, they exerted a significant influence on aspects of the racial and political militancy that later evolved in Harlem.

When the regiment from Harlem arrived in France, in December, it was renamed the 369th Infantry and was assigned to the 161st Division of the French Army. It may seem odd that these men were not placed with the armed forces of their own country, but what is perhaps even more odd is that, considering the segregation and the racial hostility within the American Army then, they had escaped into a freedom that few other black soldiers enjoyed. Serving with the French Army, they were able to fight in the front lines instead of working as stevedores on piers and supply ships—the role that was assigned to most black units of the American Army. In May of 1918, a month after the 369th Infantry went into action, Captain Hamilton Fish, Jr., one of its white officers, wrote home to his father:

> Our regiment is the most envied American regiment in France, and has the greatest opportunity to make a wonderful record. We are with the French Army and have the incomparable advantage of the instructions and experience of the French. We are, to all intents and purposes, a part of the French Army, and supplied by them with all of our rifles, bayonets, helmets, gas masks, knapsacks, food, and ammunition. The men looked splendid in the American khaki uniforms and French leather equipment and brown helmets. I wonder what the Germans will think when they take one of our boys prisoner and find that he cannot speak French and comes from Harlem. I am a great believer in the fighting quality of the educated American Negro. . . . I believe (if the censorship regulations were abolished) the 15th New York (now the 369th U.S. Infantry) would be as well known as the Rough Riders were in the Spanish-American War.

Still, in such a campaign no thoughtful black soldier could fail to reflect on the contradictions of his position as an American fighting man. In November of 1918, during one of the climactic battles of the war, a soldier from Harlem wrote in his diary, "I seem to feel that the Germans (who have done so much to destroy the high ideals for which we have fought so hard and were willing to sacrifice so much), after the coming of peace, will enjoy more privileges and will have the door of opportunity opened to [them] more heartily than to the American Negro, whose patriotism is above question, and who has given his life's blood on every field of honor, in order to keep the flag which stands for such noble ideals from touching the ground."

When the war ended, the 369th Infantry (now nicknamed the Harlem Hellfighters) had indeed made "a wonderful record." For its part in the Battle of Meuse-Argonne, its regimental colors and more than a hundred and fifty of its men were decorated with the Croix de Guerre. In New York, the *Age*, proud of how well the boys from Harlem were doing, had printed almost every available detail of their activities in battle—and very little about the doings of other black regiments. A black soldier wrote to the *Age:*

> I have seen many of your papers since I have been in France. But every time I look at it, I do not see anything about any outfit but the 15th of New York. Did you know that there were more colored troops in

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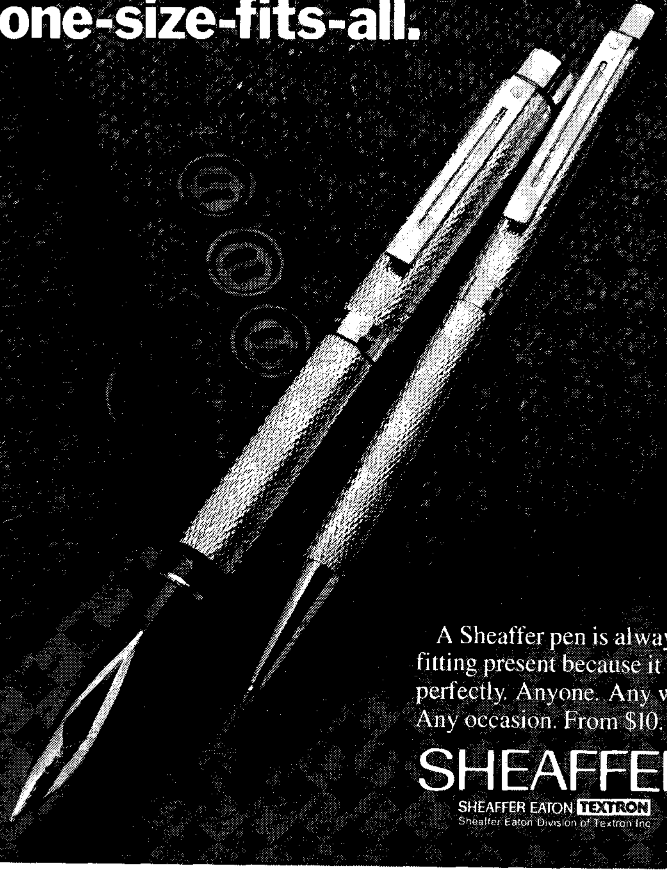

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France? . . . it looks as if you all should put a little in about the poor old stevedores who have been over here going on 13 months, and struggle to and from these docks singing and rejoicing because they think they are playing their part. When it is raining and snowing, they go on just the same with their smile. So when one picks up a paper and sees nothing about the stevedores it makes one feel like they are overlooked. If it was not for the work the stevedores did behind the lines the boys with the guns could not have whipped the Germans as they did.

The *Age* admitted its error. But, it added, its partisanship was understandable, in view of "the peculiar fact" that the 369th was "made up of the men from New York." The regiment's "record of achievement and endurance," the *Age* said on a later occasion, "has not only won fame for the organization, but reflects everlasting credit on the race with which it is identified and the city whence it came."

UNTIL about 1914, the theatres of Seventh Avenue and 125th Street were off limits to blacks. *Their* theatres were the Lincoln and the Crescent, on 135th Street between Lenox and Fifth Avenues. This was Harlem's "Off Broadway." Harlem's "Broadway" was Seventh Avenue and 125th Street, and, in its own fashion, it was a great white way. Only patrons of that color were admitted to the Lafayette and the Alhambra (on Seventh Avenue), and to such places as the Harlem Opera House, Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall, and Proctor's (on 125th Street). But as the black belt spread west to Seventh Avenue, and beyond, and south toward 125th Street, the major theatres found it increasingly difficult to maintain their all-white policy. In place of exclusion they instituted segregation. Blacks were now welcome, but only to the balcony (or, as it came to be called, "nigger heaven")—an arrangement that lasted for some time. Recalling his days in Harlem just after the First World War, the journalist George S. Schuyler wrote, "Aside from the Lincoln and Lafayette theatres, none of the considerable number of theatres welcomed Negro patrons in their orchestra sections. [A. Philip] Randolph and I would stroll south on Seventh Avenue to catch the vaudeville show at the Alhambra. . . . Entering the lobby, he would flatten himself against the wall near the ticket window, toss in the money, and ask for two orchestra seats. Sometimes the deception worked, but when it didn't, we would be sold tickets for the back balcony."

The Lafayette, at Seventh Avenue and 132nd Street, was the first of the major theatres to desegregate, partly because it fell sooner than the others within the widening perimeter of the black community. In November of 1912, soon after the Lafayette was built, Lester Walton, who was the theatre critic of the *Age*—and a son-in-law of its editor, Fred Moore—inquired of the owners what their policy toward "colored patrons" would be. The policy, he was told, would be "white." The Lafayette would consider seating "highly respectable colored people" in the orchestra, but all others would be sent to the balcony. The trouble was that those colored people who considered themselves highly respectable were not respectable enough, according to the Lafayette's standard. Hence they, too, were being directed to the balcony. A week after Walton's interview with the management, the *Age* reported that "prominent Negroes" were being barred from the orchestra section of the Lafayette. One such Negro was employed in a white bank downtown—a distinction that in those days ought surely to have qualified him for a place among the "respectable." Another of the "prominent Negroes" turned away was Edward E. Lee, a leading Tammany politician (an official of the United Colored Democracy, the black arm of the Democratic Party organization in Manhattan) and a deputy sheriff of New York—but then the Lafayette may have found it hard to believe that anyone respectable could have belonged to the notorious Tammany Hall machine. The Lafayette appears to have overestimated its potential white support. Its orchestra section was hardly ever full, and the owners soon disposed of the theatre as a losing enterprise. In 1914, when the theatre passed into new hands, Lester Walton was appointed manager—a sign that the policy of segregation would be abolished—and it was at this point that the Lafayette became what it would remain for several years: the most stylish black showplace in Harlem. Under Walton's management, the Lafayette stirred the revival of black musical-comedy productions—shows that had gone out of fashion since the great Williams and Walker entertainments of the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds. In October of 1915, when "Darkydom"—the black musical-comedy hit of that year—opened at the Lafayette, a Harlem writer called it "the biggest and best colored attraction since Williams and Walker's 'Bandana Land,' " and saw it as an indication that "the colored musical show is once more on the ascendancy."

The Lafayette helped to nurture an even more important development in the realm of drama. In 1916, black Harlem's first legitimate-theatre group was organized there. Charles Gilpin, a native of Richmond, Virginia, was then considered one of the most gifted actors on the American stage, but since there were virtually no serious parts for blacks, he had been reduced to playing vaudeville and touring with small black road companies. When one of these companies, called the Negro Players, disbanded, in 1913, soon after making an appearance at the Lafayette, Gilpin remained in Harlem and founded the Lafayette Players. Though it was a black company, it did not present black plays, for there were almost no such plays at the time. It presented Shakespeare and revivals of such popular Broadway productions as "Madame X," "The Servant in the House," "On Trial," "Within the Law," "Very Good Eddie," and "The Divorce Question."

The subject matter of these plays was connected only remotely, if at all, with black American experience, and the Lafayette Players were often criticized by Harlem intellectuals for staging them before all-black audiences. Yet the plays filled a gap both in the lives of those who performed them and in the cultural experience of those who came out to see them. They gave the performers the only chance they then had of appearing on the legitimate stage, and they enabled Harlem audiences to see black actors and actresses in something other than the usual song-and-dance routines. According to George S. Schuyler, "This was a boon to the Negro public which was not available elsewhere in colored America. These Lafayette Players were tops and I spent many pleasant evenings watching them play to packed houses." For the players, there was this additional advantage, described by James Weldon Johnson:

> The Negro performer in New York, who had always been playing to white or predominantly white audiences, found himself in an entirely different psychological atmosphere. He found himself freed from a great many restraints and taboos that had cramped him for forty years. . . . One of the well-known taboos was that there should never be any romantic love-making in a Negro play. . . . So, with the establishment of the Negro theatre in Harlem, coloured performers in New York experienced for the first time release from the restraining fears of what a white audience would stand for; for the first time they felt free to do on the stage whatever they were able to do.

Among the intellectuals who criticized the Lafayette Players for reviving and producing defunct Broadway shows was Theophilus Lewis, who wrote theatre reviews for A. Philip Randolph's radical *Messenger*. In his book "No Crystal Stair," Theodore Kornweibel, Jr., a young scholar, sums up Lewis's feelings about the Lafayette Players and their relationship to black theatre:

> Noticing that . . . Gilpin, probably the finest black actor then playing, had transformed his part into a thing of beauty, Lewis despaired that Gilpin was condemned to perform in such trash. Blacks simply would not write enough good theatre to keep a fine artist like Gilpin well employed. . . .
>
> Lewis went to the heart of the matter when he noted that one of the fundamental causes of weakness in the black theatre was its unwritten philosophy that the only "legitimate" theatre was the white stage, particularly Broadway. The black theatre had wrongly tried to excel at the things Broadway did, even though the white stage usually portrayed blacks only in caricature. The Lafayette Players, the only permanent company of adult performers in Harlem, took their cues from Broadway and performed ten-year-old castoff plays. . . . Lewis asked, why not produce black drama on the black stage for black audiences?

What Lewis overlooked was that there were no such dramas then. Moreover, when plays using black life and experience as their subject matter did come into being, they were neither written by blacks and produced by blacks nor performed before predominantly black audiences. Such dramas first appeared in the spring of 1917, when three one-acters—"Granny Maumee," "The Rider of Dreams," and "Simon the Cyrenian"—were staged at the Garden Theatre, on Broadway. They were written by Ridgely Torrence, a white poet and playwright from Xenia, Ohio, and produced by Emilie Hapgood. The casts, however, were predominantly black, and Broadway critics praised the event, calling it one of the most important developments in the history of American theatre. According to the *Globe*, "at certain moments" the program "reached depths of vivid, full-blooded drama that Broadway at its

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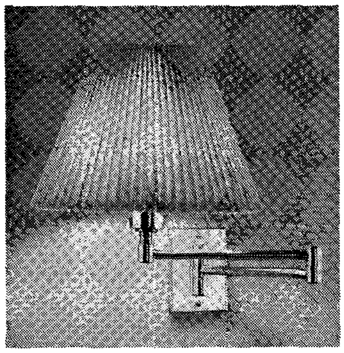

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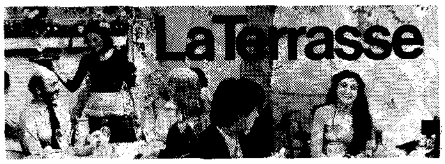

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best but feebly imitates," adding that "it opened up that sadly neglected storehouse of dramatic material, the life of the American Negro." The *Evening Post* said, "Here at last, we have the beginnings of something like a folk theatre, entirely domestic if not altogether national." And *The New Republic* welcomed "the emergence of an artistic Cinderella into the palace where she belongs."

Though one publication called Torrence's plays the first steps toward the building of a national black theatre, there were not soon to be further steps—not until the production of Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," in 1920, and "All God's Chillun Got Wings," in 1924. Once again, progress in the building of a black theatre had been made through the efforts of a white playwright. O'Neill's plays made another vital contribution as well: they brought to national attention two of the finest black actors to have yet appeared on the American stage—Charles Gilpin (in the first of the two plays) and Paul Robeson (in both).

In 1920, there was hardly an actor more deserving of national exposure than Gilpin, who had gone virtually unrecognized while appearing in roles that were either inappropriate or inferior to his gifts. Gilpin was rescued from obscurity when the Provincetown Players, in casting Brutus Jones, the lead role in "The Emperor Jones," decided, after some debate, to use a black actor rather than a white actor in blackface. Gilpin, who still lived in Harlem, was not unemployed when the call came from the Provincetown Players, but, all the same, he may be said to have been out of work. According to Louis Sheaffer, O'Neill's biographer, Gilpin was "tracked down to Macy's," where he was found running an elevator, and where this dialogue took place:

> "Are you Charles Gilpin?" a deputized Provincetowner inquired as he got on the elevator. "Yes. Corsets, ladies' underthings—second floor." "Are you an experienced actor?" "Yes. Glassware, silverware, household furnishings." "We have a good part for you in a play by Eugene O'Neill." "How good? Draperies, upholsteries, linens." "The leading part. Would you like to act again?" "Yes, what's the pay? Furniture, bed clothing, bathroom supplies—fifth floor." "The best we can pay is fifty dollars." "It's a deal. Going down. Where do I go?"

On opening night, Sheaffer writes, "the place rang with cheers for Gilpin—the audience refused to leave." Heywood Broun, of the *Tribune*, wrote, "Gilpin is great. It is a performance of heroic stature." A year later, *The New Republic* said, "It has remained for Charles Gilpin in *The Emperor Jones* to be ranked with the greatest artists of the American stage." If Gilpin had "not been a Negro," Moss Hart later said in his autobiography, "he would have been one of the great actors of his time." And a few years before O'Neill died he remarked to a friend, "I can honestly say there was only one actor who carried out every notion of a character I had in mind. That actor was Charles Gilpin." But while Gilpin was carrying out every one of O'Neill's notions about Brutus Jones, he was injecting others of his own; he was also tampering with the playwright's lines—often substituting words for some in the script that he considered racially offensive. And on certain nights it was clear that Gilpin had had too much to drink—though he had so mastered the role that his drinking did not seriously affect his performance. O'Neill eventually lost patience with him, however, and before the play opened in London he replaced Gilpin in the leading part. "I'd be afraid to risk him in London," O'Neill said to an acquaintance. "So I've corralled another Negro to do it over there . . . a young fellow with considerable experience, wonderful presence and voice, full of ambition and a damn fine man personally with real brains."

O'Neill was referring to Paul Robeson. Like Gilpin, Robeson lived in Harlem. He had settled there in 1919, when, after graduating from Rutgers, he entered Columbia Law School. Harlem had taken quickly to the young Robeson, as his wife, Eslanda, wrote in her biography of him:

> He soon became Harlem's special favorite . . . everyone knew and admired and liked him. . . . No matter how great his achievements then or later, his easy good-natured simplicity kept him from being regarded with awe. . . . When Paul Robeson walks down Seventh Avenue he reminds one of his father walking down the main street of Somerville [New Jersey]: it takes him hours to negotiate the ten blocks from One Hundred and Forty-Third Street to One Hundred and Thirty-Third Street; at every step of the way he is stopped by some acquaintance or friend who wants a few words with him. And always Paul has time for those few words. In 1919, Paul strolled the "Avenue," and soon became one of its landmarks; he was often to be seen on the corner of One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth or One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Street, the centre of a group. He could talk to anyone about anything. He had spent so much time with his father and in the Church that he had

sympathy and understanding for the elderly, old-fashioned Negro. . . . He could talk fascinatingly about games by the hour. He had a gorgeous bass voice, and could always be counted upon to carry the low voice part in harmonizations when "the fellows" got together at parties, or even on street corners.

When Robeson took over the title role in "The Emperor Jones," in a 1924 revival of the play, he was praised almost as highly as Charles Gilpin had been. George Jean Nathan, in the *American Mercury*, called him "one of the most thoroughly eloquent, impressive, and convincing actors that I have looked at and listened to in almost twenty years of professional theatre-going." Laurence Stallings wrote in the *World*, "A great many competent judges have said that he rose to a power and dignity overshadowing Gilpin's." In January of 1925, O'Neill wrote in *The Messenger*, "My experiences as author with actor have never been so fortunate as in the cases of Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Robeson. . . . I would say that the Negro artist on the stage is ideal from an author's standpoint." It was a wonderful tribute, and augured well for the future of the black theatre. But, as O'Neill went on to say, an important ingredient of black theatre was still missing: "Where are your playwrights?" No plays of any consequence had yet appeared, or, at least, none had yet been produced.

IN 1919, "Harlem had a complete life of its own," Paul Robeson's wife wrote. "There were young and old Negro physicians and dentists, with much larger practices than they could comfortably look after themselves; Negroes owned beautiful houses and modern apartments; there were many fine churches; . . . there were Negro graduates from the finest white universities in America; there were Negroes in every conceivable profession, business, and trade." George S. Schuyler recalled in 1966, "The Harlem of 1919 was a small community amid a sea of whites. It extended from 130th Street to 143rd Street, from Seventh to Madison Avenue, with some blocks extending to Eighth Avenue. Lenox Avenue was much more attractive than it is now, with more trees and fewer people. There were more private houses and fewer storefront churches, less loitering and more decorum, and the people were well-dressed in contrast to the shabbiness one sees today." And A. Philip Randolph said some years

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later, "There was a certain standard, social standard, in the life of Negroes in Harlem then, different from today. You had a little gloss. There was a greater sense of respectability within the Negro group. They were trying to do things, trying to achieve status for the race. You had the underworld, to be sure, but you had some good types of people. They set the tone of the community. . . . A lot of these people were in the churches, and you saw them in the so-called better-class restaurants that Negroes would go to. All of these churches had great preachers, great spiritual strength."

Harlem may still have been a "small" community in 1919, but during the war its population had grown by several thousand. It had received its share of wartime migration from the South, the Caribbean, and parts of colonial Africa. Some of the new arrivals merely lived in Harlem: it was *New York* they had come to, looking for jobs and for all the other legendary opportunities of life in the city. To others who migrated to Harlem, New York was merely the city in which they found themselves: Harlem was exactly where they wished to be. The Harlem of 1919 was certainly a livelier and more populous district than the one that the men of the 369th Infantry had left in November of 1917, when they sailed to fight in France.

On the morning of February 17, 1919, when the Hellfighters, laden with military decorations, returned from France, some two thousand of them received a rousing welcome from New Yorkers as they marched up Fifth Avenue on their way to Harlem—no longer darkies playing soldiers. The *Times* reported, "The negro soldiers were astonished at the hundreds of thousands who turned out to greet them, and New Yorkers, in their turn, were mightily impressed with the magnificent appearance of these fighting men, which looked the part of a regiment that had been cited as a whole for bravery. . . . They marched with the careless, natural precision of men who had long ago mastered the technique of their profession." They were stepping smartly to the tempos of James Europe's ragtime military band. Major Arthur Little, a white officer, who marched in the front ranks of the parade, later recalled:

> The multitude of fellow citizens who greeted us that day—the tens of thousands who cheered, the women who wept—the men who cried "God bless you, boys!"—all were united to drown the music of Jim Europe's Band. They did not give us their welcome because ours was a regiment of colored soldiers—they did not give us their welcome in spite of ours being a regiment of colored soldiers. They greeted us that day from hearts filled with gratitude and with pride and with love, *because ours was a regiment of men, who had done the work of men.*

After marching past the reviewing stand, at Sixtieth Street—where Governor Al Smith, former Governor Charles Whitman, Acting Mayor Robert L. Moran, and William Randolph Hearst took the salute—the regiment continued up Fifth Avenue, turned west on 110th Street, and proceeded north up Lenox Avenue. As they took the turn onto Lenox, one of Harlem's main boulevards, Europe's band swung into "Here Comes My Daddy Now." The "multitude went wild with joy," the *Times* said. The *Age* noted, "The Hellfighters marched between two howling walls of humanity. . . . from the rooftops thousands stood and whooped things up. . . . so frantic did many become that they threw pennants and even hats away." And, according to Major Little, "Mothers, and wives, and sisters, and sweethearts recognized their boys and their men; and they rushed right out through the ranks to embrace them. For the final mile or more of our parade about every fourth soldier . . . had a girl upon his arm—and we marched through Harlem singing and laughing."

It had been a splendid day in New York. "We wonder how many people who are opposed to giving the Negro his full citizenship rights could watch the Fifteenth on its march up the Avenue and not feel either shame or alarm," James Weldon Johnson wrote later in the *Age*. "And we wonder how many who are not opposed to the Negro receiving his full rights could watch these men and not feel determined to aid them in their endeavor to obtain these rights." On such a day, there could not have been many. The march, one eyewitness said, had taken place "under a canopy of blue, with not a cloud in the sky. . . . the February sun, usually cold and unfriendly, beamed down . . . with springtime cordiality."

The "springtime cordiality" ended that summer. "Eight months after the armistice, with black men back fresh from the front, came the Red Summer of 1919, and the mingled emotions of the race were bitterness, despair, and anger," one black historian wrote. "There developed an attitude of cyni-

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cism that was a characteristic foreign to the Negro. There developed also a spirit of defiance born of desperation." More than twenty race riots broke out that year, in which hundreds of blacks, including soldiers who had recently returned from France, were shot, lynched, or beaten to death. In Europe, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has written, "The experience of victory now suggested that men had within them the resources for salvation." In America, among the black masses, the end of the war brought not only violence and despair but also the further debasement of a civilization. Which faction in Harlem had been right in 1917? Was it the established leadership, who had hoped or believed that black participation in the war would result in full citizenship rights at home? Or was it the obstreperous young radicals, one of whom had asked, "Since when has the subject race come out of a war with its rights and privileges accorded for such a participation?"

Nowhere in America was there a stronger black reaction to the postwar developments than in Harlem. The little magazines that the street-corner radicals had founded during the war became more bellicose and irreverent in tone than at any time earlier. *The Crusader*, edited by Cyril Briggs, a former writer for the *Amsterdam News*, announced that now it feared "only God." Hubert Harrison's *The Voice* called itself the "journal of the new dispensation." *The Challenge*, edited by William Bridges, was just that—a debunker of almost every conventional attitude and idea in America. Wilfred Domingo's *The Emancipator* declared that it had come "to preach deliverance to the slaves." And Randolph and Owen's *The Messenger* was cited by the Justice Department in 1919 as "by long odds the most dangerous of all the Negro publications."

No political organization thrived more on the postwar disillusionment and despair than Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association—the largest and most dramatic black mass movement ever to exist in America. Most of its original adherents in Harlem—where it was founded, in 1917—had been the Southerners and West Indians who streamed into the community during the war. Many of them had joined the U.N.I.A. while the war was still going on. But it was in 1919—when, as one Harlemite put it, there "recurred the feeling on the part of some Negroes that there was no future in the United States for them"—that the majority began pouring into Garvey's movement. This was as much because of their sense of their plight as because Garvey, who was one of the most brilliant speakers in Harlem, played enchantingly on the postwar discontent. From the U.N.I.A.'s platform in Liberty Hall—the movement's auditorium, on West 138th Street—and in its weekly newspaper, *Negro World*, he exhorted blacks to be proud of their color, to build social and economic institutions of their own, and to look to Africa as their once and future homeland. Tens of thousands, not only in Harlem but in other parts of America and the world, found instant solace in his black-nationalist message. In America, writes his biographer, David Cronon, blacks were "ready for any program that would tend to restore even a measure of their lost dignity and self-respect." When the U.N.I.A. held its first annual convention, in the summer of 1920, Garvey claimed an international following of two million, and though this figure was probably inflated, it does not seem beyond the bounds of possibility.

Garvey was himself a wartime migrant to Harlem. A native of Jamaica, he arrived in Harlem in 1916, at the age of twenty-eight, bringing with him the rudiments of the racial program for which he became famous. In his homeland, he had been an admirer of Booker T. Washington's philosophy of black self-improvement and had formed the Jamaica Improvement Association. In America, however, his ideas veered in the direction of black nationalism—or, as his critics put it, black racism. He became what was then described as a race radical, while other protégés of Washington, like the *Age's* Fred Moore, remained what can best be described as conservative progressives. Among Garvey's early acquaintances in Harlem were other radicals of his age group—men born in the eighteen-eighties—who preached on the street corners. They were not strictly race radicals, however, but socialist and antiwar ideologues. On occasion, these soapboxers were willing to yield a few minutes of their speaking time to any member of the audience who wished to present his

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own program for black progress—though, irrepressible polemicists that they were, they often set to work to demolish his arguments as soon as they reclaimed their platform. This was the sort of reception they accorded Garvey, the West Indian newcomer. Many years later, A. Philip Randolph recalled, "I was on a soapbox speaking on socialism when someone pulled my coat and said, 'There's a young man here from Jamaica who wants to be presented to this group.' I said, 'What does he want to talk about?' He said, 'He wants to talk about a movement to develop a Back-to-Africa sentiment in America.' I said, 'Yes, I'll be glad to present him.' " Being Socialists, men like Randolph were not taken with Garvey's doctrine; and, being an emergent black nationalist, he was not impressed by theirs. Drifting away from their gatherings, Garvey went fishing for disciples of his own. He had poor success, however, for, according to his biographer, "skeptical Harlemites paid scant attention to him," dismissing him as "just another West Indian carpetbagger."

Garvey's fortunes began to improve in June of 1917, when Hubert Harrison, the eldest and most learned of the radical group, invited him to share a platform at the Bethel A.M.E. Church, on West 132nd Street. Harrison, having become unhappy with the Socialist Party, had renounced some of his former beliefs and was translating the remainder into his own version of black militancy. No longer as certain as he had once been that socialism contained the answer to the race problem, Harrison, in his magazine, addressed the Socialist Party: "The roots of Class-Consciousness inhere in a temporary economic order; whereas the roots of Race-Consciousness must of necessity survive any and all changes in the economic order." Thus, Harrison said—expressing a view that would be especially appealing to a man like Garvey—black socialist radicals should sever their ties to the Party, thereby freeing themselves to pursue their own racial strategies and programs. Harrison was the senior radical in Harlem; and as he had been an inspiration to younger men like Randolph who took up socialism, so he now became a theoretician of the black-nationalist strategies to which Garvey was inclined. To pursue his program, Harrison had founded an organization called the Liberty League; and, because he was familiar with Garvey's views, he had invited the Jamaican to speak at his inaugural meeting. Bringing his "magnetic personality, torrential eloquence, and intuitive knowledge of crowd psychology" into play, Garvey, according to one observer, "swept the audience." He endorsed Harrison's movement and pledged to support it. "But," this observer added, "Garvey was not of the kidney to support anybody's movement."

Not long after his performance on Harrison's platform, Garvey launched his Universal Negro Improvement Association, and by the middle of 1919, when, because of race riots all over the country, blacks turned to his organization in droves, it had become the largest movement of its kind in the United States. In August of the following year, Garvey, addressing the first convention of the U.N.I.A., declared:

> *We are striking homeward toward Africa* to make her the big black republic. And in the making of Africa the big black republic, what is the barrier? The barrier is the white man; and we say to the white man who dominates Africa that it is to his interest to clear out now, because we are coming, not as in the time of Father Abraham, 200,000 strong, but we are coming 400,000,000 strong, and we mean to retake every square inch of the 12,000,000 square miles of African territory belonging to us by right Divine.

Partly because of his West Indian origin, the popularity of his movement, the nature of his program, and his attacks on the indigenous black protest organizations, Garvey was resented, even hated, by almost all the protest leaders and a major segment of the black middle class. J. A. Rogers, a Jamaican-born journalist and historian who was then a resident of Harlem, wrote, "Such opponents held that the Back-to-Africa program was diverting attention from the fight for justice here in America and disrupting its course. [Garvey] opposed the joining of white trade unions by Negroes and those organizations fighting for rights here at home. As for the Negro church, he practically rejected it and had his own rituals and Sunday services." For these reasons, as well as Garvey's homely physical appearance and what some called his arrogance, his critics were unsparing in the epithets they used to describe him—"jackass," "ignoramus," "pig," "buffoon," and, of course, "ugly."

One of the less mocking sketches of him was written by Lucien White, of the *Age*—although its conservative and middle-class editors were no ad-

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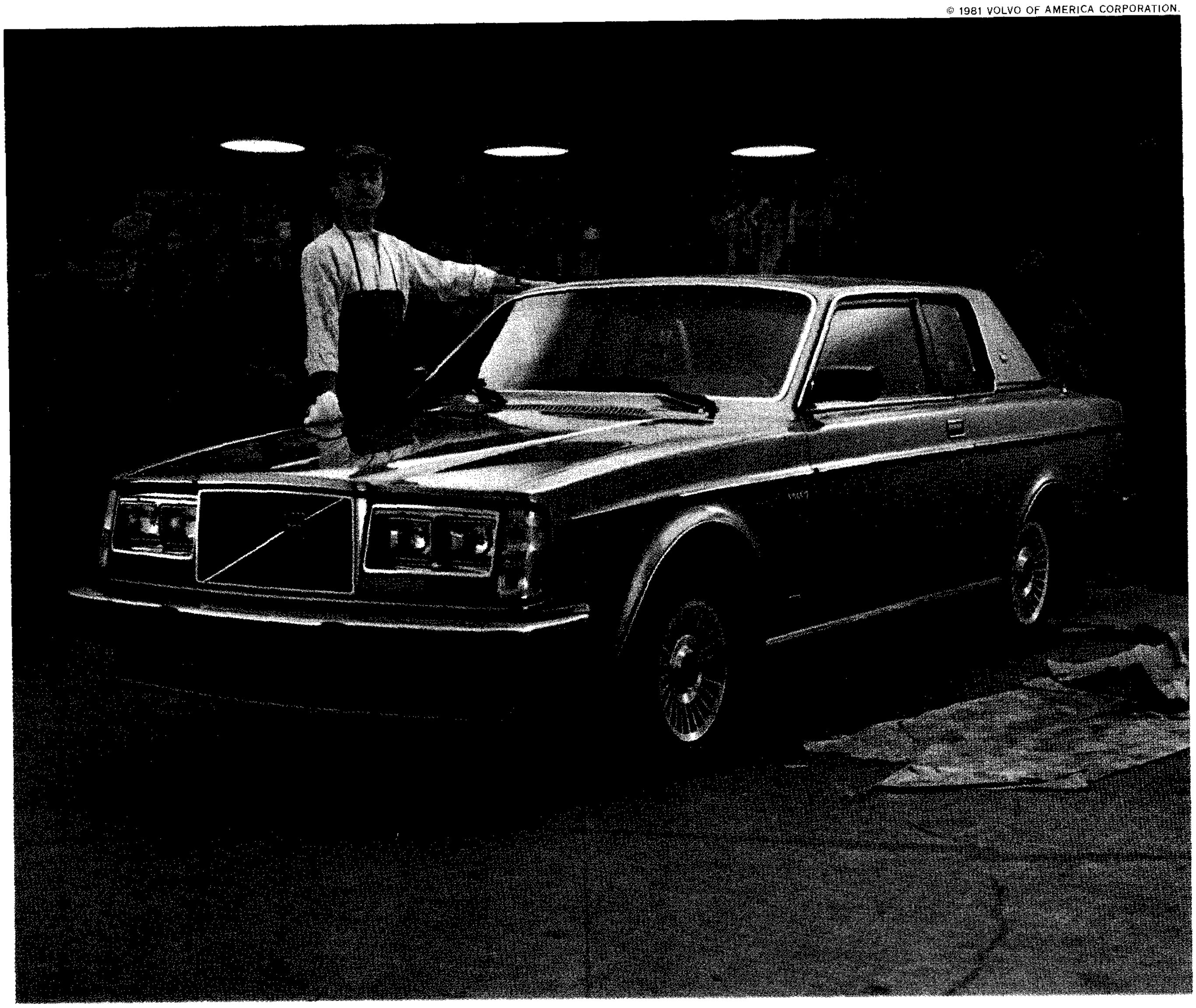

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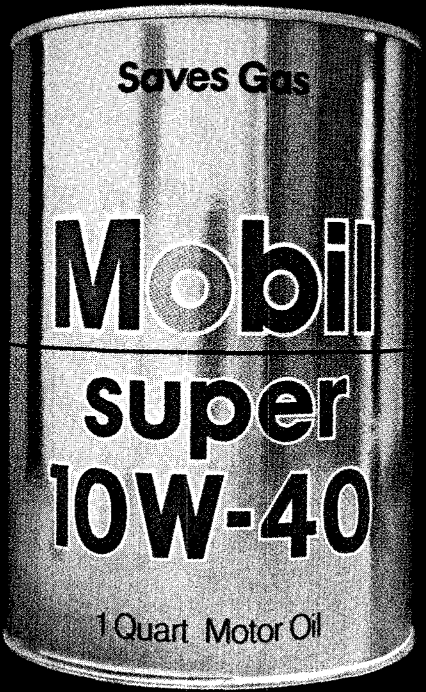
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mirers of Garvey. “The massive head and big-boned torso serve to mislead one as to the man’s actual physical development, for they are of almost giant proportions, judging from the photographs,” White wrote. “Close personal contact reveals that he is only of medium height, sturdy of lower limb . . . but possessing the physical development indicated by photos of the upper body . . . small feet, slightly built legs, large trunk . . . topped with head that has ample room for developed brain. Small, rather close-set eyes sparkle as he chats, but become grim and icy when he is not pleased.” Another portrait devoid of invective was written by Herbert Seligman, for the *World*. Garvey, Seligman said, “might, to judge by his appearance, be a politician or a professional man.” He continued, “Of medium height, his head set close down upon broad shoulders, his slender, longish arms terminating in narrow hands, he presents a sedentary, almost studious type. . . . His manner is easy and his voice agreeable, with a slightly English intonation that falls strangely upon the ears of Americans unaccustomed to natives of the British West Indies. Nor is there anything bizarre in Marcus Garvey’s talk. It is fluent, even compelling if one does not stop to check him up.” Garvey’s imagination, Seligman said, was “capacious.” To walk into his business offices—on 135th Street between Lenox and Fifth Avenues—was to enter “a fantastic realm in which cash sales of shares and the imminence of destiny strangely commingle.” The reference was to shares in the Black Star Shipping Line, the centerpiece of Garvey’s several business enterprises and perhaps the most ambitious of his conceptions. He had founded the Black Star Line to show that blacks were capable of owning and managing major business ventures and to give substance to his idea that blacks should one day return to Africa—preferably in ships of their own. The Black Star Line, Garvey’s biographer writes, was “a supremely audacious move that aroused the greatest excitement in the colored world.” He adds, “Here was an enterprise belonging to Negroes, operated by and for them, that gave even the poorest black the chance to become a stockholder in a big business enterprise.”

Garvey’s imagination was not only capacious but romantic as well. The higher ranks of his U.N.I.A. comprised various levels of African “nobility”—“knights,” “dukes,” and “duchesses”—all created by Garvey, who named himself “the Provisional President of Africa.” African kings and queens there were, just as there were English ones; but no one had ever heard of African knights, dukes, and duchesses. Well, everyone would hear of them now. “Though he was opposing British imperialism, he imitated its forms,” wrote J. A. Rogers, who had known Garvey when they both lived in Jamaica. “Apparently, he had never been able to throw off the impression British folderol and glitter had made on him in his childhood.” Also, it all illustrated Garvey’s gifts for organization and for inspirational propaganda. By surrounding himself with the trappings of royalty and aristocracy, by offering his followers a vision or a fantasy of racial and social grandeur, he attracted a larger and more rapturous allegiance than he might have otherwise.

Harlem, as Garvey knew, loved grand parades and street ceremony, and no parades were grander than the ones he staged as highlights of the U.N.I.A.’s annual conventions. On these occasions, thousands of delegates—from all over the United States, the Caribbean, Central America, and Africa—marched up and down the broad avenues of Harlem, their banners inscribed with tributes to Africa and to great black figures of the past. The rank and file were preceded by various paramilitary units of the U.N.I.A.—the marching band, the African Legion, the African Motor Corps, and the Black Star Nurses. All except the nurses, who were dressed in white, had on uniforms in brilliant combinations of black, red, green, and blue. Large convertibles gaily decorated with bunting carried the V.I.P.s of the movement—all colorfully robed, braided, and beribboned. Riding at the head of this spectacle, in the most impressive of the limousines, was the Provisional President of Africa himself, attired—as Rogers saw him—“in raiment that outdid Solomon in all his glory.”

Within nine years of his arrival in Harlem, Garvey built the largest black mass movement in the nation’s history and became perhaps the most celebrated and controversial black figure

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of his time. All of this began to unravel in 1925, when—after being convicted on a charge of using the mails to defraud while selling shares in his Black Star Line—he was jailed in the Atlanta federal penitentiary and later deported from the United States. Among his followers—and among thousands of blacks who were not—his major accomplishment was that of arousing a previously dormant sense of racial pride and of nurturing in them an awareness of Africa as their ancestral homeland. Though he hardly needed to have added to so important an achievement, the fact is that he failed in almost all other aspects of his program. Some of his failures resulted from his own mistakes in administration and leadership, including his misreading of black American middle-class society, some from the bitter opposition of his enemies, some from traits of personal character, such as his extraordinary vanity. He was not, however, a crook, not the dishonest man that many of his critics accused him of being. He was, as Rogers wrote, "a poet and a romancer." His dreams were too large, his conceptions too impractical—at least for the times in which he lived.

DURING the war, some of the early black saloons and cafés of Harlem continued their evolution into full-fledged cabarets. John W. Connor's Royal Café had begun catering to what Ethel Waters (who had lately come to Harlem from Chester, Pennsylvania, her home town, to try her luck as a singer) called "the sophisticates, bowed down . . . with culture and ennui." Barron Wilkins' Astoria Café drew its usual high-spending interracial crowd from the worlds of sport and show business. But Leroy's Café seems to have become the best of the night spots. Ethel Waters thought that the proprietor, Leroy Wilkins, was a stickler for good manners and conduct. On weekends, tuxedos were required. Miss Waters was much less impressed by Edmond Johnson, the owner of Edmond's Cellar, at 132nd Street and Fifth Avenue—where she worked, during and after the war. Johnson, nicknamed the Mule, was a brawling, coarse-mouthed man who had run a similar establishment down in the Tenderloin. Many years after Miss Waters had escaped from Edmond's Cellar and risen to national stardom, she said of it, "After you worked there, there was no place to go except into domestic service. Edmond's drew the sporting men, the hookers, and other assorted underworld characters." It was, she added, "the last stop on the way down in show business."

In clubs like Leroy's, Edmond's, and the Astoria Café, between 1914 and 1920, one of the transitional modes of the jazz piano reached its full development. This keyboard style, bridging the idioms of classic ragtime and jazz, was known as stride, or Harlem stride, piano, and among its major exponents were James P. Johnson, Willie (the Lion) Smith, and Luckey Roberts. Before settling in Harlem, these men—Johnson was from New Brunswick, New Jersey; Smith from Goshen, New York; and Roberts from Philadelphia—had played in many of the rougher clubs and barrooms of San Juan Hill and the Tenderloin, where pianists of their style were called ticklers. According to James Lincoln Collier, a jazz historian, the stride-piano style "was created simply by the players jazzing or swinging the rags, or pseudoragtime music, they had grown up on—that is, pulling the melody away from the ground beat." George Hoefer, another jazz commentator, says, "New York pianists tried to get an orchestralike effect with their instruments. They assimilated some of the harmonies, chords, and techniques of the European concert pianists. . . . New York striders were, unlike the jazz and ragtime pianists from other parts of the country, steadily in the aura of big-city sophistication and closer to the rhythms of Broadway." Hoefer also quotes Johnson: "The difference between stride and traditional piano ragtime was in the structure and the precise bass played in a rag style by the left hand, while the characteristic strides were performed by the right hand."

These stride innovators played to full houses but for small paychecks—as Smith recalled in later years:

> To the Harlem cabaret owners, to all night-club bosses, the money was on a one-way chute—everything coming in, nothing going out.
>
> . . . It was your job to draw in the customers. All the owner had to do was count the money.
>
> For all this, they paid you off in uppercuts. That was a saying we got up in those days; it meant you were allowed to keep your tips, but you got no salary. Sometimes they would give us a small weekly amount—like twenty dollars. That was known as a left hook.
>
> When I started at Leroy's he acted as though he was doing me a big favor by letting me sit at the piano. After I'd been

at the club for a couple of weeks I noticed the place was packed. It was time for me to have a little talk with Mr. Leroy. So one night I took time out and sent for an order of southern-fried chicken, the speciality of the house.... Instead of the chicken I got Leroy hollering, "What the hell you think you're doin' now, Lion? Ain't you got any food at home? You tryin' to take advantage?"

I looked calmly around the crowded room. "I want a small left hook, man, or else I'm movin' on." It was common practice for a piano player to keep on the go because you weren't considered too good if you stayed at the same place too long a time. It signified you were not in hot demand.

Smith went on, "I wound up with a salary of eighteen dollars a week plus tips. Old man Wilkins could see which side of the bread had the butter."

THE start of the nineteen-twenties may be seen as the end of the ragtime era and the opening of what came to be called the jazz age. The transition was as inevitable as the passage from one generation to another. Politically, the ragtime years witnessed some of the more radical developments in American life—socialist and antiwar agitation and the beginning of black-nationalist ferment. Musically and socially, however, the ragtime period was relatively circumspect in its mannerisms; it seems now (though it surely did not seem so then) to have been just a livelier extension of the Victorian constraints it wished to escape. For all its syncopated rhythms, its innovations in "modern" dance and female attire—even the vulgar wording of some of its songs—it did not wander far from the scored melodies of the recent past, the authority of traditional forms and opinion. After all, some of the early ragtime music (to which middle-class and upper-class people danced the two-step, the tango, and the foxtrot) was just a syncopated version of the waltz and the march—except, of course, when sections of the black masses were using ragtime music to do the erotic Texas Tommy, the grizzly bear, and the bunny hug.

At all events, the jazz age would be far more irreverent—and in matters like drinking downright illegal. Making use of some of the assertions that had characterized the ragtime era, and reflecting some of the psychological aftermaths of the war, the jazz age ventured into improvisation and spontaneity—pursuing the unwritten variation in melody, decorating the written statement, capturing new styles on the wing, and expressing what was

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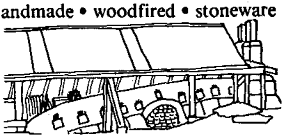

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irrepressibly genial in the spirit of the twenties.

Four musical styles appear to have met in Harlem by 1920 and to have influenced the emergence of jazz in the community: ragtime, stride piano, blues, and some of the early dixieland sounds of New Orleans. But until about 1922 the dominant forces in Harlem music were the blues singers and the stride pianists (most of whose styles reflected the clear influence of the progressive or classic ragtime piano). Ethel Waters, who worked with a number of these stride pianists while singing in Harlem during and after the war, later paid them this tribute:

> I was learning a lot in Harlem about music and the men up there who played it best. All the licks you hear, now as then, originated with musicians like James P. Johnson. And I mean *all* of the hot licks that ever came out of Fats Waller and the rest of the hot piano boys. They are just faithful followers and protégés of that great man, Jimmy Johnson. Men like him, Willie (the Lion) Smith, and Charlie Johnson, could make you sing until your tonsils fell out. Because you wanted to sing. They stirred you into joy and wild ecstasy. They could make you cry. And you'd do anything and work until you dropped for such musicians. The master of them all, though, was Luckey Roberts.

Duke Ellington described Willie Smith—whom he met soon after he arrived in New York, in the early nineteen-twenties—as "the greatest influence on most of the great piano players" who were exposed to the "luxury" of "his fire, his harmonic lavishness, his stride." Ellington's list of such piano players included himself, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Count Basie, Donald Lambert, Joe Turner, Sam Ervis, and Art Tatum.

After the war, Mamie Smith was regarded in New York as the first lady of the blues, although it was Lucille Hegamin who was then called Harlem's favorite. Miss Smith, a native of Cincinnati, had, according to one description, a heavy voice, heavy hips, a light complexion, and wavy brown hair. In 1920, after appearing occasionally at the Lincoln Theatre and at one or two of the cabarets in Harlem, she made what has been called the first recording of an "actual blues performance by a Negro artist with a Negro accompaniment." The recording was "Crazy Blues," on the Okeh label, and was backed up by a five-piece band, with Willie (the Lion) Smith on piano. "Crazy Blues," originally titled "Harlem Blues," was written by Perry Bradford, an ebullient, cigar-smoking pianist-composer, who also wrote "That Thing Called Love" and "You Can't Keep a Good Man Down." The recording of "Crazy Blues," which sold tens of thousands of copies in Harlem and elsewhere, helped make the gorgeous Mamie Smith the highest-paid blues singer in New York. According to Samuel Charters and Leonard Kunstadt, historians of the New York jazz scene, Mamie Smith "made so much money she never really counted it." They also tell us:

> It is estimated that she made nearly $100,000 in recording royalties alone. She was making between $1000 and $1500 a week in the large theatres in New York and Chicago and making nearly as much in the smaller theatres. . . . She bought large houses on 130th Street, St. Nicholas Place, and Long Island. Visitors at 130th Street remember lavish furnishings with an electric player piano in every room. The closets were stuffed with player-piano rolls. She bought ermine robes, silver gowns, gowns of gold cloth. For an engagement at the Bal Tabarin in Atlantic City she spent $3000 for a cape of ostrich plumes. Standing in a spotlight on a darkened stage, the silver gown shimmering, the ostrich plumes gently swaying, the diamonds on her fingers and around her neck glittering, Mamie was a breathtaking sight. She didn't even have to sing. She just walked grandly across the stage and there were storms of applause.

In 1918, the Pace & Handy Music Company, formerly of Memphis, moved to New York and opened offices on Broadway, downtown—one of a few black publishing houses in that part of the city. The partners were Harry Pace and W. C. Handy, the latter popularly known as the father of the blues. Just before leaving Memphis, their company had published one of the hit songs of that year, "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." The song, written by Eddie Green, had been introduced by Alberta Hunter at the Dreamland Cabaret, in Chicago, where Miss Hunter had previously introduced Handy's "Loveless Love" and "Beale Street Blues." Though relatively unknown at the time, she was later to become one of the brighter night-club stars of black Harlem and white Manhattan. "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" was an even greater hit in New York after Sophie Tucker—who had heard Alberta Hunter's version in Chicago—sang it on Broadway, and it was the success of this number that helped to establish the Pace & Handy Company in New York.

In 1921, when Harry Pace learned that Mamie Smith's "Crazy Blues" was being played in almost every household of Harlem that owned a

Victrola, he set out to exploit its popularity, and founded a recording company of his own—Black Swan Records, with headquarters on Seventh Avenue near 135th Street. Its first successful recording was of Ethel Waters singing "Down Home Blues," for which she demanded a payment of a hundred dollars. At first, Harry Pace could not see himself meeting so brazen a demand. His company was losing money, for its first few records had failed, and Miss Waters was not then an artist of any stature. At Edmond's Cellar, where she worked—the bottom of the cabaret heap—she drew little more than thirty-five dollars a week, and she had recently been turned down for a part in "Shuffle Along," the brilliant black musical of 1921, by a casting director who regarded her as just a cheap honky-tonk singer. Harry Pace relented, however, as Miss Waters later wrote:

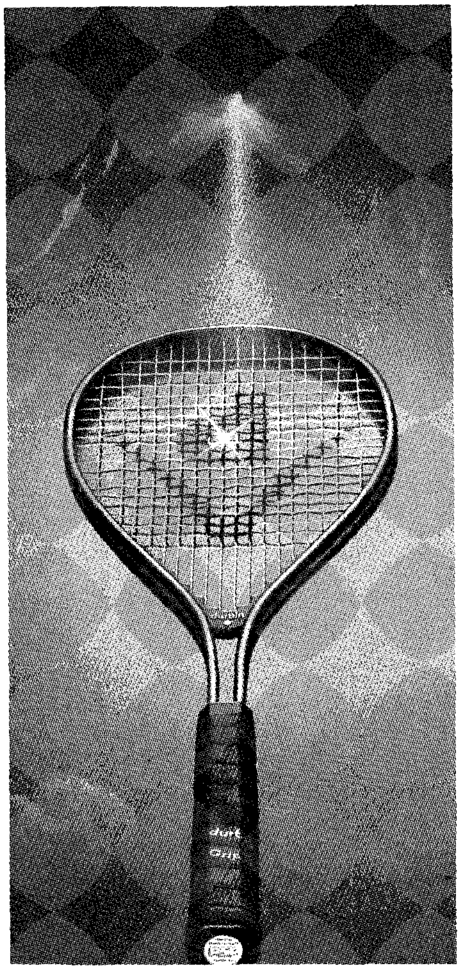
> Mr. Pace paid me the one hundred dollars, and that first Black Swan record I made had "Down Home Blues" on one side, "Oh, Daddy" on the other. It proved a great success and a best seller among both white and colored, and it got Black Swan out of the red. In those days you sang down into little horns just like the one you see in those ads of His Master's Voice. My second Black Swan record had "There'll Be Some Changes Made" on one side and "One Man Nan" on the other. . . . Pace and Handy then suggested that I go out on tour with Fletcher Henderson's Black Swan Jazz Masters, with Fletcher as my accompanist.

Miss Waters' records not only helped to get Harry Pace's company out of the red but also helped her to climb out of Edmond's Cellar.

In 1919, when the ragtime Army bands returned from France, they began billing themselves as jazz orchestras. Tim Brymm called his group, which had served with the 350th Artillery, the Overseas Jazz Sensation, and James Europe's Harlem Hellfighters band set out on a tour of major American cities, playing what were advertised as jazz concerts. There were other signs as well that the jazz age was dawning. "By 1919," one commentator has written, "the growing number of Harlem cabarets, sprouting up like dandelions in the spring, had begun to use four-, five-, and six-piece jazz bands. . . . These jazz bands, featuring improvised blues, were to help usher in a new era in Harlem—the Harlem the world heard about during the Prohibition days."

—JERVIS ANDERSON

(This is the second part of a four-part article.)



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MUSICAL EVENTS

One Perfect Harmony

FOR ten years, the Conservatory of Music at Oberlin College has been the host of an annual summer institute devoted to the performance practice of the Baroque period, directed by August Wenzinger. This year, there was also a workshop in the study of the fortepiano, presented by Malcolm Bilson, and a concurrent institute on the organ, in the course of which an outstanding new instrument was inaugurated.

There are now twenty-five organs on the Oberlin campus, including sixteen practice instruments, four studio instruments by Flentrop, a magnificent forty-four-stop instrument, also by Flentrop, in the Warner Concert Hall, and a traditional sixty-stop Aeolian-Skinner, in the Finney Memorial Chapel. The latest addition was built by John Brombaugh & Associates, of Eugene, Oregon; it is based on North German instruments of the early seventeenth century. The organ stands in the west gallery of the small, stone-walled Fairchild Chapel. Years ago, Flentrop had hoped to install a historical organ in this fine building, and around 1970 there was a proposal to copy a small Dutch sixteenth-century instrument in Oosthuizen. But Mr. Brombaugh, in collaboration with Harald Vogel, who was on the faculty of this year's organ institute and gave the first public recital on the new instrument, suggested that German models be followed. This plan was realized while two other organs, based on similar models, were being built in America: a small one, by Gene Bedient, for Augustana College, in Rock Island, Illinois, and a major one, by Charles Fisk, for Wellesley College. Fisk's organ, not yet quite complete, was demonstrated at the end of Boston's recent Early Music Festival. The Oberlin and Wellesley organs will be formally dedicated in the fall. Enough can already be heard of them, however, to suggest that they are important in extending the re-creation of historic organs from the Baroque back to the Renaissance.

The new Oberlin organ gives an immediate impression of brightness, directness, and clarity. The reeds bounce and dance, the principal and gedackt stops sing with a lovely bloom. There is a built-in resonance to the action which replaces the violent on-off attack of many quasi-Baroque organs with a gentler, defter articulation, reminiscent of Renaissance flutes and recorders. Nothing shrieks, nothing overwhelms. There is an especially beautiful wooden principal, which provides a contrast of timbre with the metal principal. It is an important feature of both the Brombaugh and the Fisk organs that they use a very high proportion of lead in the metal pipes. This follows the practice of the early seventeenth century. Mr. Fisk said, in a paper given at a recent conference on the organ at McGill University, "Perhaps the most wonderful characteristic of lead pipes is the agility they seem to give an organ. Lead pipes reach their note so quickly, firmly, and gracefully that they will clearly delineate even a disjunct sixteenth-note figure in the lower register." Yet the sound is not shrill; it is quite full and rich. The sprightly articulation of the Oberlin organ is helped by the direct, mechanical action used both for the keys and for the stops that are drawn to register the instrument. Even the bellows that supply the wind can be operated manually (though an electrical alternative is provided), and the wind is fed into one "wind trunk." The player can see the wind chest for one manual just above him as he plays, and no artificial devices are used to stabilize the wind supply.

One aspect of the Oberlin organ, however, is at first disconcerting. This is its tuning, which is regulated not in modern equal temperament but in a seventeenth-century mean-tone temperament. Some of the intervals are extremely pure, and some are extremely dissonant. It used to be assumed that since equal temperament had ironed out all the awkward, unusable intervals of old tunings and arrived at a compromise that was generally acceptable to the ear, it was self-evidently the best tuning method available. But makers and tuners of keyboard instruments and scholars of keyboard music have felt for some time that earlier tuning systems are valuable. To play old music on an old instrument in a new tuning can misrepresent both music and instrument. In a session of the organ institute, Mr. Vogel demonstrated several different temperaments on the large Oberlin Flentrop (which had been partly retuned for this purpose). His criticisms of equal temperament, delivered in a sober and reserved manner, were devastating. When all twelve semitones are equal, he claimed, there is "absolutely no tension" between consonances and dissonances. The internal structure of every piece written before the introduction of equal tempering is distorted. This music is "not available to us intellectually" unless we hear it with the tuning in which it was conceived. Mr. Vogel reduced to a chord sequence the start of the first prelude from J. S. Bach's "48" and played it in equal temperament; all the chords had roughly the same quality of stability and repose. The same passage in mean-tone temperament had a very different effect: it moved from the pure, transparent sounds of the C-major triad through an extraordinary wealth of unstable, variably dissonant chords. There was a far greater sense of departure and homecoming; the tuning helped to express the phrasing of the piece.

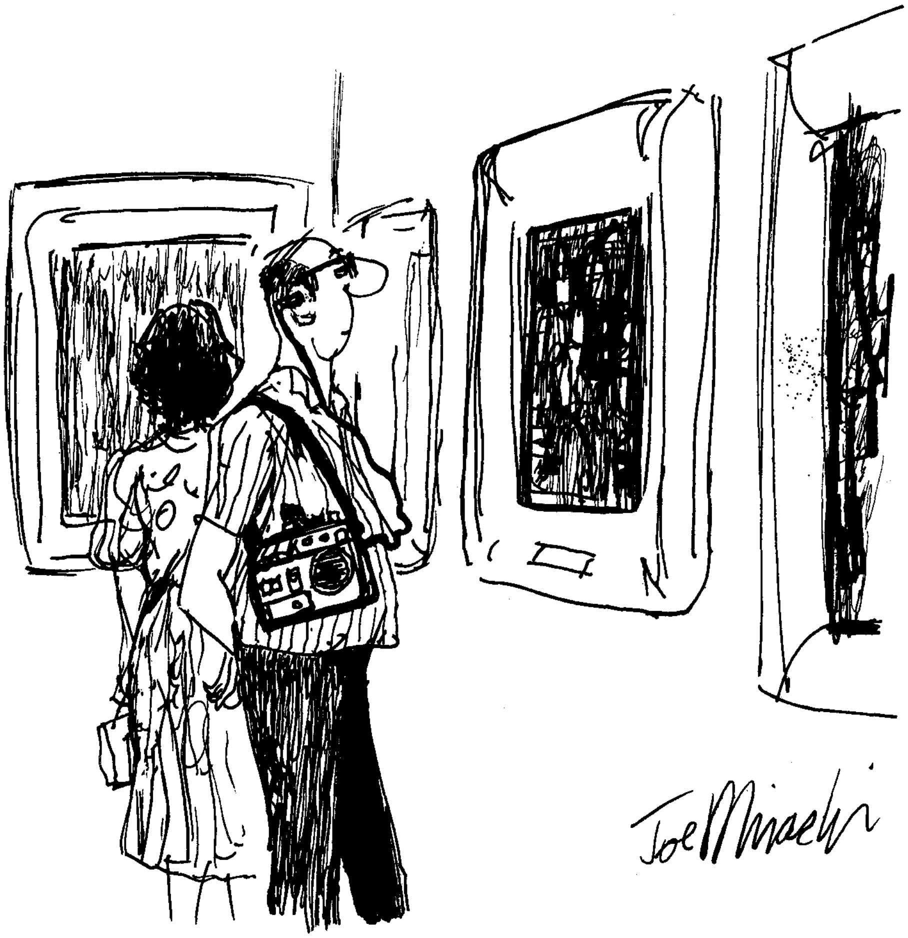
The Oberlin organ is tuned in a mean-tone temperament that is based on pure, consonant thirds. If all the keys are to sound satisfactory in this system, more than twelve chromatic notes are required in the octave. So the Oberlin organ has three split black keys in each octave, which produce slightly different pitches for G-sharp and A-flat, for A-sharp and B-flat, and for D-sharp and E-flat. Michael Praetorius, in his "Syntagma Musicum," of 1618 (a book that provides much of the detailed information necessary to reconstruct all instruments of this period), describes a harpsichord—an "Instrumentum Perfectum, if not perfectissimum"—in which all the chromatic notes are split in this way, even providing two white keys for E-sharp and F-natural. On the organ, because it is a sustaining instrument, the results are more noticeable than on the harpsichord. The sound of consonant intervals on the Oberlin organ is brilliant and penetrating; they set up a resonance that seems to make the air come to life. The sound of the dissonant intervals is twangy and intense. The effect of a consonance after a dissonance is extraordinary, like clouds lifting to reveal the sun. These relationships give a new impetus to the harmonic movement of the music—and they demand a new sensitivity in performance. At

Oberlin, Mr. Vogel's students, who had to struggle, perhaps for the first time, with split chromatic keys, a straight pedal board, and a complicated condensed arrangement of keys in the bottom octave, were understandably not entirely at ease with the instrument. But in Martha Folts' reading of Sweelinck's great "Fantasia Chromatica" a most unusual chromatic expressiveness could be heard, in which each note had a slightly different harmonic relationship to the other notes. Mr. Vogel claimed proudly that this was the first American hearing of this piece "in color;" until then, it had been heard "in black-and-white."

The Oberlin organ is not bound completely to Germany or to the early seventeenth century; it also sounded good in the Italian "Bergamasca," by Frescobaldi (for which wooden doors were closed over the front pipes, producing subdued sound with less prominent overtones), and in the chorale preludes of Johann Pachelbel, from later in the century, in which Roberta Gary used some of the organ's solo stops to eloquent effect. How late a repertoire it can sustain depends largely on one's attitude to the tuning: compromise temperaments, such as those of Andreas Werckmeister and the "well-tempered" tunings that Bach probably used, became common at the end of the seventeenth century, and the Oberlin tuning might sound strange in Bach's greatest music. But there is a wide Renaissance repertoire to explore.

THE Houghton Memorial Chapel, at Wellesley, is far larger than Oberlin's Fairchild Chapel, and it is laid out on a very broad plan, with large transepts, which give a foursquare aspect to the building. The new organ is situated in a gallery at the west end. (At the east end, there remains a prewar Harrison electric-action organ that in its time was criticized for its fierceness.) The organ is a large structure, with a case derived from the one seen in the often reproduced drawing of Heinrich Schütz with his choristers in the Dresden court chapel around 1615. The organ in that picture was by Gottfried Fritzsche, whose important work influenced many features of both the Wellesley and the Oberlin organs; no original Fritzsche instrument survives complete, however, and it has become clear that many of the innovations attributed to him were shared by other German makers of the time. Wellesley's, like Oberlin's, is an eclectic instrument, based on several sources, including Fritzsche, Praetorius, and Friedrich Stellwagen, and it is intended for a wider repertoire than that of North German organ music. The organ's wind can be supplied by hand—or, rather, by foot, since the size of the instrument demands bellows operated by a pair of levers, which an assistant stands upon. His gracious acrobatics proved the most visually interesting aspect of the demonstration of Fisk's organ at the end of the Boston festival. Yuko Hayashi, the head of the organ department at the New England Conservatory, played a well-chosen program of Böhm, Scheidt, Paumann, Kotter, Isaac, and Krieger. Not surprisingly, she was unaccustomed to some aspects of the instrument. Whereas the most striking sounds of the Brombaugh organ came from the varied solo stops, the most attractive feature of the Fisk was the magnificently well-blended sound of the ensemble. This organ, too, has a flexibility in its timbre which comes from the direct action of wind, keys, and stops, but in Miss Hayashi's performance the main result of that freedom was a full texture that sounded like a good Continental vocal ensemble, with a strong, crisp bass, a tense but never strident tenor and alto, and an expressive, well-molded soprano. In a set of variations by Böhm, individual stops could be heard. (Mr. Fisk announced each combination before it was used, which was helpful but broke up the music.) The light, airy four-foot octave and quintadena were particularly attractive.

Mr. Fisk's organ is also tuned to a mean-tone temperament. But only two split chromatic keys are provided in each octave, so there are more noticeably dissonant thirds than at Oberlin. Fifths and fourths sounded fairly harmonious; that is apparently one result of Mr. Fisk's having placed the pipes of the E-major diatonic scale, for example, near each other on the opposite side of the instrument from those for E-flat major. Certain features of the Fisk organ are still incomplete—some stops are lacking, the carving of the case remains to be done—and the ceiling of the chapel is to be altered to give brighter acoustics to the room. The expressive uses of the tuning were not fully realized in Miss Hayashi's demonstration. But the possibilities of the Wellesley and Oberlin organs—



"Twenty-three inches, measured diagonally."

not only as solo instruments but in combination with voices and other instruments—are great. Both schools have active *collegia musica*, and in the exploration of these mean-tuned organs in ensemble much may be learned about Renaissance performance practice and the tuning of voices and instruments.

THE New York season came to an end with two series of concerts: The Romantic Era, by the Philharmonic, and a Schubert-Bartók festival at Carnegie Hall. The first was notable for the miscellaneous nature of its contents, the second for the exceptional thoroughness of its thematic planning. An attractive feature of the Carnegie series was the provision of some short "perspective" concerts in the Recital Hall before the main concerts. In the one I caught, settings of two Goethe poems by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf were didactically juxtaposed; the sequences worked, thanks to the mellifluous singing of Robert White in the first and the pure, melting voice of the soprano Beverly Hoch in the second. The performances could have been designed to prove Schubert's superiority: both Mr. White and Miss Hoch were plain in Beethoven and tremulous in Wolf but found a sense of direction for Schubert's melodies. Miss Hoch also contributed a "melodrama," speaking part of a poem by Adolf von Pratobevera over a ravishing accompaniment by Schubert (played with a nice, natural swing by Marc Neikrug); Mr. White ended the concert with Schubert's extended setting of "Auf dem Strom," in which the smooth and well-phrased horn playing of Herbert Winslow was compelling.

At Avery Fisher Hall, the last concert of the Philharmonic series presented Berlioz's huge Requiem, conducted by James Levine. Mr. Levine made the experience as exciting as possible, with hard-hitting rhythms and a pulse that never flagged, even in the work's meditative moments. But Fisher Hall can provide none of the enveloping ecclesiastical resonance for which Berlioz's grandiose effects are explicitly designed, and the Singing City Choir was never focussed clearly enough to offer a first-rate account of the choral sections. Although the orchestra played well, and many moments were beautiful, much of the work fell flat, and there was nothing to cushion its fall.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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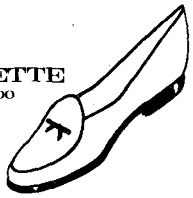

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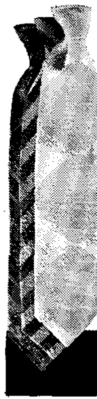

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Maximilian's Sombrero

In the introduction to his monumental study of the complex and paradoxical relationship of painting and photography in the nineteenth century, "Art and Photography," Aaron Scharf makes this rather curious observation:

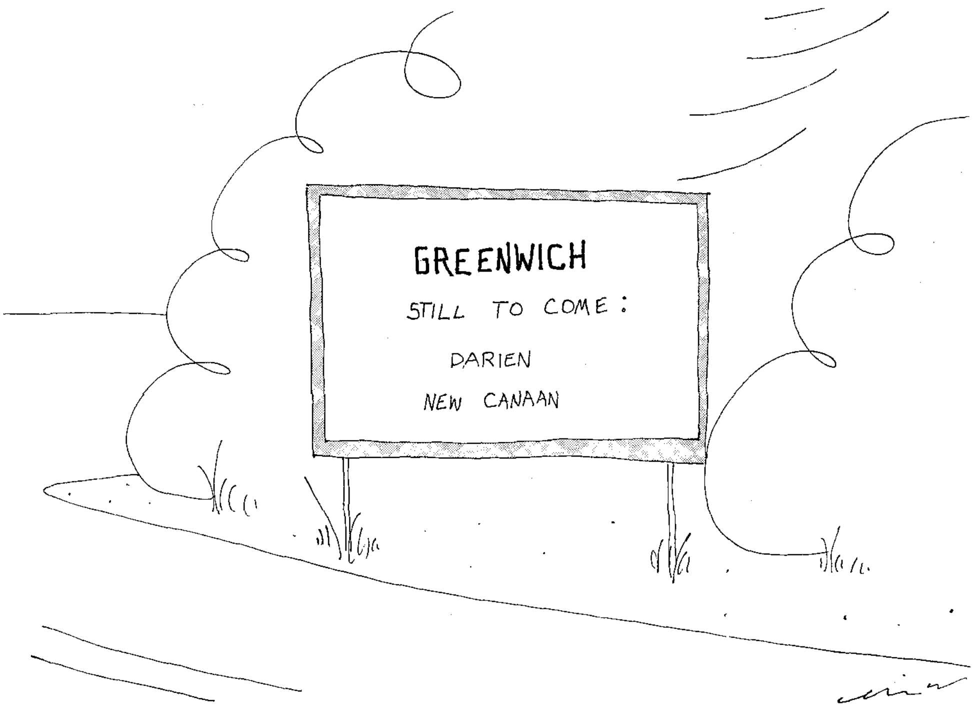
> The initial enthusiasm for photography was largely an indication of the extent to which it confirmed the previous visual commitment of artists. Had the general character of painting by chance been significantly different, artists could not have given to photography the same enthusiastic reception. The tonal representation of natural objects and natural conditions transmitted by the lens was essentially similar to a style already ascendant in painting.

By allowing one's imagination to dwell on some of the alternatives to nineteenth-century realism that might "by chance" have shaped the character of European painting in the eighteen-forties—Egyptian frescoes, medieval illuminated manuscripts, primitive art—one sees the difficulty with the passage. One simply cannot conceive of photography's arising in any era of art except the one in which it did arise. But until Peter Galassi, a young curator in the Museum of Modern Art's photography department, mounted his recent remarkable exhibition "Before Photography: Painting and the Invention of Photography" and published his remarkable accompanying monograph, one could not account for one's intuitive sense of a deep, hidden connection between nineteenth-century realism and the invention of photography in the early decades of the nineteenth century by four or five different persons working independently. It is Galassi's at first weird-sounding and later—as you follow his argument—plausible and illuminating thesis that photography did not arise accidentally as a bumptious mechanical intruder on the province of art but was spawned by art itself, at a particular ripe moment, as a logical and inevitable culmination of a tendency in painting that had been set in motion by the invention of linear perspective in the fifteenth century and had reached full-blown fruition in the nineteenth century. Paintings exhibiting this "photographic" tendency were being done as early as the seventeenth century, and are marked by an appearance of having been perceived, rather than conceived, by the artist—of having been "formed by the eye instead of the mind," as Galassi puts it. He contrasts one such painting—Emanuel de Witte's "Protestant Gothic Church," of 1669, an oblique, fragmentary, obstructed view of a church interior as a photographer might have been forced to take it—with "An Ideal Townscape," of 1470, by the circle of Piero della Francesca, a regular, symmetrical, whole, frontal view of a group of buildings, which is in accurate perspective but is still art being ruled by what the artist knows and wishes rather than by what he sees. The gradual and not uninterrupted transformation of painting from a vast conceptual medium into the narrower, visual one it became in the nineteenth century is the historical framework within which Galassi places photography. As "proof" of painting's claim to be photography's precursor (or, to put it the other way around, as Galassi does, proof that "photography was not a bastard left by science on the doorstep of art, but a legitimate child of the Western pictorial tradition"), he holds up forty-four oil paintings, watercolors, and drawings, most of which were made before 1839 (the year when Daguerre announced his discovery, conventionally cited as the starting date of photography) and are characterized by some of the special attributes of photographic imagery. The pictures in the exhibition are the landscape sketches (mostly in oil) that painters made as private études for their larger, often grandiose, public works: sketches of ordinary sights in nature and of humble objects—details of rural architecture, closeup studies of tree trunks, views of clumps of flowers, the particulars of gateposts, clouds, and walls. These pictures, in their blunt, inquisitive, of-the-moment, meaning-free realism, contrast sharply with the lofty, idealized, meaning-laden historical and anecdotal works for which they were preparations. Their syntax, Galassi writes, is that of "an art devoted to the singular and contingent, rather than the universal and stable"—which, he adds, "is also the syntax of photography."

Galassi's demonstration that the photographic way of seeing was already available to artists when photography was invented would seem to muddy the waters of Scharf's researches into photography's powerful influence on painting in the late nineteenth century. In fact, however, it does just the opposite. It brings into clearer relief than does Scharf (and Van Deren Coke, in "The Painter and the Photograph") the dual character of this influence. It enables us to see that photography was used by painters, on the one hand, as a tool of *corroboration* of an established way of seeing and, on the other, as an *inspiration* for a new way of painting. This new way—exemplified by Manet, Degas, and the Impressionists—took from photography its, as it were, "mistakes" and erected them into style. It was where photography fell short of its manifest intention of "copying nature"—where it deviated from showing what human vision saw—that it was of maximal interest and use to the advanced painters of the eighteen-sixties, seventies, and eighties. Scharf traces some of the special characteristics of Impressionism to their sources in photographic insufficiency. He links the Impressionist device of indicating pedestrians on the street by a few smudged, blurred brushstrokes (Monet's "Boulevard des Capucines," of 1873) with the inability of sluggish early cameras to register people on the street except as ghostly blurs. The *plein-air* school's new approach to the handling of light falling on or shining through foliage is another probable transliteration of the early camera's unearthly way of seeing—specifically, of a phenomenon called halation, which caused an ambiguous shimmering brightness to appear on the print where sunlight and foliage came into contiguity. What Degas "took" from photography was, similarly, not its capacity for verism but its tendency toward perversity. In the outrages that the camera perpetrated on the orderly world of normal seeing—the abrupt cutting off of people and objects, the confused clumpings of background figures, the bizarre foreshortenings, the awkward arrangements of limbs, the disturbing facial expressions—Degas found the matrix for a profound painting style. In Manet's art, photography is a less insistent but no less significant presence. Scharf laboriously documents the clandestine use that Manet made of photographs for his painting "The Execution of the Emperor Maximilian" (1867)—photographs of the unfortunate victims and of the firing squad—but it is Linda Nochlin's penetrating comparison of this painting with Goya's "The Third of May" (1814), in her book "Realism," that most clearly brings out the character of the influence. The Manet work is a laconic and unemotional setting down of the fact and the particulars of the execution. It shows three men being shot at close range by seven soldiers in front of a wall over which a small group of people are listlessly hanging and peering, as if at a slow ballgame on a hot afternoon in a small town. The painter has chosen the moment that a news photographer would choose to snap his shutter, and, in common with news photography, the painting has the air of unreality and inconsequence that the camera perversely imparts to the terrible sights it is brought to bear witness to. In Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita," as Humbert Humbert and Lolita drive by a gruesome highway accident—a blood-spattered car and a woman's shoe in a ditch—the nymphet unforgettably remarks, "That was the exact type of moccasin I was trying to describe to that jerk in the store." In the Manet "Execution," with like callousness, one's eye is drawn to the sombrero that the Emperor has chosen to wear at his death—a factual detail that Manet learned while working on the painting and adopted as part of his Realist program of "acceptance of what is immediately experienced, and of nothing beyond it, as the entire meaning of the event depicted," as Nochlin characterizes it. She adds, "The event is a terrible one, but Manet, the painter, refrains from any overt pictorial judgment: it is what it is, when it is, where it is, nothing more. The horror is contained within the fact, as in an instantaneous war-news photograph. For the Realist, horror—like beauty or reality itself—cannot be universalized: it is bound to a concrete situation at a given moment of time."

The Goya "Third of May," in contrast—although it, too, shows a group of men facing a firing squad—is not limited to a single moment. Along with the group being executed, there is another group of men, whose turn it will be next, and a third group, of already dead men—so that the painting's "meaning unfolds . . . in time and space, progressing from the grey undifferentiated background of 'before' to the stark, light-revealed climax of the men being executed—'now'—to the lumpish blood-encrusted fallen figures at the very boundary of the pictorial world—'afterwards.' " Nochlin goes on to write, "This progression in time—emphasized by light, by intensification of color saturation, and by the degree of materiality of the paint surface itself—is bound to an underlying moral conviction of the senselessness and bestiality of such events. The intimation that we are confronted by the same group of victims in three stages of their agony intensifies its pathos and our sense of its inevitability and hopelessness." The central figure of Goya's "now" group has his arms outstretched in an eloquent gesture of surrender to brute force and of disbelief at what is happening to him (as well as of reference, as Nochlin points out, to the Crucifixion), his face a wrenching, open-mouthed grimace of horror and outrage. The men in the forefront of the "before" group have their faces buried in their hands in terrified resignation, as does a background figure in the "now" group. The painting draws the viewer into its fearsome world of atrocity and compels him to share the painter's sense of the human awfulness and metaphysical significance of the event. Paradoxically (and inevitably), of the two works it is the invented and imagined Goya that has the greater sense of actuality. The "truthful" Manet is unconvincing and unmoving. Manet's contemporaries' criticism of the painting for its lack of feeling and its inadequate rendering of a brutal catastrophe was justified. The painting repeats, rather than transmutes, the photographic "mistake" at its core—the camera's inherent inability to deal with movement, which takes place *over a period of time*, rather than in a frozen moment—and curiously presages the distortion, the flattening of affect, and the trivialization that news photography is marked by. When Eadweard Muybridge published his motion studies of horses, showing that they ran in a way different from any that had been conventionally depicted in art, he didn't correct art so much as demonstrate why the "false" conventions had been devised: they gave a sense of motion, while the "true" photographs, showing arrangements of legs that the eye had never seen, looked bizarre and oddly stilted. Degas found this new way of seeing germane to his own investigations of visual reality. His paintings of the ballet and of horse racing show scenes never before painted, and probably never before seen. (We view the world through a changing veil of conventions about seeing and systems of belief about what we see.) Degas's "photographic eye" fastened on those aspects of dance and of horse racing that are at greatest variance with the conventional spectator's view—on the flux and randomness, the awkwardness and accidents, the private preoccupations and discords that are characteristic not only of ballet rehearsals and before-the-race comings and goings but even of the events themselves when viewed from a special, coldly noticing perspective. Degas's studies of women at their toilette have an intrusiveness and inquisitiveness similarly new to art—though inherent in photography. When Rembrandt painted an old woman cutting her nails, he appeared to have done so while chatting with her at a companionable distance; Degas's painting of a young woman having a pedicure looks as if it were seen through a keyhole or taken with a hidden camera, as does his series of pastels of naked women washing and drying themselves. Although these ablution scenes were staged in Degas's studio (models and tubs and basins were brought in), they have the voyeuristic, caught-in-the-act atmosphere of the impudent paparazzi telephoto photographs of international celebrities going about nude on their yachts and private beaches. (That they may also have first been photographed by Degas is suggested by two photographs "attributed to Edgar Degas" in Constance Sullivan's recent collection "Nude: Photographs 1850-1980" which bear a marked resemblance to pictures in the pastel series.)

Manet's notorious nude "Olympia" was (and is) startling in a different way. Here the artist's presence is frankly acknowledged—is implicit in the unflinching stare that the slender, naked courtesan, lying with tense composure on her unmade bed, directs toward him. It is a stare, a set of the features, that we have encountered before: in daguerreotypes and other early photographs requiring of the sitter a long, physically and psychologically demanding stillness. In "The Nude," Kenneth Clark comments on the disparity between Olympia's head and body. "To place on a naked body a head with so much individual character is to jeopardize the whole premise of the nude," he writes, adding lamely, "And Manet succeeds only because of his perfect tact and skill as a painter." In fact, the painting is poised on—derives its irony and "modernity" from—this very disparity: the tension between convention (that of the classical nude) and actuality (that of the Parisian demimonde of the eighteen-sixties). It is Olympia's difficult, interesting, "photographic" face that grounds the painting's surreal iconography—black servant with flowers, black cat, orchid, silk shawl, and black neck ribbon; Japanese stylization, abstraction, and flatness—in the actual world of sex, money, and social class.



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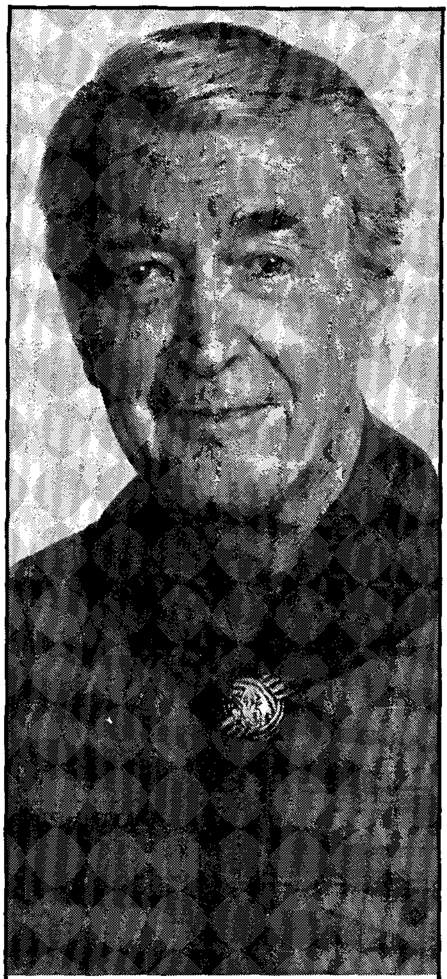
IN the eighteen-eighties and nineties, European painting began to veer away from its century-long preoccupation with contemporary experience and appearance, and to display the inward-looking, self-reflexive, and decorative tendencies that culminated in twentieth-century abstraction. For the Post-Impressionist and Symbolist painters, the Impressionist program of acute observation and distillation of the evanescent natural and urban milieu had become an insufficient reason for painting. In their various ways, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Bernard, Munch, Redon, Seurat, Puvis de Chavannes sought to infuse contemporary painting with the philosophical idealism of earlier art. They sought a return to pictures "formed by the mind" rather than by the eye—to an art of immutable and universal forms rather than of transitory and specific moments. Courbet's uncomplicated positivism ("I paint what I see") had given way to Gauguin's murky neo-Platonism ("Do not copy too much from nature; take from nature by dreaming about it," Gauguin told a pupil, adding, "Dream and then just go ahead and paint"). The Post-Impressionists' and the Symbolists' repudiation of naturalistic representation opened them to such stylistic influences as Japanese prints (already a presence in the art of Degas and Manet), the minor arts and graphics of the English Arts and Crafts movement, the arabesque of the *Jugendstil*, and the ellipsis of primitive art—and led to a "decorative" painting style (from which Cézanne alone stood aloof) characterized by flatness, stylization, large ornamental patterns of color, and sinuous outlines. Maurice Denis's famous sentence of 1890 (the first sentence of his essay "Definition of Neo-Traditionalism"), "Remember that a picture, before being a battle horse, or a nude, or some anecdote, is essentially a flat surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order," became the motto of the avant-garde, who chose to read it as a summation and a celebration of the decorative style (when in fact it is but a witty description of the general character of painting and the problem of the picture plane). Photography, in its apparent illusionism, literalism, and imprisonment in the world of surface appearances, became the symbol of and synonym for everything that the advanced artists had abjured: the artists who, as Roger Fry wrote of them and their descendants of the next generation (such as Matisse) in his essay of 1912, "do not seek to give what can, after all, be but a pale reflex of actual appearance, but to arouse the conviction of a new and definite reality," who "do not seek to imitate form, but to create form; not to imitate life, but to find an equivalent for life."

It was during this period of aversion to "photographic reality" that, paradoxically, photographers ventured for the first time to think of themselves as artists, dared to hope that they could achieve with their cameras and darkroom manipulations what painters achieve with brushes and paint. Various technical strategies and art influences were harnessed for this radical experiment. The most successful—or should we say least laughable?—of the painterly photographs of the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds were those that drew on advanced contemporary art (rather than on works of academic realism or historicism), displaying its flatness, stylization, and biomorphic ornamentality, and reflecting its emotional and atmospheric tone. (An excellent study of these influences on the early photographs of Edward Steichen is Dennis Longwell's "Steichen: the Master Prints, 1895–1914.") The pictures, though recognizable as photographs, were not photographic. The qualities that Galassi celebrates in his exhibition—immediacy, lucidity, adventitiousness, dailiness—were entirely absent from these beautifully murky pictures of elemental women in Japanese robes, of pale faces emerging from symbolic darkness, of moonlit landscapes shimmering with aesthetic intent. The painterliness of these photographs was achieved partly through darkroom manipulation but largely through an understanding of the very limitations and "mistakes" that the Impressionists and Manet and Degas had noticed and made use of. It was where photography fell down on its job of reporting that it could best pursue its aesthetic hobbies—where it failed to show what the eye saw that it could penetrate the painter's "workshop of the mind."

The period of painterly photography—reaching its apogee in Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession—was short-lived, seeming to evaporate as suddenly and as silently as the soap bubbles that Clarence White liked to



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put into his photographs. By the First World War, photography had gone "straight," returning—its sharp vision restored—to the realist fold from which it had strayed. But during its sojourn in the airy realm of art, photography acquired tendencies that it was not to lose and that adhere to even its most practical and casual manifestations. The lesson of the decorative style—its particular relevance for a medium whose artistic choices lie almost exclusively in the domain of composition—not only was remembered by the masters of modern photography (Henri Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, André Kertész, Brassaï, Edward Weston) but continues to reverberate in the aesthetic unconscious of today's advanced practitioners (Larry Fink, Eve Sonneman, Joel Meyerowitz, Diane Keaton). Embedded in the most determinedly un-arty and "authentic" photographs of disordered gatherings in suburban wastelands are formal strategies introduced by Stieglitz, Steichen, and Käsebier into pictures of misty gardens and Arts and Crafts interiors at the turn of the century. The mid-nineteenth-century photographs in Galassi's exhibition, like the early-nineteenth-century paintings and oil sketches, have a drab, subdued, monotonous quality. Leaving the show and walking up to the museum's permanent painting collection, on the second floor, one receives a sense one has never had quite so acutely before of the gloriousness of the revolution that Impressionism set in motion—and that photography at first unwittingly helped to advance and subsequently drew on for its own artistic life.

—JANET MALCOLM

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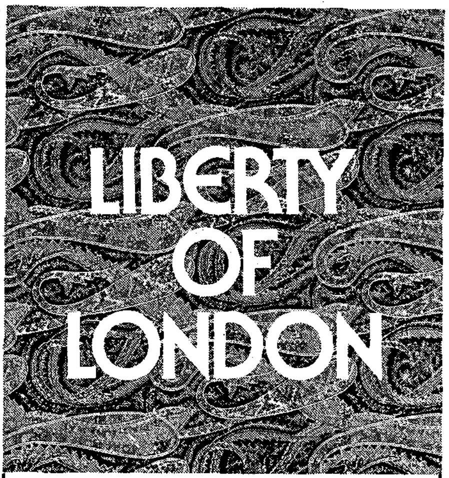
DEPT. OF RAMPANT INFLATION

[*TV listings in the Vacaville* (*Calif.*) *Reporter*]

9:00 ⑥ BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME This live, phone in program on the state budget features a panel discussion with those legislators most directly involved with the budget, including Assemblyman John Vasconcellos, Chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, and Senator Alfred Alquist, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. (60 mins.)

11:00 ⑨ BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A BILLION This live, phone in program on the state budget features a panel discussion with those legislators most directly involved with the budget, including Assemblyman John Vasconcellos, Chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, and Senator Alfred Alquist, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. (60 mins.)



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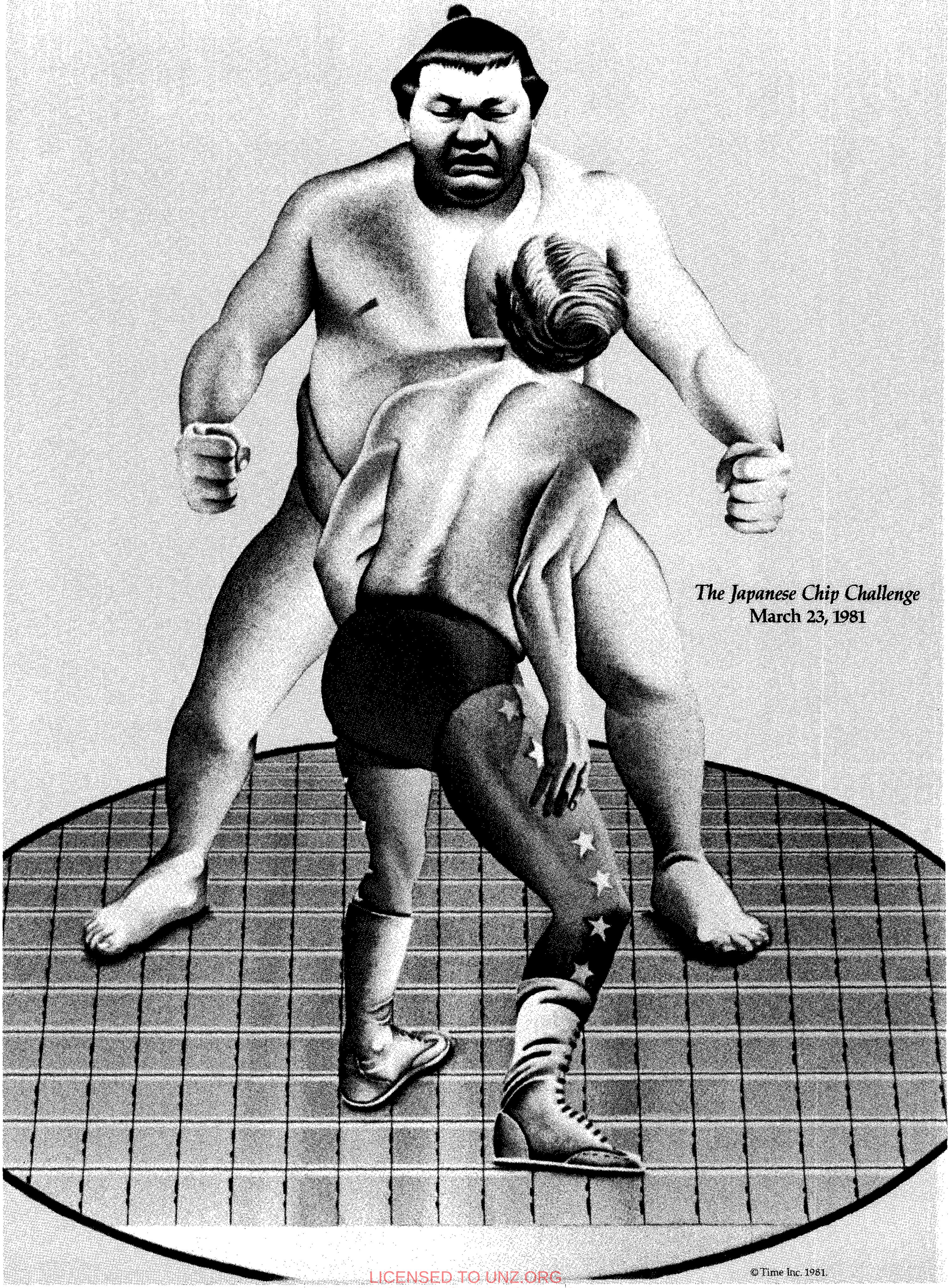

The Japanese Chip Challenge
March 23, 1981

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AROUND CITY HALL

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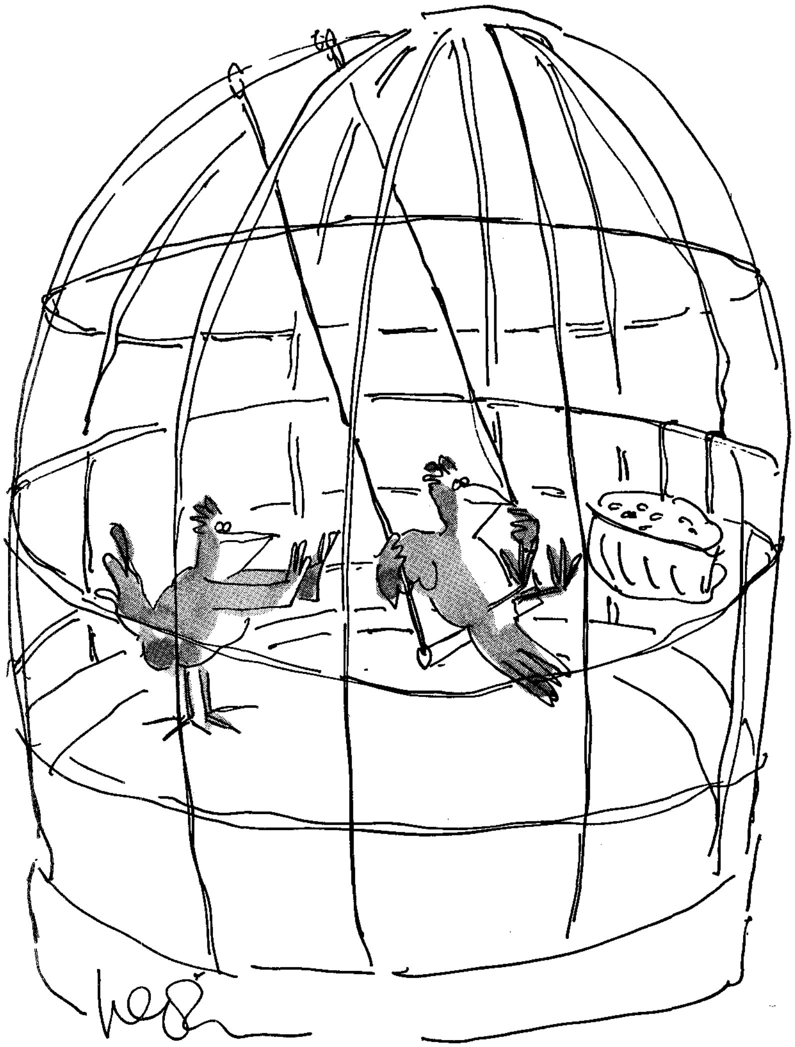
THE months since the election of a conservative Republican government in Washington have been especially unsettling ones for New York City. The ratio of registered Democrats to registered Republicans here is more than five to one, and over the years the city has become a symbol to many Americans elsewhere of the openhanded liberalism that the new Administration believes it has a mandate to put out of business. After the election, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said of his fellow New Yorkers' prospects of being able to look to the federal government for financial help, as in the past, "Now the Governor and the Mayor and all of us will have to live with the reality that nothing much is coming out of Washington." Not all New Yorkers spoke in melancholy tones about the Reagan victory. Some prominent local residents suggested jubilantly that it had come not a moment too soon. At a big party that was thrown at the Plaza last December to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the *National Review*, William A. Rusher, the magazine's publisher, declared that liberalism was "almost as discredited as it is possible for a political philosophy to be." The neoconservative writer Midge Decter said a few weeks after the election, "Liberals got completely out of touch with what is moving people, with what concerns them. They just went on in their own self-righteous way, characterizing everybody who disagreed with them as a bigot or selfish . . . so liberalism lost its mandate."

Miss Decter's views were reported in a *Times* article on what the newspaper called "Reagan's Brain Trust." The same article described the *National Review* and *Commentary*, whose editor, Norman Podhoretz, is Miss Decter's husband, as "Reagan" publications. Miss Decter's judgment on liberalism's failures was the *Times* "Quotation of the Day"—selected in preference to a statement on the same page by another local resident, Vernon Jordan, the president of the National Urban League. In other years, when civil rights were more on people's minds than the budgetary cost of enforcing them, the chosen quotation might easily have been Jordan's. There had been speculation that the Ku Klux Klan had something to do with his having been shot from ambush in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in May, 1980. "I do not really worry about the Klan that's dressed up in white sheets and marching around," said Jordan. "I really worry about the Klan mentality in this country"—a mentality that "is operating in three-piece suits and nice dresses." The interests of Midge Decter and Vernon Jordan are not always different, however. In the Carter era, and especially during last year's Presidential campaign, the White House regularly played host to throngs of local citizens considered to be key figures in the effort to win for Carter what were usually referred to as this state's "crucial forty-one electoral votes"—votes that in the end went to Reagan and, in any case, made no difference in the outcome. During the months since the Inauguration, New York names on White House invitation lists have been rarities, the Reagans understandably preferring to get together with their friends from the Sun Belt. Jordan and the Podhoretzes were all pleased to be invited to the dinner for West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt on May 21st. (Although Miss Decter was in Europe and could not attend, her husband was there.) Jacqueline Trescott, a Washington *Post* reporter, pointed out that, in Jordan's case, it was the first time that the Reagan White House had asked an American black to an important dinner for a foreign dignitary—except as an entertainer. At the three previous Reagan dinners of this kind, the entertainment had been provided by the Dance Theatre of Harlem, the Metropolitan Opera singer Shirley Verrett, and pianist Bobby Short—black performers from New York.

Soon after the election, Jordan had been commended by Reagan supporters for his announcement that he would give the President-elect "the benefit of the doubt," and not find fault until the Administration's plans were fully formulated. After the initial steps toward the new federalism turned out to require deep cuts in social programs for the poor, Jordan did criticize the President, but rather politely, for the most part. This response has served as an additional excuse for the more militant blacks to denounce him as "the white man's black man." Among these militants is Herbert Daughtry, a Brooklyn minister and a founder of what he calls the National Black United Front, which has been responsible for a number of local street demonstrations and may have loomed larger on television screens than it has in the eyes of many of this city's black residents. Daughtry complains that Jordan, who lives on Fifth Avenue, across from Central Park, has become too remote from the interests and needs of poorer blacks, whom the National Urban League is supposed to help with the hundred and forty million dollars—two-thirds of it in government funds—that it receives each year. "The Urban League has always been unapologetically a bridge between the two races," Jordan told "60 Minutes" recently, indicating that in his view black activism in the streets belongs to a past era, when more liberal-minded governments could be counted on to respond to it. Daughtry has also complained that Jordan has put himself in a position where he can't speak out against people who fund him. Jordan may indeed have concluded that, however painful Reagan's cuts in welfare and food-stamp allotments may be, his own organization's government allotment has a better chance of surviving if he doesn't yell too much at those in charge of parcelling out the money. (On the local scene, New York City's new budget did not go out of its way to include programs particularly favored by Daughtry or by other local black figures who keep calling Mayor Edward Koch a racist demagogue, only to have Koch call them racist demagogues in turn, which has been the story of the bridging between the races much of the time under the present city administration.) Jordan said of Reagan during his evening at the White House, "I'm in opposition to his program, yeah. But that has nothing to do with my presence here tonight. The President and I have a very special bond." He was referring to the fact that both men had survived attempted assassinations—a feat that, sadly, is one basis for a sense of brotherhood in America today.

In an issue of the *National Review* published just after the election, an editorial announced that that issue would be the last "in which we shall indulge in levity," adding, no doubt in levity, "We have a nation to run." Among the guests at the magazine's twenty-fifth birthday party, in December, was New York's new Senator, Alfonse D'Amato, who, as the candidate on the Republican, Conservative, and Right to Life tickets, had beaten two liberals—the incumbent Senator Jacob Javits, on the Liberal Party line, and Elizabeth Holtzman, the Democratic candidate. Also at the party was Mayor Koch. With his present reputation for political conservatism, Koch was more at home in this company of Reaganites than some of his predecessors would have been—and, indeed, more at home than he himself would have been until just a few years back. When he was elected Mayor, in 1977, he was serving in Congress as a Democratic Representative from Manhattan. Late that year, a conservative group called the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress labelled him, on the basis of his record, the most radical member of the House. During the three and a half years since, Koch has moved so far rightward that in his 1981 reëlection campaign he has the backing not only of all five of the city's Democratic county chairmen but of four of the five Republican bosses, and is sometimes referred to as "the Republicans' Democrat." He is expected to win both the Democratic primary and the general election by an overwhelming margin, and he is also given a strong chance of taking the Republican primary. The Brooklyn Republican boss, George Clark, explained that he had voted to give the G.O.P. endorsement to Koch with "a heavy heart," since John Esposito, who will run against Koch in the Republican primary, is a loyal member of the Party. Esposito, a State Assemblyman from Queens, is not a political power in Albany or anywhere else, but Queens County Republican leaders had declined to endorse Koch, rejecting the theory that the Party couldn't come up with even one worthy opponent, and so somebody had to run. "Imagine a little guy like me with all these Goliaths—David Garth, Mayor Koch," Esposito said recently, putting the name of Koch's media adviser first to suggest that the Mayor was merely the creature of his adman. Koch will not have the Conservative Party endorsement. That went to Esposito, although the Mayor held meetings with Conservative leaders in an effort to make a deal with them. Early last month, when Staten Island Councilwoman Mary Codd, a former schoolteacher and the mother of eight, announced her candidacy for Mayor on the Liberal Party ticket (whose endorsement Koch did not seek), she said that Koch had "polarized" the races in the city. Although he was elected as a reformer, she said, he had "brought the bosses back to City Hall—and not only the Democratic bosses but the Republican ones as well." She added that the Mayor should be "screaming and yelling" at the Reagan budget cuts and that Koch "has become so conservative that I think the Conservative Party is ungrateful in not endorsing him."

THE response to the Presidential-election returns here was not nearly as precipitate as it was in London, where, at Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, the figure of Jimmy Carter was hauled away to a storeroom in Wookey Hole, in Somerset, and replaced by one of Ronald Reagan only hours after the result was announced. Nor, despite the open jubilation of local conservatives, was there a feeling among them that the symbols of a rejected regime must quickly be destroyed, as was apparently the case in Washington. Several days after the Inauguration, people walking past the White House could hear the crashing and splintering sounds of Amy Carter's tree house being knocked down and carted off. (New York once had its own political tree house, which Koch found in the garden of Gracie Mansion when he moved in. It had been built by Mayor John Lindsay for his son, and was used also by the grandchildren of Abraham Beame, Koch's immediate predecessor. Koch, like many of the leading figures in his administration, is unmarried—a circumstance that, according to some of his critics, causes City Hall on occasion to have a poor understanding of the problems of more encumbered New Yorkers. The mayoral tree house, a memento of active family life, was eventually removed, but the deed was done unobtrusively—having been required, it was explained, for security reasons.) Along with the troubling news that, as they were constantly being told, their view of the responsibilities of government had been permanently discredited, some New Yorkers had the minor problem of adjusting to new names, or new people with old names, in the headlines. Before this year, the name Regan



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in a local headline usually meant State Comptroller Edward Regan, the only Republican holding statewide office in Albany. After Donald Regan, the head of Merrill Lynch & Company, became the new Secretary of the Treasury, a headline such as "REGAN DENOUNCES DEMOCRATIC BUDGET" would raise the question of which Regan and which budget and which Democrats—not to mention the problem that speed-readers might have in confusing both Regans with the President. After the election, John Anderson, the third man in the Presidential race, disappeared from the newspapers without a trace. Headlined stories about someone called Anderson suddenly had to do with Warren Anderson, the Republican Majority Leader of the State Senate, who, along with Edward Regan, is thinking seriously of running next year against the incumbent Democratic Governor, Hugh Carey, and will therefore be trying to make headlines even more often. The name Esposito in a political story always used to mean Meade Esposito, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn. Now it often refers to Koch's rival in the Republican mayoral primary.

THE Brooklyn boss who made most of the news after the election was not Meade Esposito but George Clark, the Republican county chairman. Clark, a forty-year-old real-estate broker, had been the most outspoken local backer of Reagan since the mid-nineteen-seventies, when the state Republican Party was usually described as the wholly owned subsidiary of Nelson Rockefeller. The day after the Presidential returns came in, Clark told reporters happily, "There ain't going to be too much going to move or shake in this state that doesn't go through me." Nevertheless, boosting Clark up the political ladder took some doing, since the job he knew he deserved—Republican state chairman—was already occupied by Bernard Kilbourn, a dentist from Oneida County. Though Kilbourn had not been a strong Reagan supporter until Reagan's nomination was virtually a sure thing, it would not do to affront him, because he was an upstater, and it is in the upstate counties and in the suburbs that most New York Republicans live. After months of maneuvering, the Reagan Administration found a post for Kilbourn as regional administrator of the Department of Health and Human Services, which seemed to be a more appropriate assignment than its placement of another dentist, James Edwards, as head of the Department of Energy. On June 4th, some weeks after Clark had become the Republicans' first state chairman from the city, he presided over the meeting at which four of the five local Republican bosses invited Koch to run in their primary—a formality that is required by state law when the applicant is a member of another party. They reasoned that they had no hope of beating the very popular Mayor and that if he won without the Republicans' being in some way accessories before the fact they would continue to be shut out of City Hall patronage, as they have been since 1971, when Lindsay, the last Republican Mayor, converted to the Democratic Party. Clark explained at the meeting that Koch had promised the Republicans "equal access" to City Hall—a fancy term for cutting them in on the patronage. As sometimes happens, New York politics were way out of sync with the national scene. While, according to Republican polls, the switching over of Democrats was fast turning the Republicans into America's majority party, and in Washington Republicans were eating Democrats for breakfast, in this city the majority of the G.O.P. leaders were voting not even to put up a fight against the Democratic incumbent, in the hope of a few kind favors.

As Koch surely understood, his acceptability for the Republican nomination was based in part on the fact that in most of his public comments on the Reagan budget cuts, and in his testimony on the subject before various congressional committees, he had spoken in uncharacteristically well-modulated tones and had not called the Republicans' and the nation's leader any bad names. Other urban leaders—headed by Richard Hatcher, of Gary, Indiana, as president of the United States Conference of Mayors—might charge Reagan with trying to destroy America's older cities. Koch did not chime in, hoping—fairly enough—that although other older cities in the Northeast and the Midwest might be severely punished under the Reagan economic-recovery program, the Administration might find some way to ease matters for New York and its relatively accommodating Mayor.

In Koch's testimony before the House Budget Committee, last March, there was a discussion of the problems that changes in Social Security laws might cause for the city's elderly. "We have a million senior citizens in New York," the Mayor told the House members, but he added quickly that this was not an exact count: "We have a million of everything in New York." The local boast that this city has more of everything has not held up in the case of this year's mayoral candidates. Over in New Jersey, a total of twenty-one contenders fought it out for the Democratic and Republican nominations for Governor this year. Out in California, Tom Bradley, the first black Mayor of Los Angeles, was reëlected over a field of eighteen opponents. (The reëlection of Bradley in a city that has a smaller percentage of blacks than New York—eighteen per cent versus twenty-five per cent—points up the comparative powerlessness of the black community here. No black holds a citywide elective office—or ever has held one. No black serves on the eight-member Board of Estimate, which votes on most significant city legislation. Only one black candidate is even on the ballot for a Board of Estimate seat this year: City Clerk David Dinkins, who is running for the Democratic nomination for Manhattan Borough President. Although this seat was held by blacks from 1954 through 1977, the betting is against a Dinkins victory.) Previous mayoral races here have typically been crowded affairs; Hugh Carey, surveying the 1973 campaign scene, said it was like "the running of the bulls at Pamplona." In 1977, there were seven contenders in the Democratic primary. In early February of this year, when no candidate of any party had yet emerged to challenge Koch, Theodore Kheel, a prominent local labor lawyer, announced the formation of what he called the Coalition for a Mayoral Choice—a group that included two of Koch's former Deputy Mayors whom he has publicly broken with. As the weeks went by, the coalition was unable to persuade anyone it approached to take on the Mayor. Kheel then announced that its real purpose had been not to find a candidate but to make sure that the press and the electronic media adequately covered the campaign issues—issues that, as the coalition leaders then described them, turned out to be, collectively, the alleged inadequacies and depredations of Koch.

Late in April, there was a small flurry of action on the mayoral front. On April 21st, Bernard Rome, a wealthy local businessman, announced his candidacy for the Republican nom-

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ination. Rome had been treasurer of Koch's 1977 campaign and had served as a member of the Koch administration for over a year, but the two men had then had a bitter falling-out. When reporters suggested to Rome that he didn't have the remotest chance of being elected Mayor, he pointed out that that was just what people were saying about Ed Koch in early 1977. Rome described Koch as a man who "eighteen hours a day runs around town like a clown, cutting ribbons"—knowing that Koch in his 1977 campaign had vowed he would not be "a ribbon-cutting Mayor," and so would be especially cross at this description of his mayoral performance. Concerning New York's still immense long-range problems, Koch, said Rome, had "no vision of the future." (In fact, the smiles on the faces in the crowds as the Mayor careers around town from one unimportant event to another, ever ready to strike a comic pose or loose an amusing quip, suggest that few New Yorkers—outside black communities, at any rate—have any quarrel with his decision about how to spend his time. In this city right now, vision may be what closes on Saturday night.) On the day after Rome entered the Republican race, Jim Smith announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. Smith, a young printer with no political backing or experience, mentioned the adage that two men and a printing press could make a revolution, and said that with a little help from his friends he intended to overturn Ed Koch. He pointed out what he saw as City Hall actions that might constitute conflicts of interest and used his printing company to publish a list of Koch contributors—a list that was useful to some Koch critics who did not otherwise take Smith seriously. After Smith noted that the Mayor had illegally accepted thirteen thousand three hundred dollars from several local police unions, Koch returned the money. According to one theory, the young printer's best chance of winning votes for himself would be to mobilize his fellow dues payers in the international Jim Smith Society—which has a thousand ninety-five members, including five women—and send them around town gathering money and petition signatures. Also late in April, Hal Koppersmith, a former teacher—and another candidate who was not taken seriously—entered the Democratic race. Koppersmith, who refers to Koch as "The Mayatollah of Graceless Mansion," did not mind being called a clown. "Sometimes the clown is the only sensible person in the room," he said. Finally, on May 14th, Brooklyn Assemblyman Frank Barbaro, a former longshoreman, became a candidate—the first Democrat believed to be capable of gathering the ten thousand valid signatures of registered Democrats which are required to put a candidate on the primary ballot. Like John Esposito, Koch's opponent in the Republican primary, Barbaro is not a figure of any great power in the State Assembly, which he, too, is eager to depart from in order to take over City Hall. Barbaro's liberal credentials are in good order, however, and he has received the endorsement of the local Americans for Democratic Action and of the New Democratic Coalition—endorsements that Koch sought and won in the past but has since said that a candidate is better off without. After the *Village Voice* described Barbaro as the only "credible" candidate against Koch, Koppersmith, making the rounds of the local clubhouses, began introducing himself as "the *incredible* candidate." On June 11th, the night Koch received the formal support of four of the five Republican county chairmen, Rome withdrew from the race, charging that the Mayor had bought the Republican nomination with promises of patronage, including judgeships. No matter what happens in the September primaries, the Mayor will face at least two opponents in the November election: Mary Codd, the Liberal, and Esposito, running as a Conservative. Koch frequently points to the fact that he will have an opponent (Barbaro) in the Democratic primary as well as Esposito in the Republican primary, and adds that it is therefore unfair to say that in America's largest city there is, practically speaking, no mayoral election this year.

SINCE, as of now, there is no question about who will be Mayor of the city for the next four years, the only really interesting question about the election is why Koch was so bent on having the Republican nomination when he could easily win without it. In the mayoral race four years ago, the Republican candidate, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, took less than five per cent of the vote. This spring, when it looked as if the local G.O.P. chairmen were not going to allow Koch to run in their primary, he dismissed the value of the endorsement, saying, "You call five per cent of the vote a major party?" Among the reasons he has given for wanting the nomination is that it will be easier for him to govern the city if he has the backing of both major parties—not a claim that appeals to believers in the democratic process. As Mayor, Koch has liked to call himself—a bit presumptuously, it seemed at first—"a six-foot Fiorello LaGuardia." Lately, he has often mentioned that LaGuardia ran on a Fusion ticket. However, the earlier Mayor, a Republican, never had the endorsement of both major parties; his political career was, in fact, built on opposition to the local Democratic bosses with whom Koch is now locked in mutual embrace. Having achieved a popularity at least as high as LaGuardia's, Koch would go the Little Flower one better if he pulled off the historic feat of winning as the candidate of both major parties. In the case of the Republican primary, disappointment—not to mention fleeting political embarrassment—is a bare possibility. Of the city's three hundred and sixty thousand registered Republicans, more than a third live in Esposito's home territory of Queens. "I went over the Rubicon. . . . The train's moving," Esposito has said. "I, along with my Queens Republican colleagues, are marching on to City Hall." However, Koch is believed to be especially popular among Queens voters, and he himself has pointed out that he is very popular among Esposito's (and Barbaro's) fellow Italian-Americans. In any event, Italian-Americans often stay home on Primary Day. Last winter, when Esposito was discussing a race for Mayor, he said, "The fact that I'm Italian doesn't hurt me. The fact that I'm not Jewish doesn't help me"—a reference to the local ethnic group that votes heavily both in primaries and in general elections. Since Republican primaries are rare events in New York and the turnouts small, the results are considered especially hard to predict. In the 1969 mayoral primary, Republicans here rejected Lindsay, the incumbent Republican Mayor, in favor of a little-known state legislator, State Senator John Marchi, of Staten Island. (Lindsay went on to win the election without the support of either major party—a greater feat, perhaps, than winning on both major-party lines, but one that Koch will probably not try to emulate.) Last month, William Safire, in his column in the *Times*, roundly scolded New York Republicans for endorsing Koch in this year's primary. "Every government at every level cries out for opposition to protect it from the arrogance of power and the power of arrogance," he wrote. Accusing George Clark of being implicated in a "coronation," a "sellout," and a "forfeiture," he said, "I hope Republicans—even those who would vote for Mayor Koch in a general election—vote for Mr. Esposito, whoever he is."

The reason the Mayor has most often cited in recent weeks for wanting the Republican ballot line is that when the city needs help the nomination will allow him to go to Majority Leader Anderson in Albany and to the Republican Senators in Washington and to "my friend President Reagan" and point out that he comes to them as someone elected, like them, on the Republican ticket. However the Albany Republicans respond to this pitch, the reaction of Koch's fellow-Democrat Hugh Carey, who will occupy the Executive Mansion for eighteen months more and might even be reëlected, could be wintry. One of the deals the Mayor made with the state Republicans in return for the nomination was to agree to help them raise money to pay off the seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar debt left over from their losing effort to oust Carey in 1978. Koch dutifully appeared at a June 15th Republican fund-raiser here at which he was endorsed for reëlection by Richard Nixon, the most important guest. Clark has pointed out that paying off the Party debt, with Koch's help, will allow the Republicans to get an early start on their effort to throw Carey out of office next year. Koch could also face problems in trying to cash in his Republican I.O.U.s in Washington. Any favored treatment for New York will have to make its way through Congress or through administrative tiers now dense with delegates from the Sun Belt, many of whom believe that Washington has already done New York too many favors. Every day or so, the Mayor mentions in a speech that since he took office the hostile old attitude toward New York in the House and the Senate has given way to admiration, and that now members of Congress wear "I Love New York" buttons. The Mayor is famous for looking on the bright side, but in this instance he may have got carried away. It is safe to say that many members of Congress still do not love

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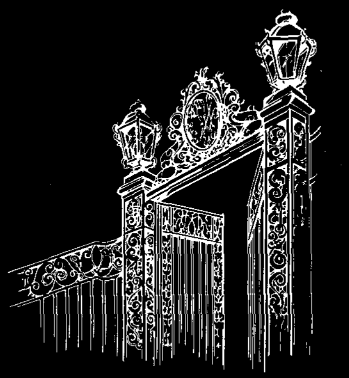

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New York. Last September, the House approved a plan that called for the federal government to take major responsibility for a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar program to clean out a storage tank in West Valley, New York, containing over half a million gallons of highly radioactive nuclear wastes, which posed a grave danger to surrounding communities. The chief sponsor, Representative Stanley Lundine, of Jamestown, New York, said later that if somebody had asked for a roll call, putting House members on the record, he would have had to withdraw the bill. Not only is a vote for legislation that helps New York politically hazardous, he explained, but in many districts around the country opposition to such a bill is treated as a political credit. A vote that will benefit New York City is considered even more fraught with peril than one that will benefit the state. Last fall, Queens Representative Joseph Addabbo was able to steer through the House a bill that would require Pentagon officials to seek contract bids in areas where unemployment was above the national average—a measure that would be a boon to this city, where both costs and unemployment rates are high. Asked how he had got it through the House, Addabbo said, "We made sure no New Yorkers spoke for it except upstaters." On cue, Senator Moynihan will intone the names of eight Senators who voted for federal loan guarantees for this city in 1978, had that fact thrown up to them during the 1980 campaign, and lost their seats in November. And last month the Senate passed a bill that had an amendment attached to it which was co-sponsored by New York's new conservative Republican Senator, D'Amato. The amendment provided that cities having forms of rent control must not put new units under rent control and must decontrol newly vacated units or lose certain federal housing funds. The vote was sixty-five to twenty-four. When Moynihan, who had fought against the bill, was asked why it had passed by such a large margin, he said, "It's an anti-New York City provision. Those things are never unpopular here."

—Andy Logan

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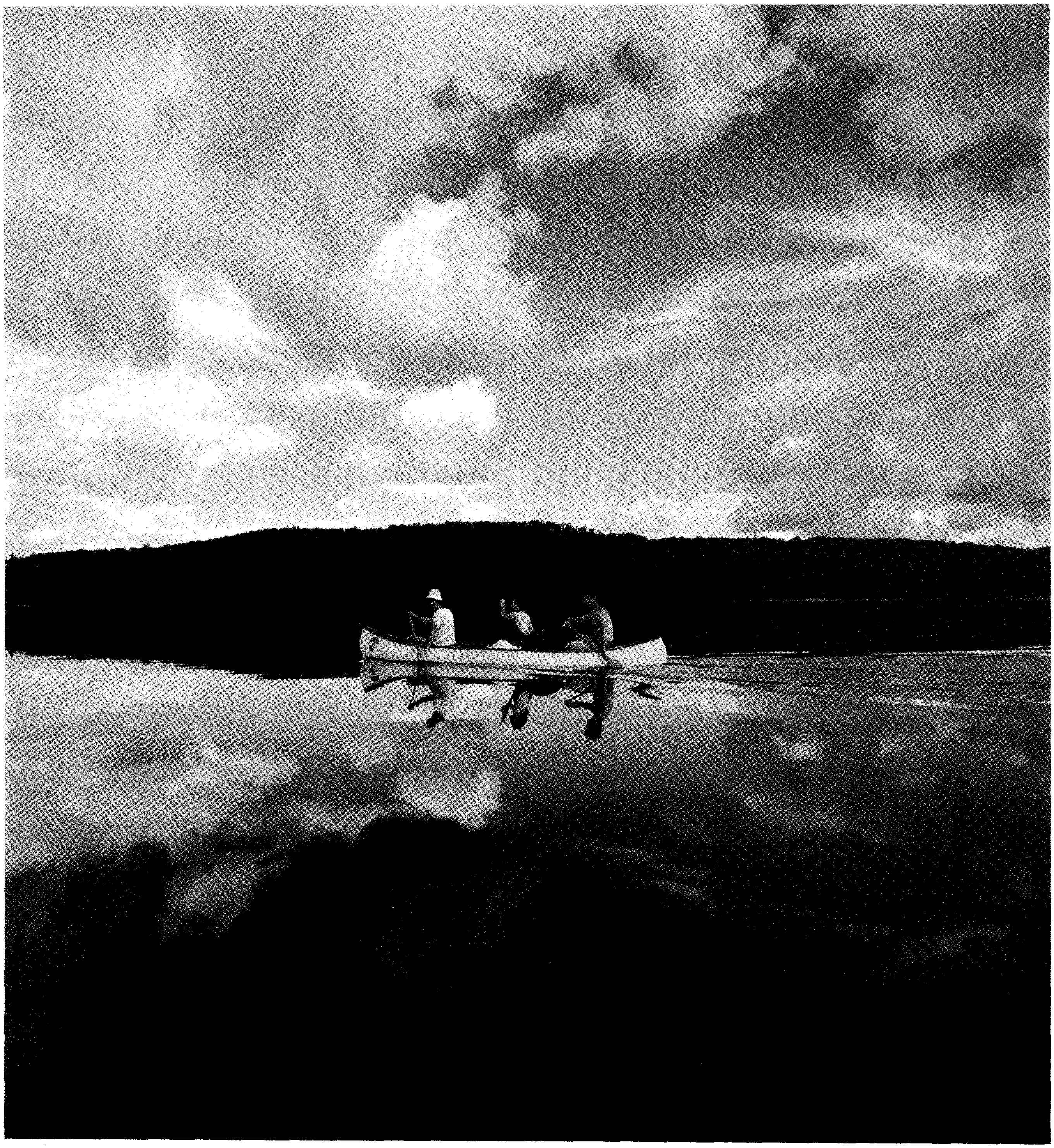

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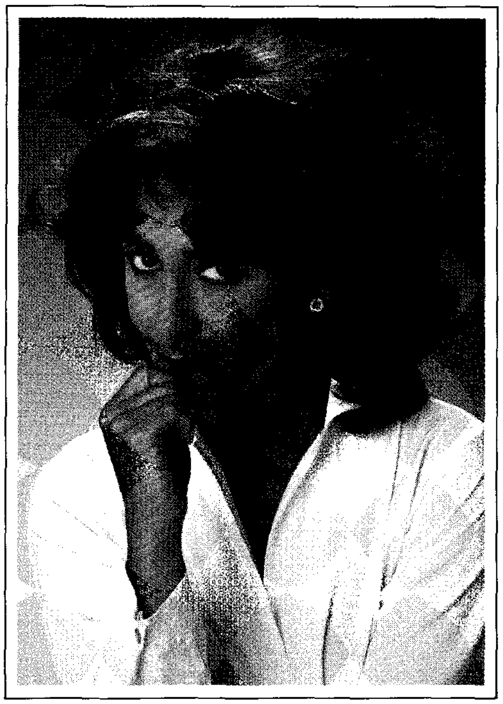
Elizabeth Ashley talks about her 'first time.'



ASHLEY: My first time was on the 'red-eye' from LA to New York.

INTERVIEWER: Gee, I had no idea you could get it on airplanes.

ASHLEY: Well, only on some U.S. airlines. But I'm told you can get it on most European flights. They're really much more cosmopolitan.

INTERVIEWER: Well, what was it like?

ASHLEY: It wasn't sweet. On the other hand, it wasn't really bitter. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Tell me the whole story.

ASHLEY: Well, I was restless...couldn't sleep...didn't feel like reading. Then, somewhere over the Rockies, the man next to me turned and said, "Look, as long as you can't sleep, how'd you like to try something really different?"

I figured, oh, what the heck, why not.

So he turned off the reading lamps, called for the flight attendant, and ordered Campari for two.

Let's see, I had Campari and orange juice, and he had Campari and tonic.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have a memory for detail. Then what?

ASHLEY: I guess I'm known for speaking my mind and about half way through I just had to tell him the truth.

INTERVIEWER: What did you say?

ASHLEY: "Is this it? Is this what all my friends are raving about?"

INTERVIEWER: Was he offended?

ASHLEY: Not at all. He just smiled and said, "Miss Ashley, most people feel that way their first time. But I assure you, it gets better and better."

You know, he was absolutely right. The second time was wonderful. And now I just love it...there are so many interesting ways to enjoy it.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm sure. By the way, whatever happened to the man on the plane?

ASHLEY: That's my one regret. I just wish my second time could have been with him. I feel I owed him that much.

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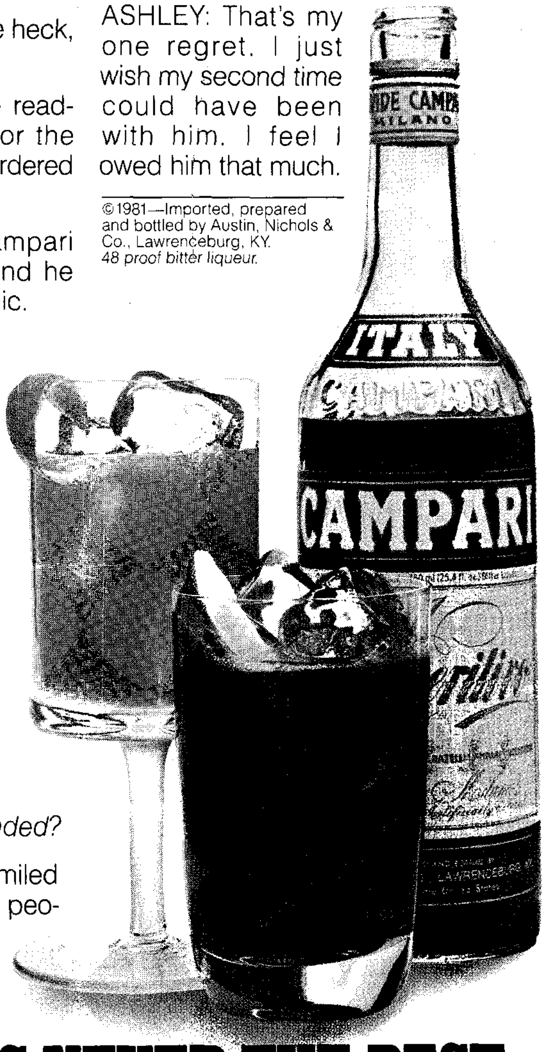
48 proof bitter liqueur.



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